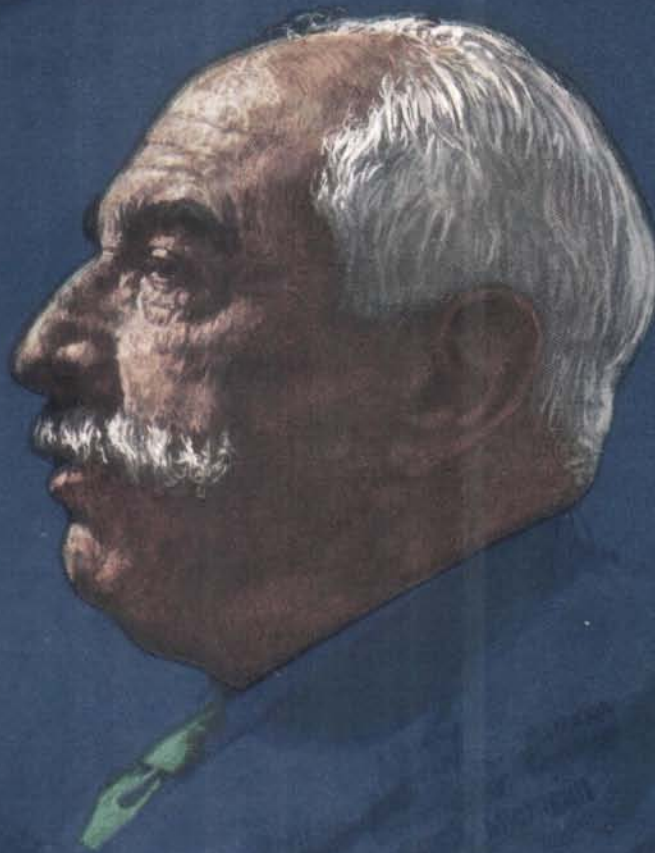


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# *The Atlantic Report* *on the World Today*

## WASHINGTON

**T**HERE is a widespread belief that President Eisenhower remains under the ultraconservative influence of former Treasury Secretary Humphrey and that the President's obsession with the budget is reinforced by each visit to Humphrey's Georgia plantation. There is fact behind this belief, indeed, for Humphrey has kept up his pressure in Washington, and not only at the White House. But his influence would doubtless be less powerful were it not for the fact that the man who succeeded him at the Treasury has turned out to be both powerful and conservative.

Robert Anderson, the soft-spoken 48-year-old Texas Democrat turned Connecticut Republican, has convictions as strong as Humphrey's. His service as navy secretary and deputy defense secretary earlier in the Eisenhower Administration has made him far less of a Taft-style Republican isolationist than is Humphrey. But his dedication to keeping the dollar sound is no less intense, and his entree to the White House is as complete as was Humphrey's.

Anderson came back from last fall's World Bank and Monetary Fund Conference in New Delhi deeply impressed with the degree to which other nations look to the United States to see how well we manage our fiscal affairs. Their concern, he was convinced, springs from the fact that American economic stability affects their own economic future. This experience spurred Anderson's determination to fight the budget battle on the basic premise that inflation is the real enemy.

Humphrey, in a candid moment, once told a visitor that he did not really care about the future of India, that he felt the Middle East's oil was the real stake in that part of the world. Anderson would never be so crass; yet his reaction to India's massive economic problems was that

the way to help is not to build showpieces such as hydroelectric dams, as so many economists advocate, but to help the Indians use their own resources for the elemental needs of food, heat, clothing, and roads. The cost to the American Treasury, obviously, would be considerably less.

A clue to Anderson's approach may also be noted in his reaction to Indians who expressed concern that the American economy was so geared to military production that the nation could not stand the effects of peace. Anderson's instant response was that if ever such a happy day arrived he would immediately ask Congress to cut taxes by an amount equivalent to the saving. Yet Eisenhower once told the United Nations that he would ask Congress to use a major part of any such savings to help the underdeveloped countries.

### **Berlin and the Summit Conference**

In many ways the most encouraging outcome of the British Prime Minister's visit was his push for and the President's willingness to consider a series of Summit meetings, assuming the first one does make progress on the Berlin issue. The form of such meetings is less important than the principle involved — that of semi-continuous East-West conferences instead of occasional ones with long time gaps and evolving crises in between.

It took many months for much of the West, including the American government, to realize that the Khrushchev-created Berlin crisis was not just another Soviet probing operation. By now it is generally conceded that Berlin is the most serious challenge since the end of World War II. Stalin called off the Berlin blockade of 1948-1949 when he found that the West would not give in under pressure. Khrushchev has used the threat of a new blockade as a lever to force negotiations on a wide scale.





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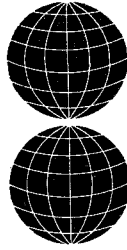
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## Report on Washington



Just what Khrushchev wants is likely to remain a secret until he and President Eisenhower meet, but the diplomats, Communist and non-Communist alike, are agreed that it is not just a change in the status of West Berlin, however desirable that would be to the Kremlin.

### Agreement among our allies

Democracies seem rather disorderly as they go through the process of making up their minds, and this is doubly true of an alliance of democratic nations such as NATO. They quarrel in private, and the press often magnifies the quarrel. Nationalisms and electoral prospects, military and political sacred cows, the peculiarities of leading personalities all have to be taken into account, and all are written about publicly.

In the end, however, there is reason to believe that the West will go to both a foreign ministers' and a Summit Conference with a wide measure of agreement. In dealing with Khrushchev much will have to be played by ear, but the fundamentals have been well threshed out.

For Washington this process began with the visit of Prime Minister Macmillan to Camp David in March. The April NATO ministers' meetings were designed both to keep everyone in the alliance more or less in step and to get Britain, France, West Germany, and the United States into general agreement.

The East-West conferences will tell their own story. But there is agreement that old policies are no longer sufficient, that it is necessary to argue out with the Russians the various schemes of what is loosely called "disengagement," however much many in the West dislike the term. And there is acceptance of the fact that Khrushchev is not going to agree to anything but the simplest first step which could lead to eventual German reunification.

Perhaps the principal danger on the Western side is the characteristic desire to reach settlements quickly. Senator Fulbright for some time has privately urged the Administration to consider a series of Summit meetings, perhaps as often as every six months, so that there would not be the kind of world-wide pressures for agreement as was

the case at Geneva in 1955. When he got less encouragement than he had hoped, he made the idea public.

What is required is not a commitment to such a series of meetings but a receptiveness by the President, who has often warned of the dangers of disappointment should any one Summit meeting end in admitted failure. This new Summit Conference, then, should be viewed as only the opener of a long series of negotiations.

### Would-be presidential candidates

Fourteen months before the Democratic National Convention opens in Los Angeles, the Democratic Party seems to have so many would-be presidential candidates that there is much talk in Washington of nominating the man who is the party's lowest common denominator, Missouri's 57-year-old senator, Stuart Symington.

The Gallup Poll and other opinion surveys put Symington far down the list, well below Senator John Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson. Harry Truman has been reported to be a Symington booster, but he has flatly denied it. Symington will, of course, be Missouri's favorite son at Los Angeles.

A February poll of Senate and House Democrats conducted by the *Congressional Quarterly* showed how well the party politicians think of Symington, or at least of his chances. With about 38 per cent of the total number of Democrats responding, Symington rated 33 per cent of the votes for President in answer to a query on "your judgment on your party's strongest possible ticket." Senator Kennedy was second with 17 per cent, Senator Lyndon Johnson third, Senator Humphrey fourth, and Stevenson fifth. But Kennedy was a runaway first for Vice President with 41 per cent to 12 per cent for Symington as second choice.

It may be questionable whether the Democrats taking part in that poll were naming a Symington-Kennedy ticket as the strongest or whether in fact they were saying it was the most likely to be chosen in a smog-filled Los Angeles hotel room in July, 1960. The poll probably reflects what one hears from many a party politician, in and out of Congress: that the Democrats should put a Catholic on the ticket but that it might be too risky to put him in the presidential spot.

In part the poll reflects the memories of the older party stalwarts about Al Smith and 1928, and many of these men are Catholics themselves. In part it also may reflect a worry by the rash of newly elected Catholic governors and senators, lest they seem to be pushing Kennedy because of his religion. And it probably also reflects what is a considerable feeling in Washington, that Ken-

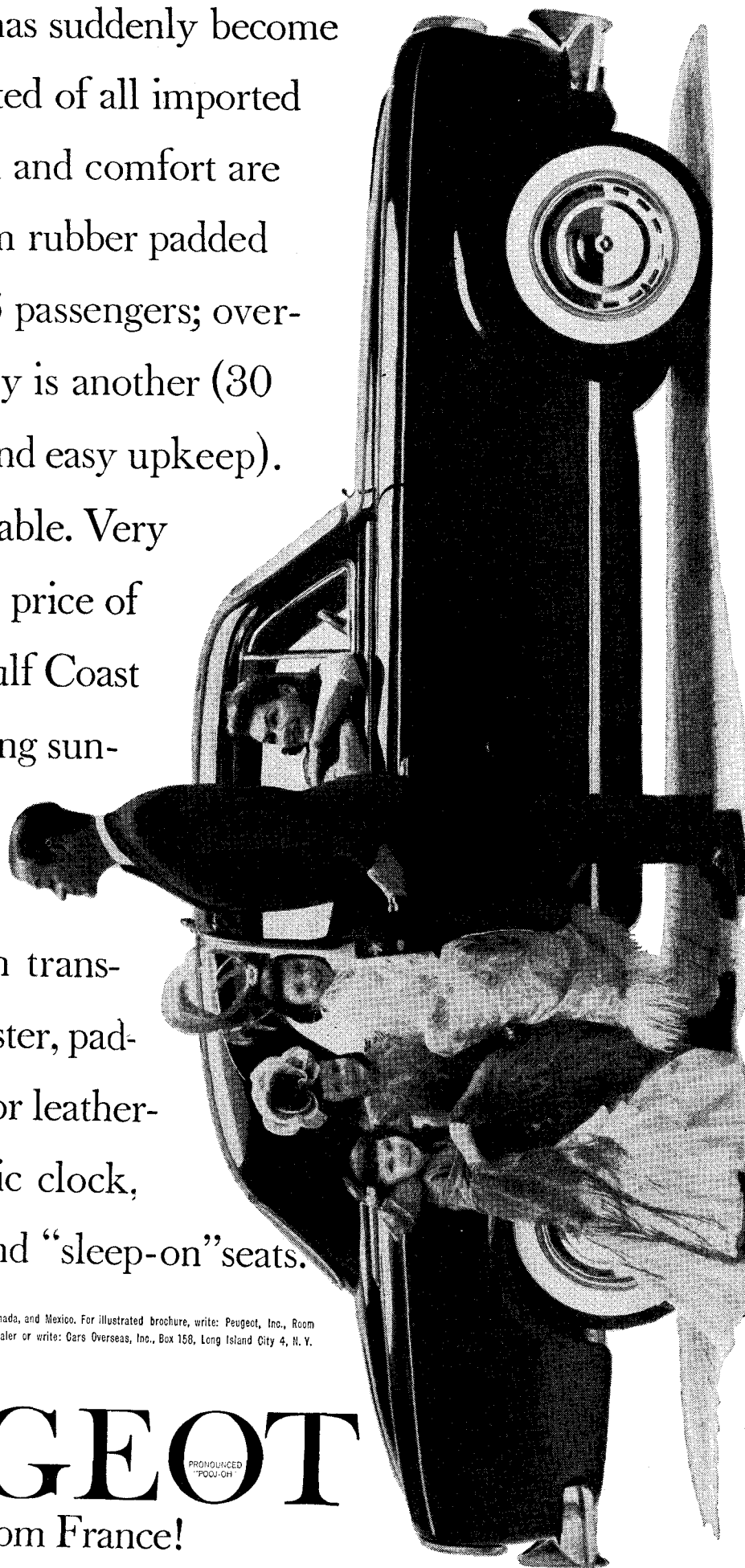


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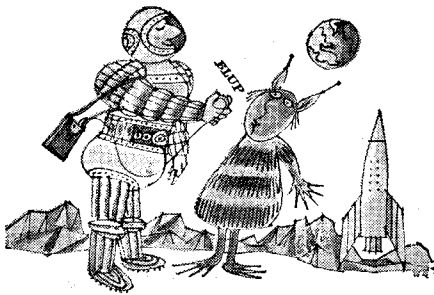
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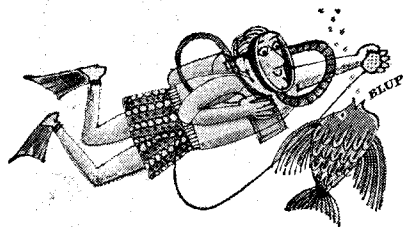
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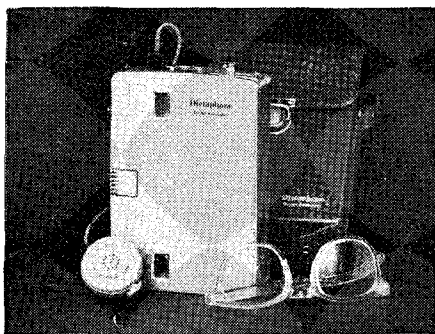


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## Report on Washington



nedy is still too young (he would be forty-three by inauguration day) and lacks the necessary experience. One party leader said privately that Kennedy could have the second spot on the ticket just for the asking, if only he would ask for the vice presidential nomination.

There are others who would risk a prediction that if the party does put a Catholic on the ticket it will not be Kennedy but California's new governor, Edmund "Pat" Brown. But this is clearly a minority view for, among others, a reason Brown himself advanced when he was in the Capital this spring. The presidential nominee, said Brown, "more than likely" will come from the Senate because a President's major job is to deal with world affairs, and senators are much better acquainted than governors are with world problems.

### Kennedy and Humphrey

The politicians in the Capital see it this way: Kennedy is the obvious front runner, but there will be so many favorite sons that he will have far less than the necessary majority of the convention votes on the first ballot. His Southern support, carefully curried since his almost-but-not-quite vice presidential nomination in 1956, will fade away because Senator Hubert Humphrey will have pressed Kennedy far to the left on the civil rights issue. Humphrey, the ablest orator of the senatorial aspirants as well as the best informed on foreign affairs, has a lot of enemies. He is too liberal for many in the party and not only on civil rights.

Humphrey's brand of economics is too liberal for the big party contributors, including those who have done so well because of such tax concessions as the oil depletion allowance, which Humphrey would end. He would be used to kill off Kennedy, according to this view. Humphrey is personally well aware of this attitude and claims he will never be a party to it. Still, he is ambitious for the top job and may find a clash with Kennedy unavoid-

able even though both go down in the end. It could be, of course, that Kennedy will trounce the far less well known Humphrey in the two primaries where they are likely to face one another, Wisconsin and Oregon.

If Kennedy and Humphrey knock each other out, the prize would probably go to Symington, whose voting record is impeccably liberal but whose inclinations are middle of the road. But Symington, despite his record, his geographic advantage in coming from a border state, his handsome appearance, has many disadvantages.

He is no orator, for one thing. He is not quick or sharp, as was obvious in his role in the Army-McCarthy hearings some years back. He has a reputation as a defense expert, having been the first secretary of the air force and having pushed hard and loudly for more air power. But his record is vulnerable because of his failure to foresee the missile age. And privately even he has conceded that he is less than well informed on foreign affairs, above all on that critical problem of how to combine the diplomatic and military arts.

Should Symington fail as a compromise candidate, there will be a drive for a third nomination of Adlai Stevenson. His backers remain plentiful, but the new crop of party leaders, especially in the state capitals, seem more and more inclined to find a new face.

### How far West is Texas?

Then there is Senator Lyndon Johnson. Much has been written about the Texan's creating a new image of himself as a Westerner rather than as a Southerner. In fact, he often is more of a Westerner. He already has broken the once solid South in Senate civil rights roll calls. He has joined the Western caucus in the Senate. But as Pat Brown put it, for the presidential nominee to be a Southerner "would be an impediment." And, said Brown, "While Johnson is a strong man, I hadn't thought of Texas as part of the West."

Many observers in the Capital think that neither Stevenson nor Johnson can make it if there is a Kennedy-Humphrey mutual knock-





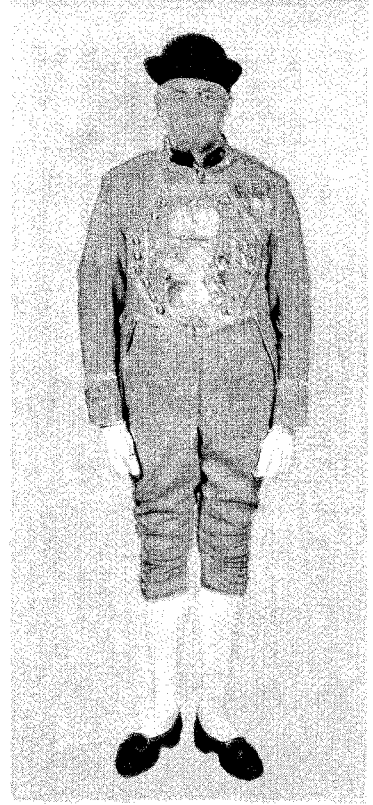
*Royal Horse Guards.* This is one of the uniforms of the Household Cavalry. You can see these troops almost any day—changing the guard in Whitehall.



*The Scots Guards.* This guardsman is a Pipe Major. He is armed with a claymore (broadsword); a dirk (dagger); and a skean dhu (a knife tucked in his sock).



*Archdruid of Wales.* These robes are worn by the chief druid at the Welsh *Eisteddfodau*. Plan to see one of these great festivals of poetry and song.



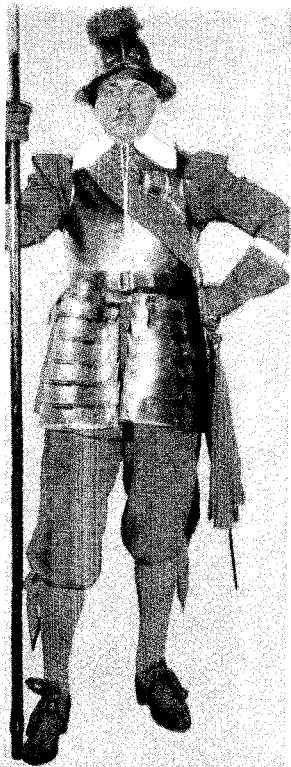
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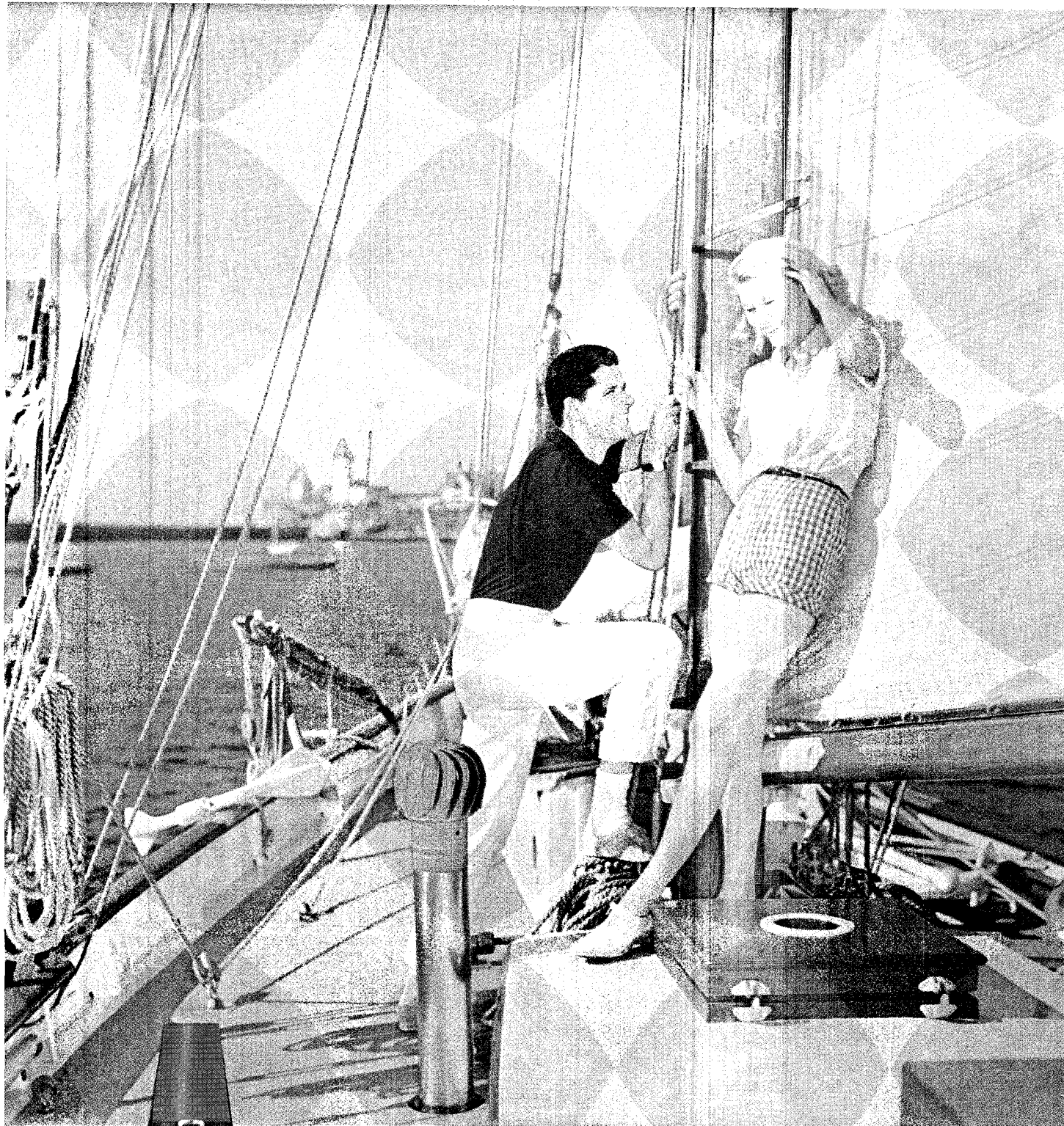
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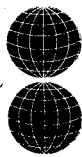
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out. And so they fall back on Symington, at least until some new star arises.

### Foreign aid and politics

Politics and partisanship crept into congressional votes early in this session. President Eisenhower quickly found himself in a dilemma: his insistence on balancing the budget in the face of Democratic determination to spend undercut his hopes for a big foreign aid program. Indeed, the aid situation got off to such a bad start in the House that Eisenhower had to interrupt his Camp David talks with Macmillan to strike back at the House Appropriations Committee publicly.

The unhappy fact is, and has been for a long time, that the big majority in Congress supports foreign aid as a principle but is hesitant to support it in practice. The reasons are many and complex: the obvious mistakes and waste in many parts of the program, the large number of incompetent personnel abroad, so frequently pointed out by both traveling members of Congress and the press (for instance, in *The Ugly American*), and a general feeling that the program needs a new face, not just another administrator, of which it has had four in the course of the Republican Administration.

On top of all these reasons has been added the presidential attacks on Democratic "spenders." Yet the President went so far in a private meeting with Speaker Rayburn and Senator Johnson as to say that he would rather see Congress cut the defense budget than trim foreign aid.

In the end, Congress is bound once again to continue the aid program. But it will do so with an even stronger imperative for reshaping the program. Yet the Democratic Party leaders, who know that the program is absolutely necessary as part of American foreign policy, assume that there will be no overhaul until there is a change of Administration in the White House.

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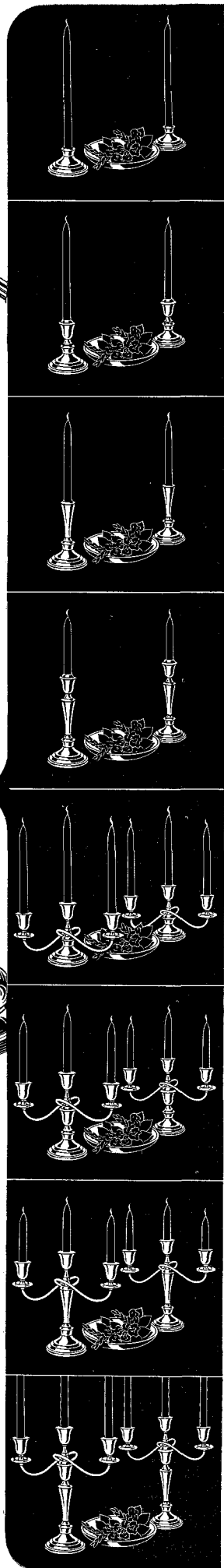
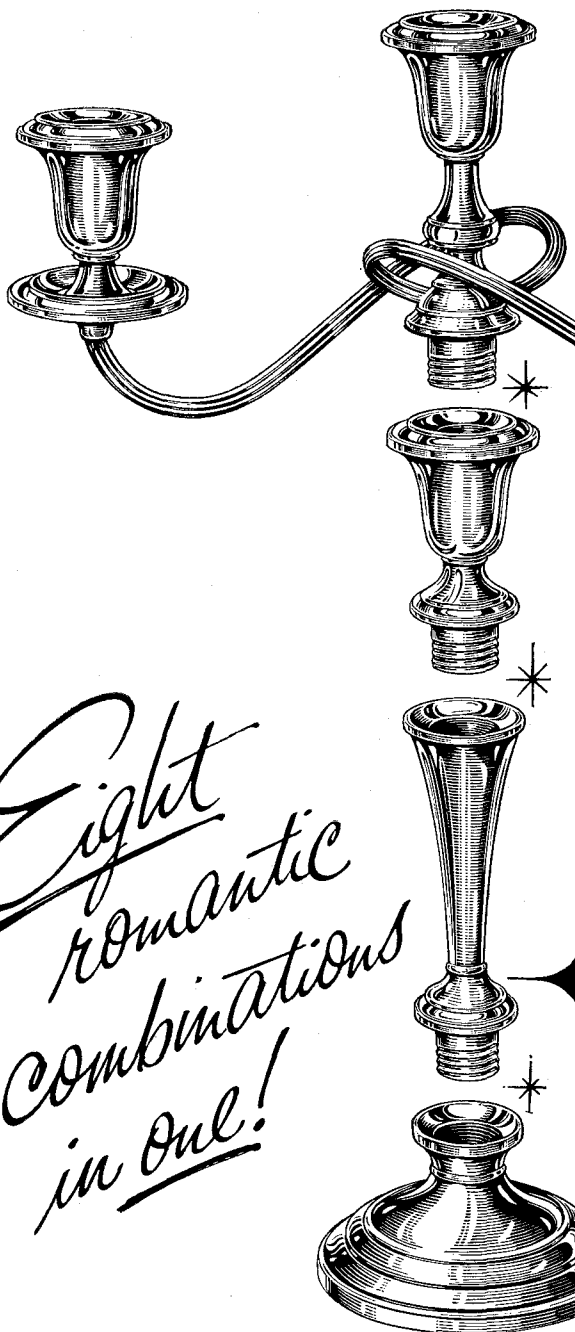
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# *The Atlantic Report* ARGENTINA



**A**RGENTINES like to point out that President Frondizi's regime is the first constitutional government the country has enjoyed since 1930. Be that as it may, a year after the inauguration of this widely hailed constitutional government — which was the occasion of Vice President Nixon's ill-fated journey south — the country is under a state of siege, the important transport and petroleum industries have been mobilized and are under army control, the Congress is reduced to a rubber stamp, and most campaign promises in the economic field have been broken.

What has happened is one of the most startling about-faces in recent political history. That the move, in the view of economists, is an excellent one, courageous and long overdue, only adds to the irony of the situation. Economic liberalism is being imposed by force.

Force is necessary because there is practically no political body in the country which believes in the policy now being applied. State control of business enterprises is rooted in Spanish colonial tradition; it is found throughout most of Latin America, but most particularly in Argentina, where the long decade of Perón's dictatorship did much to accentuate it. Although political freedoms were restored by the revolution of 1955, the habits of a controlled economy were so strong that practically no one considered the restoration of economic freedom as a necessary corollary.

Dr. Frondizi's sudden decision last December 28 to become the champion of free enterprise, individual initiative, and foreign investment came therefore as a tremendous shock to the country, the more so since during the electoral campaign and his first six months in office he had done the usual political things, although astutely.

The ill-assorted coalition which elected him was in itself proof of his political agility. It included the Communists, the right-wing Catholics, the adherents of the ousted dictator Perón, and Frondizi's own left wing of the Radical Party, which has a strong anticlerical tinge.

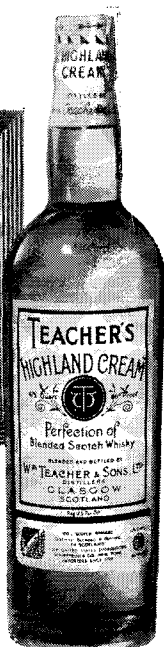
The new president's concern on taking office last May was to weld into a satisfied and loyal whole this disgruntled group of supporters. There was something in the grab bag for everyone: for labor, still largely devoted to Perón, a 60 per cent wage increase, disastrously inflationary in its consequences but momentarily satisfying; for the Perónistas, a general amnesty and a law designed to return to their control a monolithic union organization; for the Catholics, permission to set up a private university, a most explosive measure coming from a Radical president but one which served to detract attention from graver matters; for the Communists, the right to publish a daily newspaper and a certain permissiveness for their activities in general, which further confused the labor situation; and for the Radical Party, the spoils of office, which are reputed to be considerable.

All of this — and particularly the pro-Perónista policy — was unpalatable to the armed forces, who had risen in 1955 to rid the country of the dictator. Frondizi was, however, successful in shunting aside the more outstandingly anti-Perón figures. On the whole, in spite of occasional rumblings they remained in the background, graciously accepting a large raise in salary, and followed the precepts of the revolutionary leader, General Aramburu, who stanchly maintained that Frondizi, whatever his faults, was the legally elected president and that democracy must be given time to work.

## **The exchange crisis**

These political maneuverings — more concerned with the regime's stability than with a coherent program — came brusquely to an end with the breaking out of the exchange crisis. The desperate financial situation was no news to economists, but inflationary wage increases and government subsidies had concealed it from the public. In the unsettled atmosphere of the past few years — dictatorship, revolution, and then Dr. Frondizi's uneasy coalition — it had constantly seemed more important to keep the people happy by distributing bonanzas than to make the economy balance.





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## Report on Argentina



By October of 1958, however, the peso on the free market had fallen from 37 to 77 to the dollar. The balance of payments has been running constantly in the red (\$335 million in 1957, \$196 million in 1958, despite drastic curtailment of imports). By the end of the year, reserves of gold and currency — including \$40 million worth of Spanish pesetas — were down to some \$185 million. By the end of November, the nation had contracted debts totaling well over \$3 billion. The internal budget shows a deficit of approximately 50 per cent, in spite of a tax structure — one of the heaviest in the world — which absorbs nearly 30 per cent of the national income. Furthermore, this inflated budget provides for almost no productive investment: 80 per cent of it is spent on wages and salaries; nearly 30 per cent of the employed population works for the government. Most serious of all, although less spectacular, the gross national product has remained absolutely stationary over the past four years.

### An economy at a standstill

Even these appalling figures do not tell the whole story. The entire productive structure of the country is out of date and out of balance. The transport system is completely inadequate. The railways, once the proudest in Latin America, run more slowly every year with worn-out equipment over a poorly maintained roadbed. They carry 20 per cent less traffic and employ 45 per cent more personnel than in 1945, when they were run by the British and French. The road system is actually poorer than it was before the war. And Argentina is surely the only country in the world with fewer cars per capita today than in 1928.

The other public utilities are in the same plight. There is a huge power shortage, result and cause of a stagnant economy. People wait years for a telephone; existing phones work erratically because of antiquated equipment. In the summer whole regions of Buenos Aires lack water because, although the wide Plata



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Report on Argentina



River flows by the door, the filtering plant has not been expanded to take care of a growing population.

Agriculture, the only source of Argentina's exports, is also stagnant. Improved seeds, fertilizers, insecticides, mechanized equipment require capital, but the Argentine landowner has been progressively decapitalized by a series of exchange manipulations and export controls which all add up to one thing: he gets less than the world price for his product. The difference has gone into the coffers of the state and theoretically has served to finance Argentina's nascent industry. This is the very reverse of American farm subsidies and has had, naturally, the opposite effect: smaller acreage sown, smaller herds, smaller yields. However, Argentina, unlike the United States, desperately needs bumper crops. They are its only source of foreign exchange.

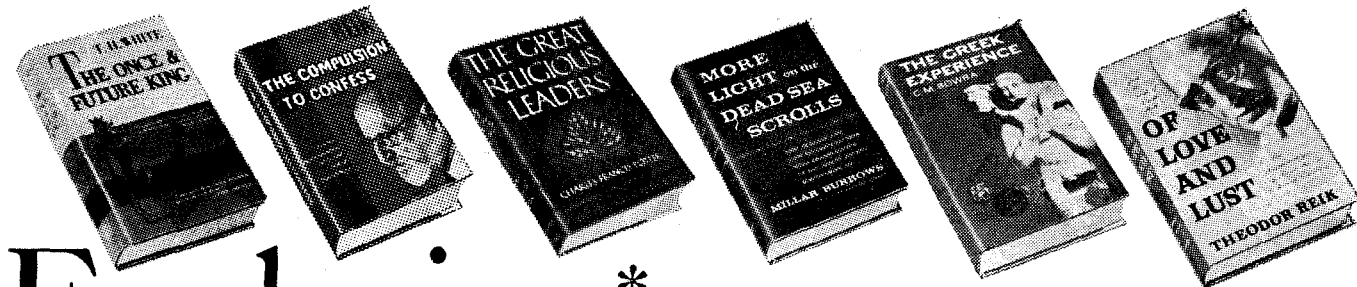
Industry, to which agriculture has been sacrificed, is secondary, light industry. It suffers from the power shortage and from its complete dependence on imports, not only for machinery and equipment but for raw materials and finished parts. Argentina imports all its iron and steel, coal, rubber, aluminum, and most of its oil, wood, cellulose, and industrial chemicals.

Furthermore, the policy of keeping the people happy has resulted in all kinds of featherbedding and in low productivity. As a result, Argentine industry is basically inefficient. An Argentine tractor or jeep costs far more than the world price and is inferior in quality.

### The president ends controls

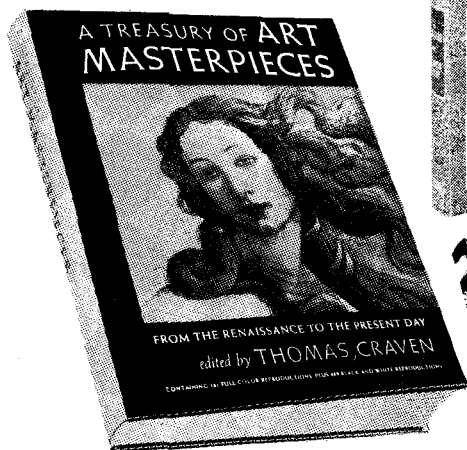
It was in the face of these inexorable facts, which no amount of political oratory or political remedies in the old tradition could dissipate, that Frondizi made his astounding reversal of policy. He decided to throw overboard the whole system of controls, subsidies, quotas, and permits, to which, in theory, he had hitherto been wed.





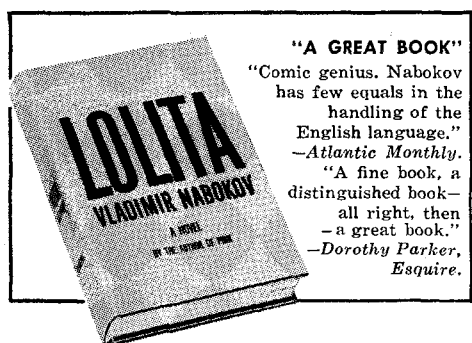
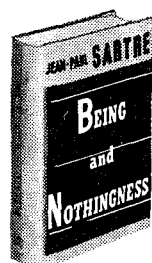
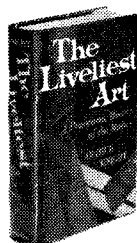
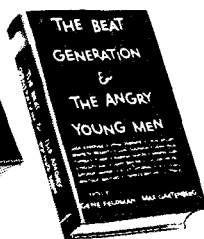
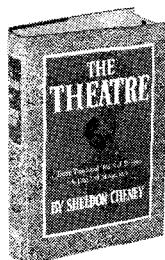
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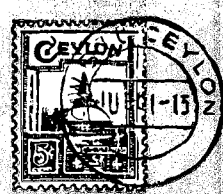
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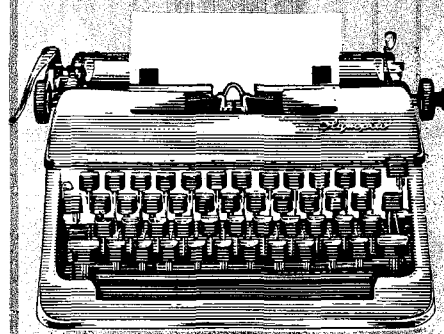
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## Report on Argentina



That the only way to avoid a further drop in the quotation of the peso and a general cessation of payments was to seek loans in the United States may have had something to do with this decision. The U.S. is thought to be more generous to those who profess the virtues of free enterprise, although an examination of the record—for example our aid to Spain and Yugoslavia—does not uphold the belief. In any case, the loans were granted, and simultaneously Dr. Frondizi began to talk to his people in a language they had not heard for a generation: balance the budget, higher wages only in return for more work, a just price for everything.

This new language has been accompanied by a stiff dose of hard economic reality. The freeing of the exchange system, plus the plummeting of the peso and the removal of subsidies in their various forms, has resulted in an immediate and sharp rise in the cost of living. The price of gasoline has tripled, electricity more than doubled, and—what has troubled the Argentines most of all—the price of beef has nearly doubled, too.

Since these more realistic prices are, in theory at least, not to be compensated by a massive increase in wages, it is expected that the wage-price squeeze will result in a lower level of consumption, freeing valuable beef for export and diminishing the demand for manufactured goods and thereby for imports. There is, of course, the danger that this diminishing demand will produce some unemployment. If the government stands by its promise to get rid of some of its superfluous employees in an effort to balance the budget, that will produce still more. It is hoped, of course, that the new basic industries will take up the slack. And meanwhile, the resultant “soft” labor market will doubtless make it easier to hold wages steady and diminish labor agitation.

What this new policy, in its negative aspect, amounts to is a forced

program of national saving, rationing by tightening the purse strings. In a country noted for neither a high rate of personal savings nor a high degree of civic discipline, it is no doubt the surest way. But there is still the question of whether it is the best one.

### Argentine oil and coal

There is, however, a positive side: a vast development program. The first target is oil. Argentina has large oil reserves (it ranks seventh in the world in this respect), but after fifty years of a state monopoly most of it is still underground.

The country imports \$300 million of petroleum products a year. Here too Frondizi, who in earlier years was an energetic defender of the nationalistic taboos responsible for this state of affairs, has completely reversed himself. He has called in American, British, and French oil companies to get out the oil at last. They are working under various forms of service contracts which avoid the tabooed word “concession” but which are nevertheless extremely profitable to the oil companies.

The second target is coal. There is coal in Argentina, too, although it is somewhat inaccessible, in the far south on the Strait of Magellan. Here a French consortium has been called in to develop the mine, build a railroad and a port. Argentina should be able to supply its present needs—it is hoped these needs will increase as the economy develops—in about five years.

A steel mill has been in the process of construction for years on the Paraná River, to use imported iron and imported coal. Work on this is being hastened, and the first blast furnace should be functioning by the end of this year.

The power shortage, too, has been tackled. By coming to terms with the American, Swiss, and Belgian companies whose expropriation he himself had urged, Frondizi has obtained promises of a new investment and has at the same time, by this act of simple justice, considerably improved the investment climate. Argentina has also settled the dispute over the Bemberg inheritance, which had resulted in the spoliation of

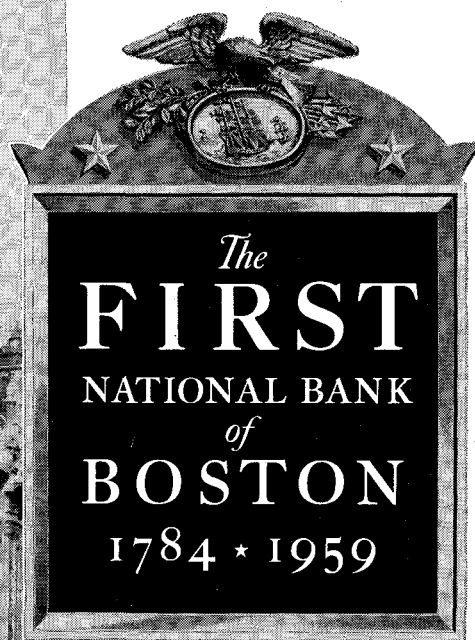
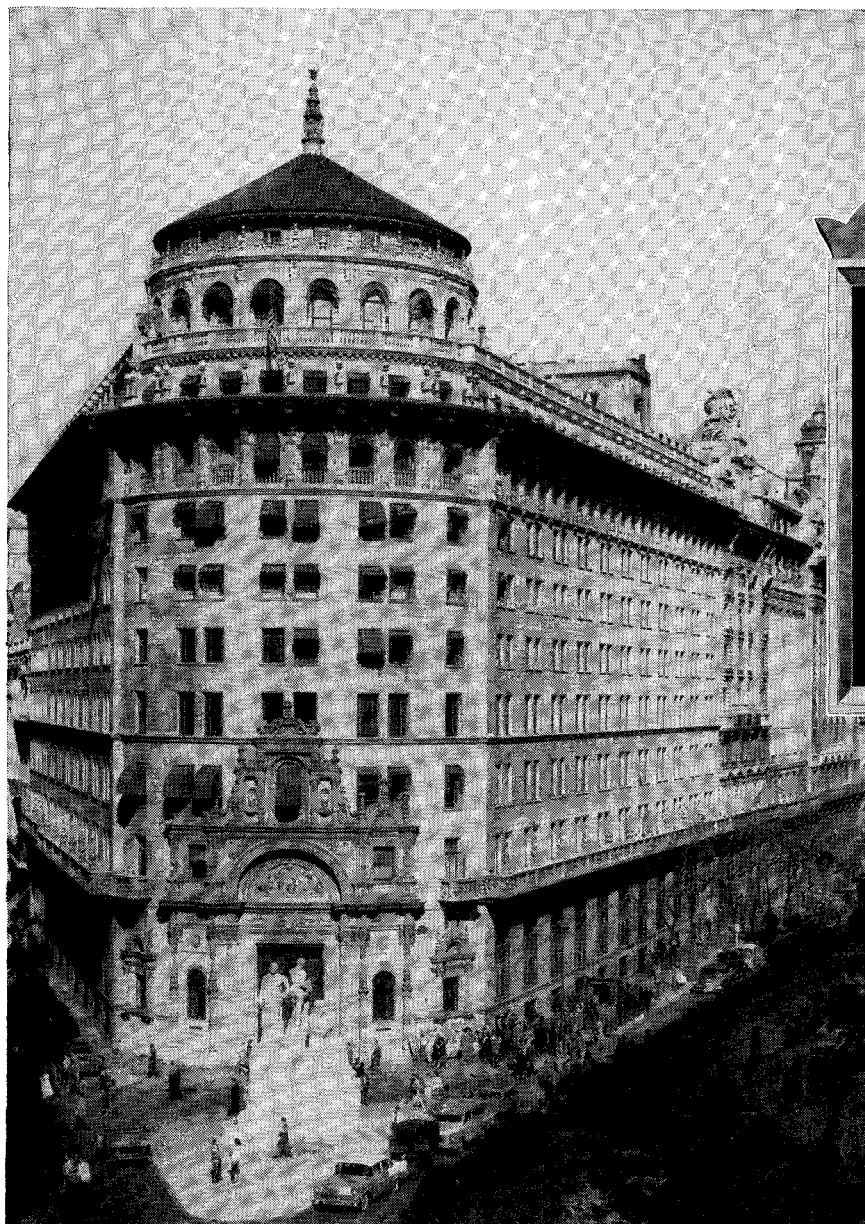


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## Report on Argentina



thousands of small investors in France, and returned German property confiscated when Argentina declared war on March 27, 1945.

The government is almost pleading for foreign capital to come into this once xenophobic country. The merest hint of a new venture is played up in the press. A popular variety show calls itself *Dollars! Dollars! Dollars!*

### Grumbling about austerity

Frondizi's new policy has, of course, aroused a tremendous amount of comment, most of it unfavorable. No one enjoys being forced to tighten his belt or feeling that he has been cheated in voting for one thing and getting another.

Technical criticism of the program is more serious. Although in theory it is a restoration of the principles of free exchange and free enterprise, in fact the new measures have been so hedged round that in many cases the new free system is more complicated than the old controlled one. Furthermore, agriculture, the one sure source of revenue, still suffers from a double tax, on both its exports and its imports, so that in spite of relatively more favorable conditions, it remains at a disadvantage on the international market. This is the result, say the few liberal Argentine economists, of entrusting the new policy to functionaries who do not really believe in it and who cannot rid themselves of their old habits of control.

A still more serious criticism is that the policy, while probably too severe from a political point of view, is not severe enough to generate the capital necessary for the dynamic thrust forward which its success implies.

The likelihood of continuing crises in the balance of payments is pointed up by the fact that the interest and amortization on loans already granted—to say nothing of the hoped-for investment—represent 11 per cent of the national income over the next five years. This the

country, even living austere, can probably not afford. There is, in this respect, the unstated belief that, should the program bog down, the United States will come to the rescue. The Argentines, rightly or wrongly, are convinced that it was we who imposed it and that we will feel a responsibility for seeing it through. In any case, we are already getting the blame for the immediate painful results.

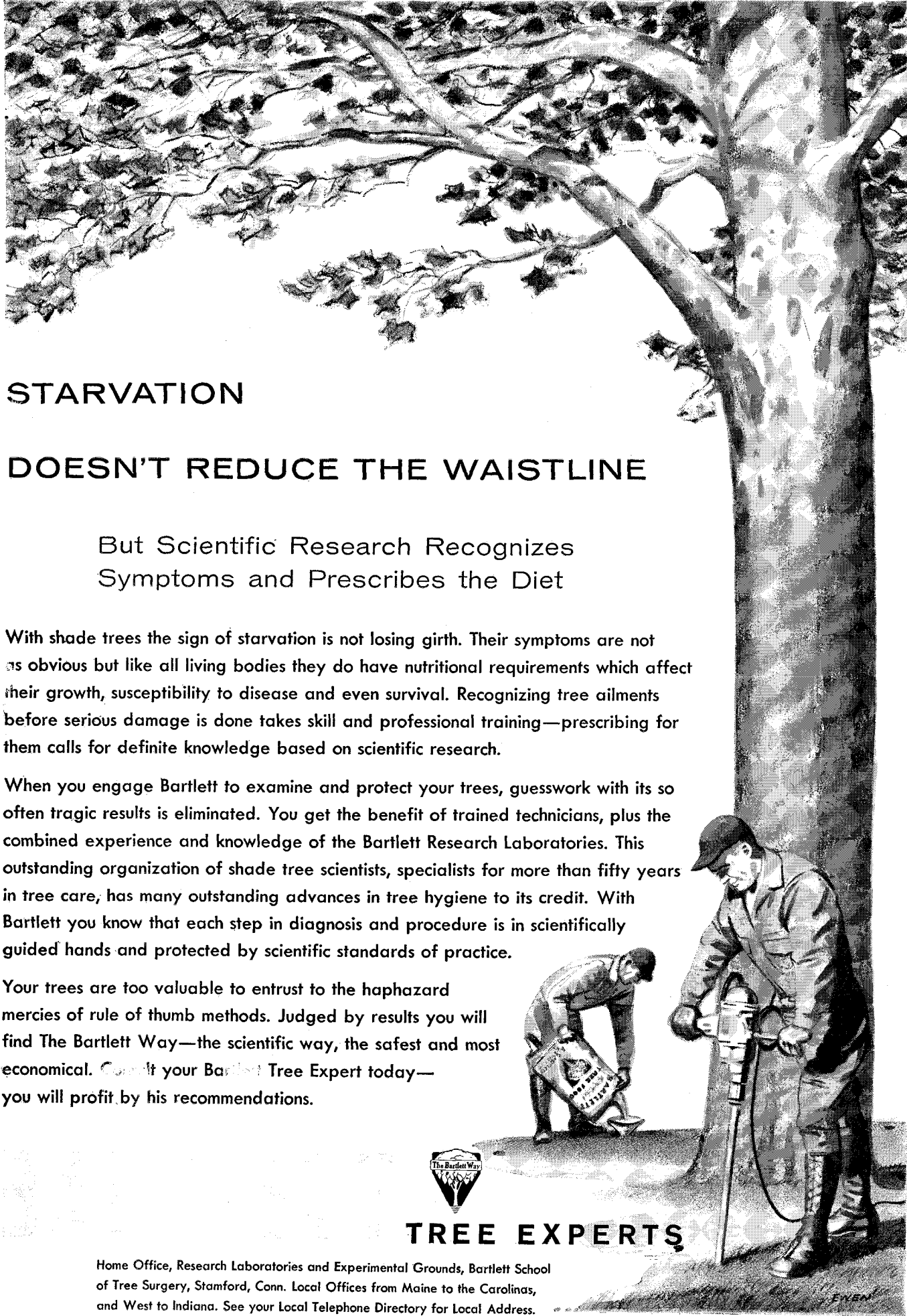
In spite of these criticisms, however, the new policy is a great and courageous step forward. It may not be the best way of tackling Argentina's basic problems, but it is the first time in a generation that a serious and coordinated attempt has been made to do so.

The main question now is political: Will the country, accustomed to easy and carefree living and quite unprepared for the disaster which seems to have fallen out of a completely blue sky, accept this severe dose of austerity? The fact that economic realities have played so little part in political oratory, that the people have constantly been told that theirs is one of the richest countries on earth and are therefore more concerned with the distribution than the creation of wealth, makes it all the more difficult for them to understand what is happening. In the circumstances, it is easy for demagogues, right, left, and center, to proclaim that the whole business is an imperialist plot to ruin the country so that it can be bought more cheaply.

The two main sources of serious trouble are the still large body of Perón supporters and the armed forces. Here Frondizi's earlier maneuverings to mollify the one and neutralize the other have served him well. He has taken the precaution, however, of having the Congress vote in state of siege for an indefinite period. This gives him extremely wide powers, the most valuable of which has been the ability to mobilize labor in order to break a strike. The army is not too happy in this unpopular role and thus acts as a sort of brake on abuses.

Frondizi is engaged, then, in a very delicate balancing act of which the stake is the economic future of the country.





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The midnight painters were reputedly members of the die-hard League of Empire Loyalists. But it is inside the society, in daylight, that one sees perhaps the real loyalists. They are dignified gray-haired gentlemen and ladies, Fellows of the Society, to whom empire is not and never was a naughty word. And now they take their afternoon tea in the Australian Room and attend lectures on bird watching, archaeology, and foreign policy in the hall in amicable company with the new Fellows to whom empire is and always has been anathema — the visitors and residents from Ghana, Nigeria, India, Malaya, and other tropical places East and West.

The British are realists. More than the simple change of name and status, as in this case, it is the resolute acceptance of change, even painful change, that marks the new Great Britain. Step by step, out of the past right up to Egypt, Cyprus, and the Rhodesias and Nyasaland in the present, the British have climbed to the point where almost all that was imperial has become international, and consequently much that was internal politics has become foreign policy. The old problems now begin to look different from the new angle — police actions seem like little wars and security looks a great deal like repression — but they seem no less urgent.

This explains one crucial problem that has been much on Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's mind. Should the old rule now be tested, and perhaps disproved, that no British election is ever won or much influenced by foreign policy?

#### **Timing the election**

Returning from Moscow, and later from Paris, Bonn, and Washington, Macmillan was pressed from several sides to nominate May for an election rather than October. Lord Beaverbrook was back in England, and "the Beaver" went to work at once. His *Daily Express* published polls showing that 60 per cent of the electorate thought Macmillan's mission to Moscow successful and that a majority would now vote for him. Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* said that "the strongest argument against going to the country in May — the international situation — is rapidly becoming the most powerful one in favor of such a move."

The Labor Party's policy on Germany seems to have been formulated to hold the party, rather than the nation, together. It is a policy of "major disengagement": an immediate end to nuclear tests, the thinning of forces near the East-West frontier, international control of those forces, some form of German reunification, and the establishment of a neutral zone at the center of Europe.

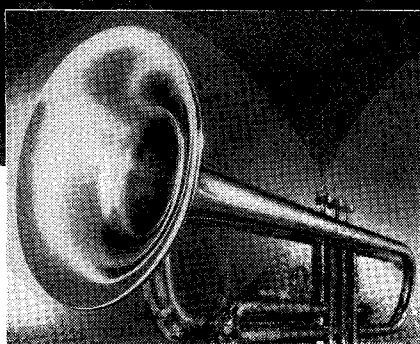
The public might think all this too close to Khrushchev for comfort. But then it might not. Nobody could tell without a test. It has been on his own judgment of this unknown factor that Macmillan has had to make his most crucial decision. Will his energetic Summit-hopping, coupled with a timely expansionist budget, bring his voters to the polls in full measure? Or will home affairs, particularly unemployment, always remain the decisive issue?

#### **Labor goes ahead**

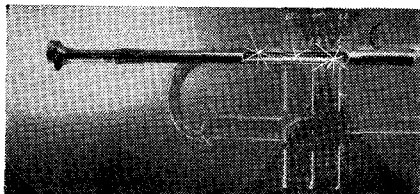
Ever since winter, the unemployment figures have urged Macmillan to wait. The most striking political fact of the winter was the loss by the Tory Government of its considerable lead in public



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## Report on London

favor, so that the two main parties again began to run neck and neck, with Labor perhaps leading by a nose. Previously there seemed to be a great deal in Macmillan's favor: the pound sterling was strong, the price level stable, austerity dismissed, and Cyprus settled.

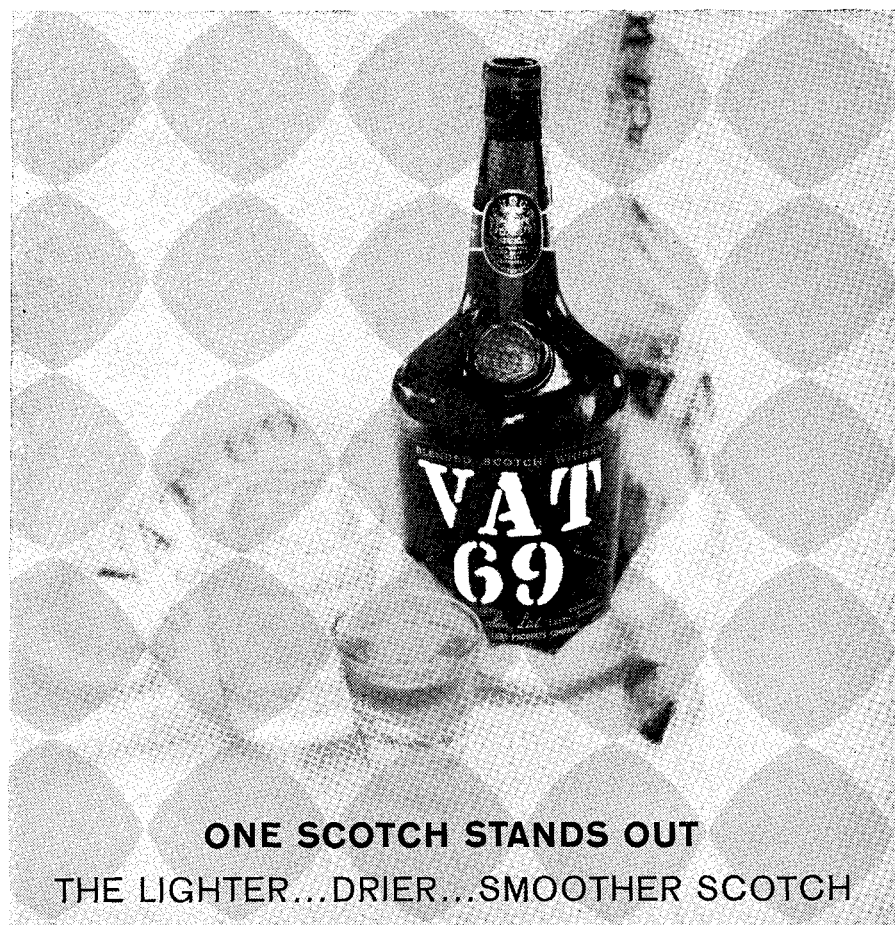
At the turn of the year the Tories were running four points ahead of Labor. A big Tory election win seemed such a certainty that socialists like Paul Johnson, in the *New Statesman*, talked about its requiring "an unforeseen national catastrophe" to shift Macmillan.

Then abruptly, released perhaps by the unemployment figures, the pendulum swung the other way, erasing the Tory lead and reminding Macmillan that no Tory Government in this century has won three elections in a row, as his will have to do to stay in office.

The pound may be strong, trade may be in surplus, the budget may be generous, skyscrapers may be rising in a gay and buoyant London, but production has been static for three years. It seems at last to be picking up slowly. But employment is picking up more slowly still. In England unemployment is 2.5 per cent; in Scotland it is 4.8; in Northern Ireland it is 9 per cent.

On top of this, if world trade gets back to normal and primary prices rise a little again, it is feared that they will uncover a hidden guilt. Wages have risen 4 per cent on top of the previous year's 6 per cent increase, without any compensating rise in output in either year. A firm basis has been laid for expecting a new inflation. A generous budget was built on that base by setting free more spending money.

So it may be not only unemployment that bothers the public. It could also be an unconscious judgment that the real threat of Communism will not issue from Berlin but from the ability of the Soviet Union and China to achieve steady eco-



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"It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen: "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS,  
Chapter IX

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## Report on London



conomic expansion without continuous inflation (even though it is accomplished at the cost of liberty). No Western government can yet answer this threat, nor can either British political party.

### How much tax relief?

The dilemma of Heathcoat Amory as he prepared the April budget typified the wider dilemma of all the West. On the current account, excluding capital spending, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a total tax surplus of \$1 billion. Britain needed a shot in the arm. Business interests urged him to give maximum relief now to an impatient nation whose income tax rate had not fallen below 42 per cent since the last war. Anyone who earns more than \$6000 a year has to pay an additional supertax and, on top of that, new automobiles carry a 60 per cent sales tax.

The unions urged instead that the widest relief be given the lowest end of the scale, in the form of increased exemptions, increased pensions, and removal of purchase taxes and the tax on house ownership. If wage earners are ready to accept pay increases this way in 1959 instead of through new wage claims, the danger of inflation is much reduced.

Hugh Gaitskell offers money for homeowners, money to nationalize rented houses, for more schools, more hospitals, higher pensions, higher wages, full employment, and greater security. The effects of the consequent inflation would be kept in check by one or two minor controls, notably exchange control.

The support the Tories lost in the winter has obstinately failed to rally to the socialist cause, and it may be that public suspicion of inflation has so far kept Labor's program from being popular.

One alternative explanation, however, is that the Labor Party is growing old. It has disbanded its League of Youth. It inspires few young revolutionaries. Indeed, those young

socialists who still look forward in anger are very close to total desertion from the party.

### The betrayed young men

What proportion of the 2.5 million new electors who have come of age since the last election is sympathetic to the Labor Party is unknown. There is no doubt that a new revolutionary group is growing up, without form or organization, without policy, but at least with a great deal of feeling. Its first political group-memory is that of 1945, when the vague but painful idealism and comradeship of war, fused by sacrifice, put into the election an unprecedented fire. The fire went out afterward. "John Bull died at Dunkirk," writes Norman Mackenzie, "and his place has been taken by Archie Rice [the hero of John Osborne's *The Entertainer*], well intentioned, incompetent, and desperately bored."

Their own type-figure is more nearly Jimmy Porter of *Look Back in Anger*. The young leftists are articulate, fierce, powerless, and betrayed. They have been betrayed even by Marxism. For what is the Communist goal? "To overtake America." In what? In equality? In liberty? In brotherhood? No, comrade, in production. The acquisitive state is to be overtaken by one more acquisitive.

To these intellectuals the politics of Gaitskell is "blatant opportunism." Paul Johnson even seriously debates whether the intellectuals should help Gaitskell in the next election. He finds one lonely reason to do so: the possibility of "a true anti-colonial initiative" from a Labor Britain. To him it is only in the international scene that Labor politics has any relevance.

The young socialists want "a radical new departure in foreign affairs, seriously and simply aimed to create a better world." As to home affairs, they demand "equality," "classlessness," "public ownership of capital, yes, but the distribution of decision-making throughout industry and society."

### A car in every family

The man in the street is also in favor of virtue. But on a day-to-day basis his wants are less political and more simple. If he has a job, then





*An island beach off Puerto Rico's eastern shore. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.*

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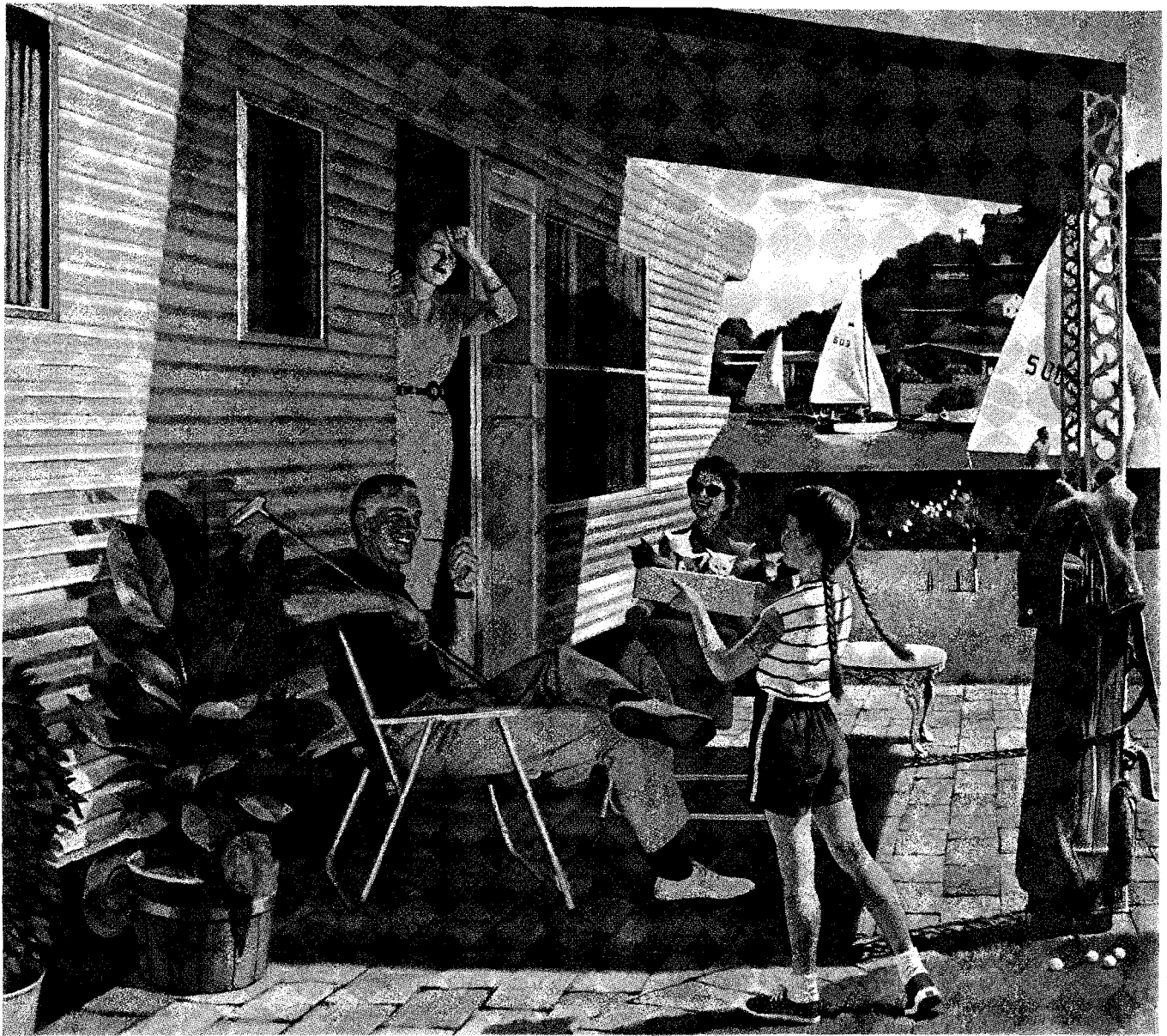
They sailed past a dozen unspoiled beaches before they chose this off-shore island for their picnic. They built a sun-shelter from palm fronds. They refreshed themselves with pineapple, mango and papaya. And after lunch they fished for lobster. At sundown,

they celebrated their catch with a bottle of Puerto Rico's brilliantly dry rum.

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## Report on London



first of all he wants an automobile. Prime Minister Macmillan mentioned on the Moscow TV that one British family in three has a car already. It will not be long before every family has one. More than half a million new cars have come on the road in twelve months. This is the astonishing and significant fact: even during a recession automobiles have been increasing steadily in numbers by 10 per cent a year.

Fewer and fewer people are traveling by those splendid great galleons among buses, the red London two-deckers. There have even been mutinies down in the tube, where sturdy individualists among the passengers, resenting the exercise of petty and arbitrary authority underground, have staged sit-down strikes inside trains and threatened the subway system with chaos. Britons would rather use their cars.

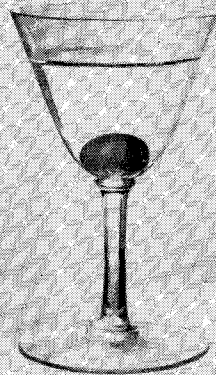
This was never anticipated by any government and could soon give rise to a new major political issue. Britain's roads are inadequate. The public wants the situation remedied.

The Preston Bypass, Britain's first and only superhighway, which is but eight and a half miles long, was opened personally by Macmillan. Five major roads are planned. Work has begun on three of them leading into the industrial midlands. Spending on roads in 1958 was £12 million and made Britain "bottom of the league" in Europe. This year it is to be pushed up to £40 million; in 1962 it is to be £60 million.

This sounds better. And yet motorists, as motorists, pay not £40 million but £400 million a year in excise, gas, and sales tax. They are beginning to demand value for money. If this demand is granted, fresh money will have to be raised. The motorists' money pays for the National Health Service. Who then is going to pay for the roads?

But of course in so tight a little island as this, building roads not only takes money, it also takes room.

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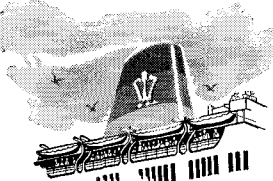
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# SAVE THE CHILDREN

## FEDERATION



## Christos has almost given up hope

Little Christos never has any fun. Life to this ten year old Greek boy is drudgery and bitter poverty. And yet, Christos has a dream . . . some day he will make life better for himself and his family. And so he walks many miles each day to attend third grade in a small, dark room that passes for a grammar school. He learns the lives of venerated men who gave so much to Greek culture and to the world—Aristotle, Plato, Socrates—and he dreams. In the late evening, he returns home leaving just enough time to do some errands and study his lessons. But life is so dark now . . . how long can he live and nurse his dream and carry hope in his heart?

Christos' parents were married just after the war when everyone hoped for a better future. Instead, Communist inspired uprisings spread over the country. Christos' father, joined the National Guard and took part in many battles. When guerilla bands entered his village they destroyed his house and burned all his belongings.

Life for Christos' family began all over—from nothing. They now live in a hut with a roof of straw. They own three pieces of furniture. All must sleep on straw mats on the cold earthen floor. Their only property is a

quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food.

Christos sees his father's plight and thinks, "My father struggles for a better future; I must help him." At the age of 10, Christos still has hope.

### Save the children and you save the family

If only someone could extend a hand to help Christos and his family help themselves, give them courage for the future that looks so dark at this moment. Someone can, and that someone is you. A child like Christos becomes "your child" through an SCF Sponsorship and receives food packages, warm clothing and many other material benefits in your name. But the whole family receives the greatest gift of all—"hope." You may correspond with your child and discover for yourself what your understanding and generosity means to a struggling family. Won't you please fill in the coupon now?

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A-5-59

## Report on London



Britain already has two miles of road to every square mile of territory, most of them the twisting leafy lanes that 1.25 million visitors come especially to see in the summer.

Yet there have to be new motor roads, for already there is one vehicle to every thirty-five yards of road. In ten years' time there could be one to every fifteen yards. Plans have now been passed for the first two-decker road from Chiswick out toward the west. It may be that new freeways will have to be built over railroads.

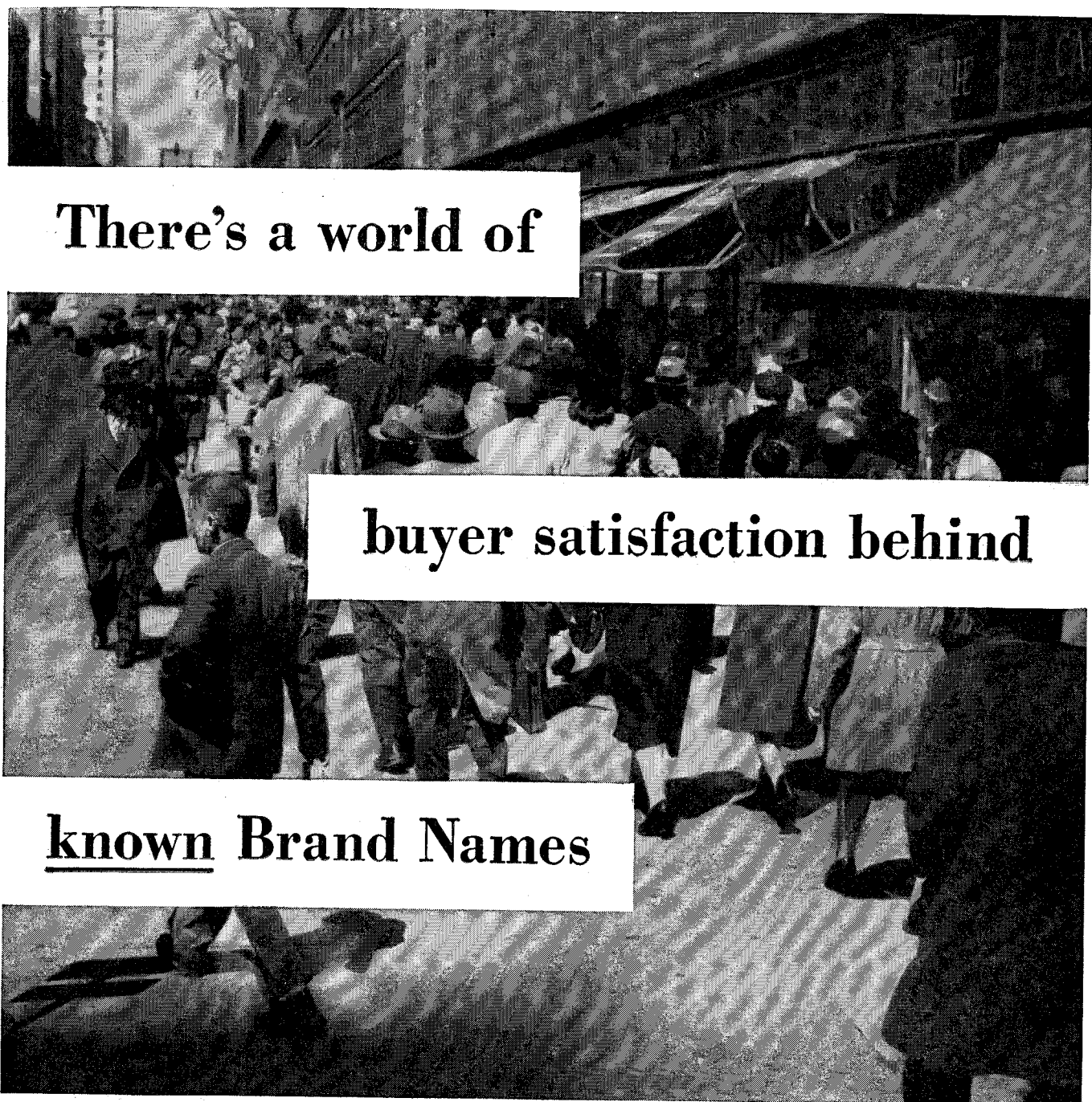
### The vicious traffic circle

As far as London is concerned, besides lack of money what most hinders the replanning of traffic on modern lines is the fact that there are 108 different highway authorities in Greater London. In addition to these 108 local authorities, any traffic matter also concerns the Minister of Transport, Scotland Yard, the London County Council, and, possibly, the Stopping Places Advisory Committee, too. No single group or person among them exercises the full responsibility even for making the best use of existing streets, let alone for planning new routes.

The realistic answer, recommended by a royal commission, is the establishment of a new, single, powerful, and independent executive authority to concern itself solely with London's road traffic. This recommendation is being fought by local governments as "a root and branch attack on local democracy."

It is no wonder that others cast around for more radical solutions. Ian Nairn, in the *Spectator*, urges Britain to forget about new roads, to leave the automobile to stew in its own jam, and to concentrate instead all possible scientific and engineering effort on producing "new patterns of personal transport which take up no more room than a man himself." But London is in no such escapist mood. It is unthinkable. Londoners as 8.5 million butterflies? There must be a more realistic solution than that.





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# Atlantic Repartee

## LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

### Peter Ustinov's stories

SIR:

I should like to thank you for the wonderful long story by Peter Ustinov, "Add a Dash of Pity," in the February *Atlantic*. I pray I shall never forget his great message.

MRS. AMY H. GUTMAN  
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

I've read of James and Proust enough;  
And now I'm used to Ustinov.  
So let me celebrate in meter  
That bearded bard I call Saint Peter.

MAX LIEF  
Hollywood, Calif.

SIR:

Honestly, now, what percentage of your readers do you imagine can really follow Peter Ustinov — and if they can, why?

How about some rock-bottom stories from writers who know the real side of life?

DONALD D. CAVEY  
Victoria, British Columbia, Canada

SIR:

I hasten to send you a renewal lest I miss any stories by Peter Ustinov. He is, I feel, a worthy successor to the robes and crown of W. Somerset Maugham, when that storyteller sees fit to retire from the field.

S. S. WORTHEN  
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

SIR:

Please, no more of Peter Ustinov. You are only helping spoil this undeniably talented and energetic lad. "A Word in the World's Ear" (December, 1958, *Atlantic*) is not

good fiction or true *Atlantic* fare. Rather, it has the scent of the agricultural-college student publication — callow, shallow, and contrived.

CHARLES HARMATH  
Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR:

Great story by Ustinov ("Add a Dash of Pity")! What various and superb talents he has. I sincerely hope Field Marshal Montgomery reads it and reflects, and that General Eisenhower reads it with satisfaction.

RUTH F. PARMELL  
East Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR:

Congratulations on the Ustinov stories. I can think of almost no one else who shows such an extraordinary sense of proportion in his writing. Nothing too much; nothing too little. Ustinov.

ERNEST BUCKLER  
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, Canada

SIR:

Just read "Add a Dash of Pity" in the *Atlantic*. Has it struck you that Ustinov has much of the flash of Oscar Wilde?

HENRY CASTOR  
Corte Madera, Calif.

SIR:

My thanks to you for *all* of the stories by Peter Ustinov — such straightforward subtlety!

MARY E. KELLY  
Cupertino, Calif.

SIR:

"Add a Dash of Pity" reminded me of what it is so easy to forget. To

make a great story one has "merely" to create a great human being. To make a great human being one has "merely" to make someone with a proper regard for life.

SISTER MARY FAITH, O.S.B.  
Normandy, Mo.

SIR:

I thank you for giving us stories by so versatile a writer as Peter Ustinov. "Add a Dash of Pity" was particularly fine. Unlike so many stories, they lift up instead of depressing one.

MRS. ELINOR COLNAN  
Picton, Ontario, Canada

SIR:

One often finds versatility comprised much more of shadow than of substance, but when Peter Ustinov is involved, it's right to expect something different and superlative.

I honestly think he could write your entire magazine for you, encompassing all departments — facts, fiction, illustration — without compromising the known high standard of the *Atlantic* in any way.

To be practical, however, I just want to go on record as requesting as much of him as you can deliver.

JOSEPH GANCHER  
Albany, N.Y.

### The young Poles

SIR:

I enjoyed reading "Home of the Brave: The Young Poles" by Martha Gellhorn (March *Atlantic*). Since Poland found itself behind the Iron Curtain, few writers have attempted to present intelligent, unbiased, more than superficial reports on life in that country. Martha Gellhorn ap-



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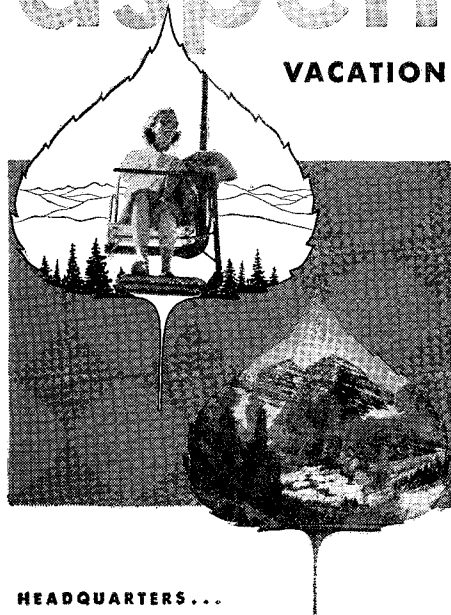
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pears to have penetrated the superficial and really tried to understand what she was observing. She was misinformed, however, as to the efficiency of the Communist underground during World War II.

The largest and the most efficient underground organization against the Nazis, possibly in whole Europe, was the Home Army. The Russian-sponsored Communist underground in Poland was relatively small and unpopular; too many Poles vividly remembered that Russia stabbed Poland in the back in 1939. After World War II efforts of the Home Army were minimized by the Communists, its name was hardly ever mentioned anywhere, and its members, whose interests were those of Poland and Poland alone, were persecuted. Since 1956 the Home Army has been "rehabilitated" and its former members can now openly admit their part in Poland's fight for freedom.

BOGUSLAW W. KUSMIEREK  
Roxbury, Mass.

"Misc."

SIR:

I left off sorting my personal files to pick up my mail—which included the March *Atlantic* and Peg Bracken's "Misc." in *Accent on Living*.

It helped immensely—in my estimation, if not in my husband's—to learn that someone else has a personal file as cluttered as mine. However, the extreme similarity of our files was almost shocking. Like Peg's, my file even contains a road map of southern Utah and last year's information on trips to Mexico. Yet I not only have the bill of sale for the car I traded in two years ago, but also an extra key for the car.

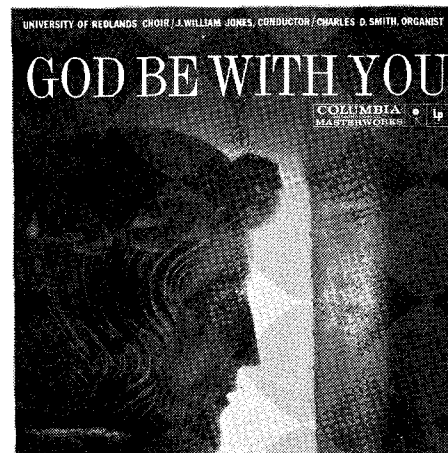
And, of course, I don't have to file her tree surgeon named Voorhees. In his place I have a furniture refinisher named Dolezal—filed under P because my best friend calls him Mr. Pineapple.

MRS. MARY FAIRBAIRN MULCH  
Great Falls, Mont.

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Certainly it will not help America if the spread between U.S. and foreign wages is increased. It will only serve to export jobs.

Isn't it time to stop this inflationary rise in wage costs that is undermining the job security of American workers?



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## LIMITED WAR

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

*Must we be prepared to fight limited wars? Yes, says HANSON W. BALDWIN, the military analyst of the New York TIMES, for there have been twenty-three of them since V-J Day. And can limited wars be prevented from extending into total nuclear war? That is the graver question which he discusses in the latter half of this searching paper.*

A FEW months ago a three-star admiral publicly admitted the most significant politico-military heresy yet confessed by a man in uniform. Vice Admiral "Cat" Brown, until last fall commander of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, now NATO's southern commander at Naples, answered a question at the National Press Club in Washington with a simple negation which struck at the heart of many of the nation's military policies. "I have no faith," he said, "in the so-called controlled use of atomic weapons. . . . I would not recommend the use of any atomic weapon no matter how small, when both sides have the power to destroy the world."

Admiral Brown, long noted for his sharp uncompromising judgments, his incisive mind and ready opinions, added that he did not believe there was any dependable distinction between tactical, or localized and restricted, targets or situations and strategic, or unlimited, situations.

Admiral Brown, being human, may well be wrong. But he has been a serious student of modern war, both at the Air War College and the Naval War College, and he exercised for two years one of the most important sea commands the Navy can offer — the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean — during the period of the Anglo-

French-Israeli attack on Egypt, a succession of Syrian crises, the Iraqi coup, and last summer's intervention by the United States in Lebanon. Faced repeatedly in the troubled Middle East with the possibility of limited wars which might become unlimited, "Cat" Brown renounced the use of battlefield nuclear weapons as too risky.

Brown's statement in Washington is representative of the opinions of other students of war who feel that Henry A. Kissinger in his book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, was guilty of oversimplification. Kissinger's major thesis — with which nearly all students of war and politics in the atomic age will agree — was that the nation must be prepared to fight and win limited wars. But he advocated the waging of limited wars with small tactical nuclear weapons, and he implied that the development and proper employment of such weapons would compensate for our inferiority in land strength compared with that of the Communist powers. Our advanced nuclear technology was the answer to the hordes from the East.

But, as Roger Hilsman remarked in a recent paper, "On NATO Strategy" (written for the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research), "There is nothing to indicate . . . that a good, big atomic army would not be able to defeat a

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good, little atomic army." And it is clear that Russia will have, in time, small tactical nuclear weapons in plenty; we may have a tactical nuclear advantage today, but we shall not have that advantage tomorrow.

There are many who challenge the comfortable thesis that limited wars can be fought and won despite inferiority in numbers and conventional arms by utilizing small, or battlefield, nuclear weapons. They challenge this thesis on two grounds: that of Admiral Brown, that the utilization of any kind of nuclear weapon is likely to spread the conflagration and to risk unlimited war; that of Mr. Hilsman, that, other things being equal, a small atomic army is at a disadvantage compared to a big atomic army.

This debate, which deals in its broadest terms with life or death for our nation — indeed, for civilization — requires a cold-blooded, dispassionate, objective analysis and discussion. This paper has been tailored to try to fit these guidelines, not because the author is unaware of the justifiable fears and emotional pressures of the nuclear age, but because only rational judgments can help us to avoid the catastrophe of nuclear war.

The debate calls for definitions, then for some answers to these questions:

Is limited war possible? If so, how can it be fought successfully without undue risk of spreading the conflict into an unlimited one?

Can nuclear weapons be used, without such undue risks, in limited wars? If they can, would their military advantages compensate for their admitted political and psychological liabilities?

#### WHAT IS "LIMITED" WAR?

In the Pentagon today, general war — that is, unlimited war — is usually defined as any war in which U.S. and U.S.S.R. armed forces meet face to face. There are a few, particularly in the Army, who believe that a war between the United States (and its allies) and Soviet Russia (and its satellites) might possibly be fought without the use, or with restricted use, of nuclear weapons. But such a war — a war roughly similar to World War II — scarcely fits the definition of "limited"; it would certainly be unlimited as to area, and the chances of keeping it nonnuclear would be slight. If there is a world war, unlimited as to area, between the United States and Russia no holds will be barred.

A limited war might be any war in which U.S. and Soviet forces are not fighting each other. Such a war, in a sense, was Korea, where Russia fought against the United States chiefly by proxy, utilizing North Koreans and Chinese equipped with Soviet arms. The Indochinese war, with

Communism directly involved ideologically but with Russian participation limited to economic aid, weaponry, and perhaps some technological advice and assistance, was another limited war.

Yet, on a small scale, Russian and U.S. armed forces have frequently opposed each other since World War II in shooting and nonshooting incidents without general war resulting. West Berlin is one battleground still potential as far as shooting is concerned, but the much-advertised May deadline is fast approaching. Only last fall an American battle group in Berlin, supported by tanks, was alerted, assembled, and prepared to march when the Russians stopped and held some American trucks at an Autobahn check point. There was no clash; the alert was sufficient; the trucks were released.

Again and again and again U.S. and Soviet planes have clashed in actual shooting frays, from the Sea of Japan and the vicinity of Kamchatka to the Baltic and Armenia. Numerous U.S. planes, and probably some Russian planes, have been lost in these clashes, yet there has been no war. In Korea, Russian-speaking Soviet pilots flying Soviet planes rose to do battle with U.S. pilots and planes. Again there was no general war.

Any definition of limited war, therefore, as one in which U.S. and Soviet forces do not oppose each other is too narrow. Under certain restraining circumstances (for example, in Korea the Soviet pilots utilized the fighting chiefly for training, as both the Nazis and the Communists did in the Spanish Civil War) U.S. and Soviet forces might actually fight each other without general war resulting.

Limited war is limited not so much by the nationalities of the combatants as by the objectives of both sides, the weapons and methods employed (in other words, the degree of force), and the geography and extent of the fighting. The nationalities involved are, of course, important from a prestige viewpoint, but Communism can always, if it desires and if its objectives are limited, conceal participation of Russian forces under the guise of "people's volunteers" or in other ways.

World history demonstrates that limited wars are the only kind that have occurred since World War II. About twenty-three limited wars or war situations have been recorded since 1945. General Maxwell D. Taylor, Army chief of staff, studied seventeen of these wars and pointed out that they have not necessarily been small or short wars. "By striking a statistical time-manpower balance of all seventeen limited wars," he said, "one finds that they have averaged about two and a half years in duration and nearly six hundred thousand men engaged."

In none of these wars have atomic weapons



been used, though they have been available in several instances and at least once their use was threatened (the Soviet missile threat at the time of the Anglo-French-Israeli attack upon Egypt).

These limited conflicts or situations have ranged in scope from Korea (where a total of half a million Americans were engaged over a three-year period at a cost of more than thirty thousand U.S. lives — our fourth largest conflict) to the Lebanese expedition of last summer, where a total of some fifteen to sixteen thousand U.S. Marines and soldiers landed in the Levant, backed up by the U.S. Sixth Fleet. A few of these situations, like Lebanon, did not involve actual shooting for U.S. forces; the vast majority of them, including the revolt in Hungary, involved the employment by one side or the other or both of all types of ground arms available — and often many types of air and naval armaments — short of nuclear weapons.

Thus, the lessons of history are plain; limited wars continue even in the shadow of the atomic age. General Taylor's "inference that they will continue and that the rate of occurrence may increase" seems logical, based on past experience.

The answer to the first question — Is limited war possible? — is therefore clearly an affirmative one. But history gives us no clue as to whether or not nuclear weapons could be used in such conflicts without spreading them. For in none of the twenty-three wars since World War II have nuclear weapons of any sort actually been utilized.

#### CAN WARS BE KEPT FROM SPREADING?

Whether or not nuclear weapons can, under certain circumstances, be employed or whether, if we want to keep war limited, they must be relegated to a background role depends fundamentally upon the answer to the second question: How can a limited war be fought without undue risk of spreading into an unlimited one?

A limited war, if it is to be kept limited, must be fought for limited and well-defined political objectives, with limited military force and, generally, in a limited geographic area.

A limited war must be limited first and fundamentally by the objectives, intentions, and will of the participants. As Kissinger correctly stresses, the primary requirement for keeping a war limited is the limitation of the political and military objectives for which the war is fought. The destruction of Carthage, the unconditional surrender of Germany were unlimited aims which helped to induce unlimited wars. No war which has as its objective the absolute destruction of Russian power or the complete elimination of Communism can be limited; in fact, one can say,

with the sure support of history, that ideological wars have always led to unlimited conflicts. An idea has peculiar vitality; it cannot be destroyed by the sword; from death and destruction it springs phoenixlike to new dimensions. A war of fuzzy, ill-defined, or unlimited aims encourages unlimited means. The fundamental requirement to keep war limited is to know what you are fighting for, to define the price you are willing to pay for the objectives you are determined to gain, to make certain that those objectives are realizable without forcing the main enemy, Russia, into the position of a cornered wolf — desperate, irrational, fighting back with all-out effort.

The Korean War, under the ground rules imposed (by ourselves, our allies, and our enemies), was a war of limited objectives. One could quarrel with those objectives, with the strategic and tactical means we used to try to achieve those objectives, and with our fluctuating policies; nevertheless, in Korea, probably for the first time in our history, we fought for something besides victory unlimited.

And, despite General Douglas MacArthur's dictum that the object of war is victory, future wars if they are to remain limited and if victory is to have any tangible meaning must similarly stress limited objectives. For unless military victory is defined in tangible political terms, in limited terms, war is not only slaughter but senseless irrational carnage.

Hitler started World War II with definite and attainable limited objectives: the elimination of the Polish corridor and the conquest of Poland. But his ambitions, plus the fact that he forced his adversaries into a corner, led him to substitute an unattainable and unlimited objective: the conquest of Europe and Russia — in fact, mastery of the world. The Allies, in opposing Hitler's ends, postulated a fuzzy and unlimited aim — unconditional surrender — for what should have been well-defined political objectives.

#### CLEAR OBJECTIVES, CLEARLY DEFINED

The first requirement for a limited war, then, is a limited, well-defined political objective attainable by limited military strength. It should be stated and restated that war is not an end in itself; war is justifiable only if it is a servant of policy, if it is invoked to achieve a definite political aim, if it is fought for the vital interests of the nation, and if it results in increased security for the nation and in a more stable world.

These limited objectives require statement and restatement, emphasis and re-emphasis, throughout the conflict. This is important for two reasons: the effect upon our own people and our friends,

the effect upon the enemy. When war starts, fear, hysteria, and emotion are powerful allies of unreason; they tend toward the war's extension, the substitution of unlimited means for unlimited ends. This trend, so pronounced in Korea, can be checked and controlled only by clear-cut definitions of our aims, understandable not only and not primarily to a schoolboy but also to the parents of the boys who must die for limited ends. Reason, indeed, may not be able to cope with emotion, but unless there is a rational checkrein the end is chaos.

Similarly, such a statement is essential if a national frustration, such as that which developed during the latter stages of the Korean War, is to be avoided. The enemy, too, must be assured and reassured that our objective is limited, that we do not intend his complete destruction, that there is a way out, lest through fear he extend the conflict to an unlimited one. The corollary to this, of course, is the tacit threat — a threat credible to him — that unless he, too, keeps his aims and methods limited, we shall clobber him.

The devastating power of nuclear weapons and the speed and elusiveness of their carriers — jet planes, rockets, atomic submarines — mean that the first requirement for keeping a limited war limited is, ironically, the capability of extending it. The rifleman of today and tomorrow fights under the awful shadow of the wings of global death. The capability of invoking all-out nuclear retribution is the most certain military sanction — the surest, though an imperfect, guarantee — that a limited war will remain limited, that an enemy will not extend it lest he suffer terribly and unacceptably in retribution. Thus national psychology, as well as national aims, plays a part in limited war.

But if war is to be limited, we clearly cannot use unlimited means to attain limited ends. Limited war implies not only a tangible definition of restricted and attainable objectives but also a restraint on the use of force, a limitation of the means and weapons.

#### NUCLEAR BOMBS MEAN TOTAL WAR

All-out military power today — power unlimited, power unrestrained — implies clearly the death of civilization as we know it. Enough atomic weapons now exist to destroy, if delivered, the principal cities of Russia and the West, to leave large areas of irradiated earth uninhabitable, to kill probably hundreds of millions of people. Clearly the use of large numbers of nuclear weapons implies an ever-expanding and unlimited war. Equally clearly, discrimination as to the power and size of the weapons employed is essen-

tial if a war is to be limited, for a limited war means limited devastation.

A metropolis-busting "thermonuke" with explosive power of at least a megaton (one million pounds of TNT equivalent) is an area weapon. Its blast and heat effects, though finite, are tremendous. A megaton weapon, for instance, would devastate sixty to seventy square miles and cause grave damage well beyond this area.

The bomb's invisible killer, radioactivity, would pose a far less finite and far less calculable effect. The burst of neutrons and gamma rays released at the instant of the blast would be dangerous about as far as the blast and heat. But some of the atomic fission products of the explosion, strontium 90 and other long-lived particles, would be sucked up into the stratosphere and deposited around the earth gradually through months and even years, with physiological and genetic results still imprecisely known. Even more dangerous would be the local fall-out, in a wide elliptical swath downwind from the explosion, of dust and dirt particles impregnated with radioactivity by the blast. Local fall-out may vary from negligible, if the fireball is well above the earth and rain or snow does not quickly precipitate the fission products and residual particles, to very heavy, if the earth is scourged and beaten and particles are sucked up into the vortex of the atomic cloud. As the Japanese fishermen in the ill-named *Lucky Dragon* discovered, dangerous radioactivity from local fall-out can lay a blanket of death across hundreds of miles.

"The Effects of Nuclear Weapons," a Department of Defense and Atomic Energy Commission handbook, states that "if only five per cent of a one megaton bomb's energy" is spent in scourging the earth with its fireball, "something like 20,000 tons of vaporized soil material will be added to the normal constituents of the fireball. In addition, the high winds of the earth's surface will cause large amounts of dirt, dust, and other particles to be sucked up as the ball of fire rises."

It can be argued that the so-called "clean" bomb will reduce or eliminate radioactivity. It has, indeed, in certain circumstances already done so. But the big bombs are triggered by an initial fission reaction. The megaton-category weapons are three-stage devices. An atomic trigger explodes and provides the necessary heat to bring about the fusion (the second stage) of tritium. In turn, the fusion reaction releases neutrons which then cause the fission of the third stage, a casing of plutonium. The nuclear fission products are responsible for most of the dangerous radioactivity; if they could be eliminated, most of the long-lived global radioactivity could be eliminated and local fall-out would be reduced.



"The Effects of Nuclear Weapons" gives some startling estimates. About one and three quarters ounces of fission products "are formed for each kiloton (or 110 pounds per megaton) of fission energy yield.

"At one minute after a nuclear explosion . . . the radioactivity from the one and three-quarters ounces of fission products from a one kiloton explosion is comparable with that of a hundred thousand tons of radium." This means that radiation—exclusive of that released at the instant of blast—for a megaton bomb is equivalent to that of about one million tons of radium. This radioactivity decays rapidly, but nevertheless some of the long-lived products could make an area uninhabitable for years.

Actually U.S. bombs have been made cleaner by reducing or eliminating the coating of plutonium (the third-stage reaction) and by making the original fission trigger (the first stage) as small as possible. These steps must inevitably reduce the power of the so-called clean thermonuke, though it remains a city-busting weapon. But radioactivity has not been eliminated entirely. The fission trigger is still essential to produce the heat necessary to activate the fusion of the second stage. Someday, perhaps, other means of triggering a fusion reaction may be developed, and the 100 per cent clean bomb that Dr. Edward Teller and others have talked about may be possible.

Even so, this will not mean the complete elimination of radioactivity; no fission or fusion weapon can ever be clean in the sense that it will explode without any radioactivity. But the most dangerous radioactive by-products, the long-lived fission products, will be eliminated, and hence global fall-out of strontium 90 and other dangerous elements will be largely eliminated and local fall-out may be reduced. The burst of radiation incident to explosion will still occur, and if the fireball touches the earth man will still have to cope with local fall-out incident to the impregnation of dust and dirt by radioactivity.

The problem of clean bombs is, in any case, a two-edged one. For the offensive side, if a ground army is to pass over an area which has been subject to atomic bombardment a clean weapon would be tactically desirable. For the defense, a dirty weapon would increase the hazards of the enemy. For anti-aircraft use or defense of your own soil against enemy air attack the clean bomb obviously offers a desirable safety factor. In all-out city-busting war, the side that used a clean bomb while an enemy used a dirty one might well be at a disadvantage. The clean-bomb problem, therefore, is far from simple; it has a Jekyll-Hyde aspect. The important point, however, is that no bomb now is completely clean; small clean weapons

may in time be developed, but only if testing is continued.

All this adds up to the fact that even the cleanest weapon is not subject to precise, pre-use prediction as to extent and lethality and area of fall-out; these will depend upon the height of the burst over the earth, the speed and direction of the wind, the size and design of the bomb, the composition of the earth beneath the burst, and other factors. A metropolis-busting bomb might well be timed to detonate high above a city, to secure maximum blast effect over a maximum area; but, on the other hand, if an airfield or a missile emplacement were the target, ground or near-ground bursts which would maximize local fall-out would be used.

Thus, it seems clear that no matter what the target the use of area-type nuclear weapons in war—huge thermonukes or powerful fission weapons—would present an incalculable problem which is not subject to prediction and which would produce incalculable effects, thus dangerously increasing the chance of spreading a limited war to an unlimited one.

There might be one exception to this. A single city-buster actually used against a single city might, in the case of war between two nations of greatly differing power, produce unlimited results with, in one sense, limited means. If Russia, for instance, destroyed Istanbul with a single megaton weapon, this limited use of force on Russia's part might bring about an unlimited result for Turkey: unconditional surrender (though Russia, of course, would face the danger of nuclear retaliation from the United States). But in the case of wars between great powers—specifically, war involving by proxy or subterfuge U.S. troops and Soviet followers—the use of megaton weapons would certainly imply unlimited war. Tremendous thermonukes, whether clean or not, almost certainly have no place in limited war.

#### RADIOACTIVITY AND THE SMALL WEAPONS

What about the smaller atomic weapons, the so-called tactical or battlefield weapons?

Already there are some (many say not enough) of these in the American<sup>1</sup> armory. They range in size and power from several kilotons (one thousand tons) to many hundred kilotons, and tests of experimental weapons with fractional kiloton yields were conducted in Nevada last year. The Redstone two-hundred-mile rocket in service with the Army carries a warhead which is more properly

<sup>1</sup> The Russians are known to have some tactical nuclear weapons, but details about types, yields, and numbers are, at best, guesstimates.

measured by megatons. The Corporal ninety-mile liquid-fueled rocket, soon to be replaced by the solid-fueled Sergeant, carries a "medium-sized" warhead (many times more powerful than the weapons that destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki). Little John and Honest John field artillery rockets, with about ten- to seventeen-mile ranges, have a smaller atomic punch but are still mightier than the World War II bombs. The eight-inch howitzer is today the smallest gun which can fire a nuclear shell, but tomorrow's plans contemplate nuclear weapons, like Davy Crockett, light enough to be man-packed by infantry.

Critics, including former Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas Murray, point out, however, that the United States has no really small, "discriminating" tactical weapons today. Even a one-kiloton weapon (equivalent to one thousand tons of TNT) has almost one hundred times the explosive force of World War II's largest conventional bomb, which was used only *strategically* (against cities), not on the battlefield. There is an important, though so far minority, school of thought in the Pentagon which believes that atomic weapons with yields as low as ten tons of TNT equivalent must be produced. Their advantages, as compared to conventional explosives, would be lightness and small size and discrimination, or localization of the weapons' effects — the latter obviously important to the limitation of war.

In addition to weapons handled by ground troops there are many different types of nuclear weapons for fighter-bomber use, for air-to-air missiles, and as warheads for anti-aircraft missiles like Nike-Hercules. The Navy has nuclear depth charges and warheads for missiles (replacing guns) and torpedoes.

These so-called battlefield weapons have one common characteristic: they are all fission weapons, except for the largest, which may be fission-fusion. Long-lived fission products are, therefore, an inevitable result, and clean or even cleaner small weapons are still some time in the future, if indeed they are ever developed.

Moreover, to destroy many so-called battlefield or tactical targets — airfields, fortifications, gun emplacements, hardened missile sites — ground bursts are required. Other targets, such as troop concentrations, can be eliminated by air bursts. Faulty fusing will, of course, detonate some weapons intended as air bursts at ground level. Furthermore, since many of these weapons are small and the atomic cloud does not rise to as high an altitude as the towering clouds produced by the bigger bombs, the fission particles are not carried upward into the stratosphere to be gradually precipitated after dissipation hundreds or

thousands of miles away. Local fall-out is therefore a danger.

The point is that radioactivity presents much the same problem in miniature with small weapons that it presents with big ones; the danger on the battlefield is local, rather than global, fall-out. The Army, indeed, has developed templates keyed to wind direction and intensity, size and height of burst, which, when laid down on a map and oriented to ground zero, indicate immediately to a commander the radioactive danger areas to the enemy or to his own troops. But radioactivity, in the case of the use of nuclear weapons against ground targets, tends to defy exact definition and limitation.

Target selection and elimination present another problem in the attempt to exercise restraint, to limit war, in a conflict in which tactical nuclear weapons are used.

Admiral Brown rightly observed that it is difficult to distinguish between so-called tactical and strategic targets. A two-hundred-mile Redstone missile might be fired at some supply area, railroad junction, or communications bottleneck far behind the line of contact. Is this a tactical or a strategic target? This missile might well hit a city or damage it, with consequent danger — as in World War II, when area bombing by one side accelerated area bombing by the other — of spreading the war.

In the simulated battlefield nuclear exercises that have been held by U.S. forces, notably Operation Carte Blanche in Germany and Sage Brush in Louisiana, the limitation of the conflict proved difficult and, to the area involved, meaningless. The "wars" started with both commanders utilizing nuclear weapons in relatively small numbers and of small to medium power, against airfields, troop concentrations, and river crossings. But both sides quickly upped their ante. To ensure destruction of the enemy's airfields, planes, missiles, and missile sites, more and larger weapons were employed, most of them as ground bursts. Before the exercises were concluded, much of Western Europe and much of the South-central United States were theoretical shambles, with large areas impregnated with radioactivity. Airfields and missile sites were the targets which attracted larger and larger and more and more bombs, and they present the major difficulty in limiting a nuclear war.

#### NUCLEAR WAR IN EUROPE

Even if targets are restricted to troops and guns and tanks and to communications and supplies in the immediate battle zones, the problem of making this restriction stick presents appalling difficulties



if two large armies, both equipped with all kinds of nuclear weapons, stand face to face. The temptation will still be to up the ante, and in closely knit, thickly settled areas like Western Europe the radioactive debris spewed forth by even the smallest weapons is bound to extend far beyond the fighting zones. This is particularly true since the Army's concept of our nuclear-age tactics envisages a battle zone with units dispersed over very great frontages and vast depth. Modern ground battlefields may, in other words, literally extend across entire countries.

Thus, in considering the possibility of utilizing small nuclear weapons in limited war, one must take into account not only the power and type and number of the weapons used, not only the targets against which they are employed, but the geography of the battle area. For favorable geographic factors, it is clear, can help to keep a war limited; unfavorable ones mean its certain extension. Any consideration of geography — always a key factor in war — makes it apparent that generalization about the utilization of nuclear weapons in limited war is footless and futile. Each case differs; the risks in one theater are overwhelmingly apparent, in another, slight.

All of the foregoing discussion tends toward one conclusion as far as thickly settled, closely integrated, compact Western Europe is concerned. Limitation in war must mean, if it is to mean anything, limitation of devastation. Yet, in Europe target systems are too intermixed: civilian and military, area and point, tactical and strategic; the battlefield is too small and not sufficiently defined by natural barriers. A limited nuclear war in Western Europe is impossible; *the use of nuclear weapons in this area would invoke catastrophe*. One bomb would lead to another, a conclusion that has a direct bearing on the problem of Berlin.

Moreover, as far as Western Europe's opposing ground forces (with their supporting tactical air and missile forces) are concerned, it is at best questionable whether nuclear weapons give any great advantage to the defense. Today, yes; tomorrow, no. Today, yes, because the West probably possesses a greater variety and number of tactical atomic arms; but tomorrow, when both sides have these arms in quantity, a "good, big atomic army" with no major geographic barriers to curtail and choke its power will possess an advantage over a "good, little atomic army." Some critics even foresee the possibility that Soviet Russia may soon surpass us in variety and numbers of small atomic weapons. As one authority puts it, "Barring changes in present concepts and conditions [budget limitations and lack of interest at the top level] it is not likely that smaller

weapons will be stockpiled in significant quantities."

#### QUEMOY AND THE NUCLEAR THREAT

But there are other battlefields in the world where the nuclear stalemate has not inhibited action, cold or hot, and where geography does aid the defense. Last year during the Quemoy crisis, United States Marines moved some eight-inch howitzers from Okinawa to Quemoy, emplaced them, and turned them over to the Chinese Nationalists. The significance of this move was lost upon much of the world but not upon Peiping and Moscow. These guns have the capability of firing nuclear shells. We did not give the Nationalists any nuclear shells. But the mere emplacement of eight-inch howitzers on Quemoy served as a dual warning. In the first place, their arrival broke the Communist blockade at one stroke as far as artillery ammunition was concerned. A few nuclear shells flown in by plane would equal the power of thousands of conventional rounds, which had to be brought in by sea. In the second place, eight-inch nuclear shells, if fired to detonate above an invading fleet of amphibious vessels and small craft, would doom the invasion. The eight-inch howitzers discouraged by their mere emplacement Communist ideas of conquest.

Thus, in Quemoy, for the first time in history, tactical nuclear weapons played the ancient role of the fleet in being. They were never used; the nuclear weapons were, indeed, never sent to Quemoy, but they could have been sent there; the means of delivery, the howitzer, was at hand, and this was one of the factors which induced Peiping to back away. The United States won a limited, incomplete victory in the Quemoy crisis last year; we closed one chapter in an unfinished book with the advantage on our side. An island position thus offers some natural advantages to the defense and, from the point of view of geography, an optimum environment for the utilization of certain types of nuclear weapons with minimum risk of spreading a war.

Shells or missiles or tactical nuclear bombs used against an invading fleet at sea (in the defense of Taiwan, for instance) or the Nike-Hercules nuclear missile employed against raiding bombers would represent a finite and limited, as well as a defensive, utilization of atomics. The sea and the sky are broad enough to absorb without serious danger the radioactive by-products, and a minimal number of weapons would be necessary to ensure a defensive success. No great risk of spreading the war would be involved; the enemy's temptation to spread it, to use "nukes" against Taiwan, would be discouraged by the

strategic threat of our massed bombing fleets and missiles.

If, on the other hand, the United States in the defense of Quemoy or Taiwan undertook to knock out the Chinese Communist airfields on the mainland, the possibility of limiting the war would be much reduced, particularly when the Chinese acquire nuclear weapons. Thus, there seem to be some grounds for believing that nuclear weapons could be used purely defensively to hold some positions that are sharply delimited and defined by terrain or other natural barriers, particularly island positions or peninsulas such as Korea.

Similarly, nuclear weapons might be used at sea in the form of nuclear depth charges against submarines or possibly in anti-aircraft or air-to-air missiles without too great a risk of larger involvement. But again a *sine qua non* for keeping a limited war limited would imply their *defensive use*; if they were used offensively, by enemy planes or submarines against our shipping or by our planes or missiles against enemy land airfields or missile emplacements, there would be far less possibility of limitation.

Thus, it is clear that limited war of any kind, but particularly limited war fought with nuclear weapons, must imply sanctuaries for both sides immune either to attack of any kind or to certain forms of attack.

#### THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTORS

In weighing the desirability of utilizing nuclear weapons in limited war the alternatives must be considered, and the effects of such use upon political sentiment and mass psychology.

The alternatives to the use of small nuclear weapons in the defense of Quemoy might be defeat for the Chinese Nationalists and for the United States, their ally, or the development, deployment, and maintenance in the Taiwan Strait of far larger conventional forces than the U.S. Seventh Fleet can now muster. If the U.S. Seventh Fleet were ordered today to "take out" all Chinese Communist mainland airfields from which fighter-bomber attacks could be staged against Quemoy and Taiwan, the numbers of sorties required would be approximately one thousand times greater if conventional weapons were used than if nuclear bombs were used. Instead of seven sorties against seven airfields, seven thousand might be required. The United States today does not maintain enough aircraft to mount such a large-scale conventional assault.

This narrowing of alternatives, therefore — defeat, or a far larger conventional force — funnels our efforts more and more toward the utilization

of nuclear weapons in limited wars, despite the risks involved. And this canalization is occurring despite the obvious negative political and psychological effects of the utilization of nuclear weapons — particularly if used against Asiatics.

The use of A-weapons in Asia or Africa by the United States or our allies against the colored races would be certain to raise more of a ruckus, even if they brought a quick and advantageous end to the conflict, than the use of A-weapons by Asiatics against Asiatics or by Americans against Russians. This may not be logical, but emotion even more than logic is a major factor in war. The Asiatics cannot forget that so far the A-weapon has been used only by a Western country against an Asiatic one. They associate nuclear power with materialism and colonialism, and the whole is melded by fairly effective Communist propaganda into an anti-Westernism which provides inflammatory tinder for a fission or fusion explosion.

And the utilization of nuclear weapons by the United States would also produce a great surge of public opinion among our allies — perhaps in the United Nations — which, depending upon the circumstances, might hamper or help us in achieving our political goals. Security in the atomic age is thus a complex equation.

It is clear that many factors govern the utilization of nuclear weapons in limited war: The objectives to be attained; the type, military utility, and manner of employment of the atomic weapons selected; the target system; the geography; the probable reactions of the enemy; the probable reactions of our friends and of neutral nations; the political, economic, and military alternatives.

In some circumstances, under certain conditions, some types of nuclear weapons could be used without undue danger of making a big war out of a little one and probably should be used, all factors considered. Under other circumstances their use would be fatal. Our policymakers must make the weapon fit the battlefield and the enemy; the force used must be tailored to the objective desired.

#### ABILITY TO FIGHT IS OUR BEST DEFENSE

Thus our military policy today presents something of a paradox. For, between extensive global political commitments, some of them to dangerous salients like Quemoy, and an increasingly limited military budget we are narrowing the alternatives available to us. We seem to be committing our armed forces more and more to the utilization of nuclear weapons in small wars as well as large, despite the risks.

Limited wars require conventional arms, not nuclear weapons. If an enemy is prepared to fight



with both large and small nuclear weapons we would be at a fatal disadvantage unless we were similarly prepared. Just as we must keep the right fist of strategic nuclear power ready in order to deter enemy nuclear attack upon our cities, so we must maintain highly efficient tactical nuclear capabilities to deter the battlefield use of A-weapons.

What general conclusions, then, can be drawn?

A limited war can be fought with weapons — depending upon geographic, political, economic, moral, and military circumstances — that range from atomic bombs to cloaks and daggers.

The larger and the more powerful the weapon, the less the limitation in selectivity, in destruction, and in particularization.

The right fist of all-out nuclear power must remain ready as a sanction to help ensure limited war. But this right fist will not alone deter an enemy from embarking upon a limited war, nor can it win such a war without transforming a local conflict into a global one.

This establishes the requirement for a second capability, the capability of deterring and if necessary winning local and limited wars, with or without the use of nuclear weapons.

This may seem a large order. But it is not an impossible one. Such a deterrence implies, of course, more than a military capability: creeping Communism cannot be stopped by the sword alone. It implies economic, moral, psychological, and political, as well as military, measures.

Commander Malcolm W. Cagle, USN, in "Sea Power and Limited War," an article in the July, 1958, *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, has summarized the problem of limited war well:

First let us recognize that being ready, willing, and able to fight limited wars is a grim business, fraught with vast danger. Let us recognize that limited war is not a separate and distinct type of war. Limited war and total war are inseparably related; and limited

war might spill over and become total. It *need* not, but it *might*. We must recognize, therefore, the inherent, inescapable possibility that in projecting ourselves into any limited conflict, we may come face to face with the unwanted total war. But if limiting a future conflict is *not* possible, then indeed our only choice is between surrender and total war, possibly total destruction.

The problem, the great problem, of our military planners is to organize and maintain armed forces capable of fighting *any kind of war anywhere*. We cannot afford not to prepare to fight any kind of war anywhere. This does not, of course, mean that all kinds of forces — strategic air, defensive air, tactical air, conventional land power, nuclear land power, submarines, carriers, amphibious forces, airborne forces — should be maintained at great strength, ready instantly for war. It means, rather, that we must keep alive the art of fighting any kind of war anywhere in the world, that we must have at least cadre forces of many different types keyed to different missions, capable of expansion in case of war. We must have fire-fighting forces, police forces capable of taking the first shock, and a mobilization potential to raise more of the same after war starts.

If we do not maintain these diverse capabilities we shall freeze, in a one-weapon, one-concept mold, not only tactics but strategy, and our foreign policy will be rigidly tied to an inflexible strategic concept that permits us no freedom of action. Yet the art of diplomacy, the art of politics, the art of strategy and war, is the art of choice. We risk defeat in peace or war if we limit our military capabilities to nukes and thermonukes.

In this time of troubles let us remember that if physical force has to be invoked it must be tailored, to accomplish its purposes, to reasonable and limited objectives and used always with moral restraint and a sense of decent respect for the opinions of mankind.

# FOREIGN POLICY AND CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE

BY GEORGE F. KENNAN

*Speaking as a Presbyterian in the series of lectures arranged by President Mackay of the Princeton Theological Seminary, speaking also as a diplomat who has served this country in responsible posts in Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Riga, Lisbon, Moscow, and Washington, GEORGE F. KENNAN in these pages addresses himself to the Christian responsibility in international life.*

I SHOULD like to say at the outset that questions of method in foreign policy seem to me to be generally a much more fitting subject for Christian concern than questions of purpose. It is very difficult for us to know which of the specific undertakings of government in foreign affairs might have Christian significance and which might not. If there is any one thing that is plain about international statesmanship, it is the extreme difficulty of establishing in advance the relationship between cause and effect — of gauging the likely results of one's own acts.

The English historian Herbert Butterfield has shown us with great brilliance, and so has our own Reinhold Niebuhr, the irony that seems to rest on the relationship between the intentions of statesmen and the results they achieve. I can testify from personal experience that not only can one never know, when one takes a far-reaching decision in foreign policy, precisely what the consequences are going to be, but almost never do these consequences fully coincide with what one intended or expected. This does not absolve the statesman of his responsibility for trying to find the measures most suitable to his purpose, but it does mean that he is best off when he is guided by firm and sound principle instead of depending exclusively on his own farsightedness and powers of calculation. And if he himself finds it hard to judge the consequences of his acts, how can the individual Christian onlooker judge them?

All this is quite different when we come to method. Here, in a sense, one can hardly go wrong. The government cannot fully know what it is doing, but it can always know how it is doing it; and it can be as sure that good methods will be in some way useful as that bad ones will be in some way pernicious. A government can pursue its purpose in a patient and conciliatory and understanding way, respecting the interests of others and infusing its behavior with a high standard of decency and honesty and humanity, or it can show itself petty, exacting, devious, and self-righteous. If it behaves badly, even the most worthy of purposes will be apt to be polluted; whereas sheer good manners will bring some measure of redemption to even the most disastrous undertaking. The Christian citizen will be on sound ground, therefore, in looking sharply to the methods of his government's diplomacy, even when he is uncertain about its purposes.

In the fabric of international life, there are a great many questions that have no certain Christian significance at all. They represent conflicts between those elements of secular motivation which are themselves without apparent Christian meaning: commercial interests, prestige considerations, fears, and what not. I do not think we can conclude that it matters greatly to God whether the free trade area or the Common Market prevails in Europe, whether the British fish or do not fish in Icelandic territorial waters, or even whether



Indians or Pakistani run Kashmir. It might matter, but it is hard for us, with our limited vision, to know.

But these are all questions which reflect the normal frictions between peace-loving nations. How about the issues of the cold war? How about colonialism? How about aid to the underdeveloped areas? How about the United Nations as an institution? How about the atom? Are not Christian values involved in our attitude toward these questions?

#### OUR COMPETITION WITH MOSCOW

In its internal policies, the state can create a decent human atmosphere, in which the individual has the maximum possibility for grappling in a hopeful and constructive way with the moral problems of personal life. Or it can, as we have seen in the examples of Hitler and Stalin and the Chinese Communists, strike out on the most appalling lines of viciousness and cruelty, deliberately fostering a real sickness of the human spirit and inculcating on people's minds, for its own purposes, suspicion, terror, callousness, and the habit of brutality — creating conditions dreadfully adverse to the success of the Christian cause. Christianity cannot be indifferent to the existence of such doctrines and methods; and whatever prevents their spread and their triumph on a world scale serves, it seems to me, a Christian purpose.

But I do not think this means that every measure that is damaging to international Communism is necessarily good and every measure that is acceptable to a Communist government is necessarily bad. The world is not that simple. Our competition with Moscow is not the only significant reality of international affairs. Our policies, furthermore, must take into account the interests of the peoples under Communist rule as well as those of their governments. Again, we have the question of method and the fact that not even the greatest conviction of righteousness in our purposes absolves us from the obligation of decency in method. If we allow ourselves to copy our adversary's methods as a means of combating him, we may have lost the battle before we start; for this is, after all, what is most essentially at stake.

Furthermore, we must not make the mistake of regarding international Communism as a static, unchanging quantity in the pattern of world realities. While the full-blown totalitarian state in all its unnatural, nightmarish horror is certainly an abomination in the sight of God, one cannot say this of the conservative authoritarian state which has been the norm of Western society in the Christian era. And we must not forget that it is in this direction that the Soviet government, as dis-

tinct from the Chinese Communist government, has been rapidly evolving since Stalin's death. Its gravitation in this direction has not been final or decisive, but it has not been negligible. The mere fact that the most characteristic feature of totalitarian horror, the punishment of whole categories of people for abstract or preventive reasons, has been abolished shows how far the Russians have come since Stalin's day.

Now between democracy and traditional authoritarianism there are still differences, but they are relative and do not present clear-cut issues. The authoritarian regime, despite its origins and its sanctions, often rests on a wide area of popular acceptance and reflects popular aspirations in important degree. In democratic countries, on the other hand, such things as the operations of lobbies and political parties and the inevitable control of nominations by small groups of people tend to reduce the ideal representativeness of government and to make it hard to view the political process as much more than a negative expression of the popular will.

And if you consider, as I do, that the value of a democratic society in the Christian sense depends not just on the fact of its enjoying certain rights and liberties but on the nature of the use made of them, then I think you have to raise questions about our American society of this day. These questions do not need to make us lose hope or hang our heads, but they should cause us to be cautious in drawing conclusions about the merit in God's eyes of any particular form of society.

All these considerations lead me to feel that, while Christian values often are involved in the issues of American conflict with Soviet power, we cannot conclude that everything we want automatically reflects the purpose of God and everything the Russians want reflects the purpose of the devil. The pattern is complex, fuzzy, and unstable. We must look sharply at each individual issue before we jump to conclusions. We must bear in mind that there are things we do not know and cannot know. We must concede the possibility that there might be some areas of conflict involved in this cold war which a Divine Power could contemplate only with a sense of pity and disgust for both parties, and others in which He might even consider us to be wrong.

#### THE TRAGEDY OF COLONIALISM

So much for the cold war. How about colonialism? Nobody seems to suggest any more, I notice, that God might conceivably be on the side of the metropolitan power, despite the fact that of the two parties involved it is often the mother country that represents the Christian society and

the colonial people the pagan one. The assumption usually encountered today is that any form of foreign rule is necessarily oppressive and worse than any form of indigenous rule. The next assumption is that any anti-colonial effort is therefore automatically good in the Christian sense — that self-determination, in short, is a Christian purpose.

I am confident that for such assumptions there is not a shred of justification. The erection of the edifice of modern colonialism was not a moral act or a series of moral acts but the response to obvious historical conditions and necessities. It was a phenomenon occasioned by the fact that industrialism burst forth in Europe and North America more than a hundred years earlier than it did in other parts of the globe and thus produced huge and sudden disparities in physical and administrative power. This called for a political response, and colonialism was this response. We Americans were spared a greater participation in it only because of our preoccupation with the development of our own continent — for no other reason.

Today the colonial relationship has outworn in many instances — though by no means all — its original technological and psychological justification. A great part of the colonial system has been liquidated, and another part of it is in course of liquidation. This process could not fail to give rise to tensions of tragic bitterness and difficulty. In the anatomy of these tensions, one will look in vain, as a rule, for any Christian meaning. The resistance to change on the part of the mother country has sometimes reflected selfishness and shortsightedness, and it has also reflected in many cases a genuine sense of responsibility. Conversely, the demand for change on the part of the colonial people has sometimes reflected a real love of liberty, and it has often been borne by a spirit fiercely chauvinistic, full of hatred, undemocratic, and irresponsible.

Let us, as Christians, view these resulting conflicts for what they are: tragic situations, in which the elements of right and wrong are indistinguishable to us. Let us remember that insofar as these situations reflect racial differences, we ourselves stand before God and the world as one of the most conspicuous examples of the failure to find a satisfactory Christian solution to such problems. Let us learn to view this whole subject of colonialism with humility, with detachment, with compassion for both sides. Let us not abuse the confidence of Christ by invoking his judgment one way or another on situations that were obviously beyond the power of mortal man to prevent and are now beyond the power of mortal man to liquidate without pain and strife.

Or take the problems of technical assistance and

other forms of aid to underdeveloped peoples. Here, too, I must argue against the absolutes. I can think of no question of Christian doctrine which needs critical examination more than the question of what constitutes charity. Even in the personal sense, in the relations between individuals, I often wonder whether we do not constantly misinterpret the term and whether it does not contain a host of subjective pitfalls. Charity is not giving people things which will only encourage them to postpone facing up to the necessities under which they are going to have to live in the long run. I question the handout as a means of bringing any important benefit to anyone, even in personal life. How much more complicated, then, is the matter of charity between nations. It is difficult to benefit a whole nation, as distinct from certain factions and elements in its competitive life, by anything you do to it from outside which affects its internal terms of competition. And make no mistake about it: every infusion of foreign aid has this effect. There are always some who benefit from it and others whose interests are damaged by it.

But beyond this, foreign aid, to be really effective as a gesture of Christian charity, would have to be understood as such a gesture by the recipients as well as by the donors. But most foreign peoples do not believe that governments do things for selfless and altruistic motives; and if we do not reveal to them a good solid motive of self-interest for anything we do with regard to them, they are apt to invent one. This can be a more sinister one than we ever dreamed of, and their belief in it can cause serious confusion in our mutual relations.

Foreign aid has a place in our foreign policy; but the favorable possibilities for it are more slender than people generally suppose. The less it consists of outright grants, the better. The less we try to clothe it in the trappings of disinterested altruism — to view it as Christian charity — the more we can show it as a rational extrapolation of our own national interest, the better understood and the more effective it is going to be abroad.

#### THE UN AS A SYMBOL OF CONSCIENCE

The sovereign national state, to which so much reverent devotion is paid in the various gradations of patriotism and chauvinism that make up national feelings, has no foundation in Christian principle, whatever its secular justification. Nowhere in Christ's teachings was it suggested that mankind ought to be divided into political families of this nature, each a law unto itself, each recognizing no higher authority than its own national ego, each assuming its interest to be more worthy of service than any other with which it might come into conflict. Surely this whole theory is an absurd-



ity from the Christian standpoint. Before we could achieve Christian foreign policy we would have to overcome this unlimited egotism of the sovereign national state and find a higher interest which all of us could recognize and serve.

How about the United Nations? it will be asked. Is this not an institution which, insofar as it represents an endeavor to transcend national sovereignty, deserves our support as a vehicle of the Christian purpose?

The UN represents not a supergovernment, not a separate institutional personality, but one of a number of forums on which governments communicate with one another. It does not, in reality, transcend the barrier of sovereignty. Its members are governments, not peoples, and such slender authority as it sometimes possesses is conferred upon it by these governments, each still acting within the sovereign framework.

There is no particular Christian sanctity lent to decisions taken in the United Nations by the fact that they represent the views of a majority of governments. Little countries are not necessarily more virtuous or more enlightened than big ones; and an international majority does not necessarily reflect the Christian answer, or even the most wise and courageous answer, to anything.

On the other hand, the UN does represent the germ of something immensely necessary and immensely hopeful for this endangered world: namely, a sense of conscience higher than the national one, a sense of the fellowship of fate by which we are all increasingly bound together. I cannot conceive of a satisfactory future for humanity that does not embrace, and draw its strength from, the growth of this consciousness. The present UN is the symbol of it. This symbol is still weak and tender, but it is not insignificant. We must therefore cherish it and guard it, not burdening it beyond its strength, not looking to it for the impossible, but strengthening it where and when we can, above all in our own thoughts and attitudes.

This does not mean that all UN decisions are to be taken as automatically right and good. It does not mean that all diplomatic questions should be uncritically consigned to the UN, whether or not this is a suitable place for their discussion. But it does mean that we should be careful and respectful of the organization as such, remembering that if the idea which it symbolizes is ever allowed to depart from international life, nothing else can stand between us and the horrors of a wholly chaotic world in the atomic age.

#### THE MORAL IMPLICATIONS OF WAR

This brings me now to the questions on which I think a Christian might, with good conscience,

really take a stand. They involve not just the national interests of individual governments but rather the interests of civilization: the question of war, and the atom, and the other weapons of mass destruction.

I am aware that the institution of war has always represented dilemmas for Christian thought to which no fully satisfactory answer has ever been offered. I have, in the past, found myself unable to go along with the Quakers in their insistence on a sweeping renunciation of power as a factor in international affairs. I do not see the reality of so clear a distinction as they draw between domestic affairs and international affairs. The Communists have taught us that these two things are intimately connected, that civil wars have international implications and that international wars have domestic implications everywhere. I am unable therefore to accept the view which condemns coercion on the international sphere but tolerates it within the national borders.

But that we cannot rule out force completely in international affairs does not seem to me to constitute a reason for being indifferent to the ways in which force is applied — to the moral implications of weapons and their uses. It is true that all distinctions among weapons from the moral standpoint are relative and arbitrary. Gunpowder was once viewed with a horror not much less, I suppose, than are atomic explosives today. But who is to say that relative distinctions are not meaningful? I cannot help feeling that the weapon of indiscriminate mass destruction goes farther than anything the Christian ethic can properly accept. The older weapons, after all, were discriminate in the sense that they had at least a direct coherent relationship to political aims. They were seen as means of coercing people directly into doing things an enemy government wished them to do: evacuating territory, desisting from given objectives, accepting a given political authority. A distinction was still generally drawn, furthermore, prior to World War I at least, between the armed forces and the civilian population of a hostile country. Efforts were made to see that military action was directed only against those who themselves had weapons in their hands and offered resistance. The law of war did not yet permit the punishment of whole peoples as a means of blackmail against governments.

In all of these respects, the atom offends. So do all the other weapons of mass destruction. So, for that matter, did the conventional bomber of World War II when it was used for area bombing. In taking responsibility for such things as the bombing of Dresden and Hamburg, to say nothing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, Americans went beyond what it seems to me the dictates of Chris-

tian conscience should have allowed (which is not to say that I think their problem was an easy one).

I regret, as an American and as a Christian, that these things were done. I think it should be our aim to do nothing of the sort in any future military encounter. If we must defend our homes, let us defend them as well as we can in the direct sense, but let us have no part in making millions of women and children and noncombatants hostages for the behavior of their own governments.

It will be said to me: This means defeat. To this I can only reply: I am skeptical of the meaning of "victory" and "defeat" in their relation to modern war between great countries. To my mind the defeat is war itself. In any case it seems to me that there are times when we have no choice but to follow the dictates of our conscience, to throw ourselves on God's mercy, and not to ask too many questions.

#### ATOMIC TESTING

But this is not the only moral connotation of the atom. There is another in the great controversy that has raged over the question of atomic testing, its effect on the atmosphere, and its consequences for human health. My colleagues in the scientific field advise me to stay away from this subject. They point out that there is a great deal about it which is not yet known; that scientists are themselves in wide disagreement about its seriousness; that I, as a scientific layman, would not even be able to understand the terms in which it is put. All this I readily concede; but even the little that is known to the general public is enough to pose a problem of Christian conscience.

Let us take a random sampling of recent press reports. During the first eight months of 1958, we are told, the fall-out of radioactive strontium on New York City increased by 25 per cent. Readings in Los Angeles are said by the health department of that city to have revealed for limited periods a count of five hundred to one thousand times the normal radioactivity in the atmosphere and double the intensity considered safe for continuous exposure over a lifetime. Only a few weeks ago observations in Sweden showed radioactivity at ten kilometers above sea level to be five times as intense as it was earlier in the year, and individual particles were detected (apparently at ground level), "larger and thought to be more radioactive, than any yet reported except from the immediate area of a test explosion." A similar report has come from Brazil.

All this is only the beginning; a large part of the fall-out from the tests conducted thus far is, we are told, still in the higher atmosphere and will not descend for years. Furthermore, the effect of

radioactive substances on human health is cumulative, so that any unnatural exposure presumably reduces the tolerance of exposure from natural causes or for medical purposes.

In the face of these facts, I listen with some amazement to the statements with which some of the scientists endeavor to reassure us about such developments. The damages, they say, have been "negligible" so far. Not *many* deaths, they say, can be expected to ensue from this increase in radioactivity compared with those which occur from natural causes. One scientist, pained and astounded at the concern about the radioactive particles in Sweden, explained that if, for example, 100 people would be killed by the effects of a normal atomic explosion, then only 102 could be expected to die from the effects of the increased radioactivity which Sweden has been experiencing.

But whoever gave us the right, as Christians, to take even one innocent human life, much less 102 or a 102,000? I recall no quantitative stipulation in the Sixth Commandment. God did not say through Moses that to take 102,000 lives was wicked but 102 was all right. I fail to see how any of this can be reconciled with the Christian conscience.

I am delighted that our government now shows a serious readiness to work toward the termination of these experiments with atomic explosives. We must go farther and work toward the elimination of the use of atomic weapons in war as well. This cannot be done in a day, and not all that needs to be done can be done by us. But we can at least make a beginning by endeavoring to free ourselves from our unwise dependence on atomic weapons in our own military calculations, from our fateful commitment to the first use of these weapons, whether or not they are used against us.

#### OUR OBLIGATION TO THE FUTURE

There is a principle involved here which has application beyond just the field of weapons, to a number of other effects in the introduction of modern technology. We of this generation are only the custodians, not the owners, of the earth on which we live. There were others who lived here before, and we hope there will be others who are going to live here afterward. We have an obligation to past generations and to future ones, no less solemn than our obligations to ourselves. I fail to see that we are in any way justified in making, for the safety or convenience of our own generation, alterations in our natural environment which may importantly change the conditions of life for those who come afterward.

The moral laws which we acknowledge predi-



cate the existence of a certain sort of world — a certain sort of natural environment — in which people live. This setting presumably reflects God's purpose. We did not create it; we do not have the right to destroy it. We know the problems which this environment poses for man. We know the nature of the Christian effort to find answers to them. We live by this lore. When we permit this environment to be altered quite basically by things we do today, we are taking upon ourselves a responsibility for which I find no authority in the Christian faith.

Obviously, we do not know what the ultimate effects will be of the atomic weapons tests we have already conducted. I am not sure that we know what will be the ultimate effects of our methods of disposal of radioactive wastes. I doubt that we know what we are doing to the sea through the use of modern detergents and the fouling of its surface with oil. I am not sure that we know what we are doing with modern insecticides, which we employ quite recklessly in agriculture for our immediate purposes, giving little thought to their ultimate effects. We who call ourselves Christians must acknowledge responsibility in these matters, most of which are international in their implications.

We will unavoidably find in the motives and workings of the political process much that is ambiguous in the Christian sense. In approaching the individual conflicts between governments which make up so much of international relations, we must beware of pouring Christian enthusiasm into unsuitable vessels which were at best designed to contain the earthy calculations of the practical politicians. But there are phases of the government's work in which we can look for Christian meaning. We can look for it, first of all, in the methods of our diplomacy, where decency and humanity of spirit can never fail to serve the Christian cause.

Beyond that there loom the truly apocalyptic dangers of our time, the ones that threaten to put an end to the very continuity of history outside which we would have no identity, no face, either in civilization, in culture, or in morals. These dangers represent for us not only political questions but stupendous moral problems, to which we cannot deny the courageous Christian answer. Here our main concern must be to see that man, whose own folly once drove him from the Garden of Eden, does not now commit the blasphemous act of destroying, whether in fear or in anger or in greed, the great and lovely world in which, even in his fallen state, he has been permitted by the grace of God to live.

LAWRENCE LIPTON

## MOON SONG

### FOR A NIGHT IN MAY

I too invoked the moon

For love, once, meaning youth;

No wiser with the years,

I think she smiles, remembering

A certain night — the brash

Confusions, fumbblings, fears —

Still song-struck and a fool for love

I walk the mad May night away

and think how dearer to the heart

is your hurt smile than all the goatish

clamors of the young, the touch

of your tired hand than jeweled wrists

uplifted in the dance; and pray

the spent heart and the broken breath

will find love's other kingdom at the last.

Then sail white, high,

O thistle moon, the far

Skyways to your sea down bed,

For I go slain with love

And birds of midnight cry

Aloud their mortal cries

A sleeper dream-drunk beyond waking

deaf to the trumpets of the sun

on black catafalques of cloud

with sweat-drenched horses foaming

in the night cool wind, let me

go down aslant the moon's white shaft

to your sea bed home; for I

am deathly stricken with the love

of all things beautiful and doomed.

*The most fastidious  
and one of the most success-  
ful of American publish-  
ers, ALFRED A. KNOFF has  
valued, as every great  
editor should, the friendship of  
his more dependable authors.  
Henry L. Mencken came to him as  
a critic, counselor, editor, and  
distinguished writer. This is the remem-  
brance of their friendship, warmly  
lit, full of laughter, forth-  
right in the advice which  
each gave the other, and  
endearing in the intimacy which  
lasted for more than thirty years.*

## FOR HENRY WITH LOVE

BY ALFRED A. KNOFF

I FIRST saw Henry L. Mencken in late 1913 in the offices of the *Baltimore Sun*, for which he was writing a rather celebrated column, "The Free-Lance." A round pink face, baby-blue eyes, blond hair parted in the middle, he sat at a typewriter and in his shirt sleeves. I had looked him up to talk about the work of Joseph Conrad. My employers, Doubleday, Page and Company, had in the works Conrad's new novel, *Chance*, and Mencken had been "beating the drum" for him in the pages of the *Smart Set* for years.

Nearly ten years later, Conrad wrote a friend: "Mencken's vigor is astonishing. It is like an electric current. In all he writes there is a crackle of blue sparks like those one sees in a dynamo house amongst revolving masses of metal that gives you a sense of enormous power. For that is what he has. Dynamic power." Conrad went on to object to Mencken's "harping on my slavonism," and after a long paragraph concluded,



*Mencken at home, taken by the author December 12, 1937.*

"this outburst is provoked of course by dear Mencken's amazing article about me, so many-sided, so brilliant and so warm-hearted. For that man of a really ruthless mind, pitiless to all shams and common formulas, has a great generosity. My debt of gratitude to him has been growing for years, and I am glad I have lived long enough to read the latest contribution."<sup>1</sup> The two men had never met, but Conrad had grasped the essence of H.L.M.

Mencken had already published a few books, at first with a small Boston firm long gone out of existence, John W. Luce and Company, owned by an old friend who never took his business very seriously. Later he took up with the American branch of the English publisher, John Lane. I never knew why, except that his friends, George Jean Nathan and Willard Huntington Wright, also were on Lane's list and that the head of the branch bore the name J. Jefferson Jones, and the patriotic overtones of this gave Henry pleasure.

<sup>1</sup> For permission to quote from this letter I am indebted to the trustees of the Joseph Conrad Estate.



Even then he had the reputation, chiefly with those who did not know him well — and I didn't yet know him well — of being a burly, loud, raucous fellow, rough in his speech and lacking refined manners. How mistaken this opinion was I learned a little later, when on a visit to Washington I introduced Blanche Knopf to him. He met her with the most charming manners conceivable, manners I was to discover he always displayed in talking with women. And shortly he handed her a box of cigarettes — Milos, I think they were called — and my wife and I both remember that their paper was purple and their tips gold.

I KNEW Mencken for more than forty years, intimately for well over thirty. Books have been published which describe him as a man I find it difficult to recognize. His public side was visible to everyone: tough, cynical, amusing, and exasperating by turns, but everlastingly consistent. The private man was something else again: sentimental, generous, and unwavering — sometimes almost blind — in his devotion to people he liked. In company he had what Fannie Hurst once called a self-starter; nothing at all was required to get his brilliant and perpetually amusing conversation going, and if no one else present contributed a word, he could keep his monologue alive almost as long as could Sinclair Lewis. If he never wavered in his devotion to a friend, he never changed his mind about an enemy, but I don't think he ever regarded people as *his* enemies — his enemies were the enemies of his friends. And he wanted people to fight fairly, however fiercely, hence his enduring bitterness toward Stuart Sherman over the latter's attacks during World War I on Theodore Dreiser. Sherman had used Dreiser's German ancestry in his attack on Dreiser's writings, and Mencken rightly felt that this was hitting below the belt.

Mencken's gifts were singularly varied. He was surely one of the great newspapermen of his generation, and of his books probably those dealing with the American language will be longest remembered. He took on the professional philologists and beat them at their own game. He knew more about medicine and the law than any other layman who has passed my way. And he was always reading books about religion. He was never interested, so far as I know, in painting or sculpture — music was a real hobby, but his tastes ran almost exclusively to Beethoven and nineteenth-century German romantic composers — and he never really liked the theater, though he acquired a great collection of Ibseniana, which he presented to the University of Leipzig.

Despite the fact that his father was a successful tobacco merchant in Baltimore, he came of a long line of learned Germans, some of whom were considerable figures in their day, and on the walls of his old house in Hollins Street hung many portraits of Menckens, while in a bookcase next to the living-room fireplace were a number of learned works published in Germany by various Menckenii during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Henry, who was devoted to his mother, lived with her in the Hollins Street house — red brick with white front marble steps. He left the house only after his mother's death and his marriage to Sara Haardt. When she passed away he returned to it, occupying it with his younger brother, August; and in it he died. I never saw him use the front parlor, which contained a grand piano, except during Prohibition, when he was host to the Saturday Night Club in this room. Between it and the dining room was a gloomy living room with sofa and chairs. Back of the sofa was a bookcase in a Hepplewhite design, especially made to fit the space. Behind its glass doors were sets of standard authors, including the twenty-four volumes of the Variorum Shakespeare, which Henry must have acquired when he was very young. The lighting in this room was hard on the eyes. He didn't seem to realize this, until in his last years when his eyes had been affected by a stroke. The light did bother him then, and he wore a green eyeshade. But many a time while sitting in this room, I found the inclination to doze irresistible, despite the brilliance of his talk.

In the dining room one invariably ate and drank well. Mencken was marvelous in his handling of domestic help, and the Negro cook always served him devotedly. He liked to putter around the yard and particularly to break up wood — discarded packing cases, wine boxes, and what not — for burning in the living room fireplace.

He was a voracious reader: fiction galore, theology, medicine, jurisprudence, philology. I remember him once in the old days packing his bag in the Algonquin Hotel preparatory to taking the train for Baltimore — he never flew — and remarking as he threw in a batch of books, "These damned novels; it sometimes takes me an hour to read one." When I would point out to him that rail travel had its risks too, he would always reply, "That's all right. If there's an accident you're on the ground. But in a plane?"

When my wife and I lived in the city Mencken frequently came to dinner and to spend a quiet evening with us. We seldom went out, and when we did it was to a concert. He was in our box at the Boston Symphony's first performance of Falla's Concerto for Harpsichord (or piano). I

remember his only comment when it was over: "It would be better without the flats." And one evening he fell sound asleep in our living room, sitting upright on a sofa, the almost inevitable cigar in his mouth, while I went on playing the piano very badly. After about an hour he woke up with a start and blurted, "Damn it, I can never sleep sitting up."

When we moved to the country, he always stayed overnight and often for a weekend. Invariably he read himself to sleep, never with anything he was tackling in a systematic way but with some odd volume he had picked up somewhere, frequently in a secondhand bookstore. His pajamas were of the brightest solid colors, as one could see since he never closed the door of his room. He endeared himself to the domestic help, and after his illness brought an end to his visits, the couple who had been with us for many years expressed great sorrow that they were not to see him again. No other house guest of mine ever moved them that way.

All in all, Henry was my most intimate friend and influenced me more than anyone else. But he was as close to Blanche as he was to me and got along as well with my father, eighteen years his senior, as he did with me, twelve years his junior. He shared with us for more than thirty years books and music, good food and drink when we were well, and gave freely the most thoughtful and expert kind of help on those occasions, happily rare, when we were ill. In Baltimore he cultivated all his life the wise medical men at Johns Hopkins, and he spent a fantastic amount of his time getting friends to and from doctors' waiting rooms and hospitals, comforting them and keeping them company there.

I used to attend the meetings of the famous Saturday Night Club with some frequency. Until ten o'clock there was music, chiefly arrangements of classical symphonies. The players I am sure enjoyed it far more than the listeners, who were few, but the listeners surely *did* enjoy the players. Two at the piano: Henry secundo and Max Broedel primo. Raymond Pearl with his French horn. A cello, a flute, a viola, a few violins, and Willie Woollcott (Alec's brother), author of a song that suited the crowd to a T called, "I Am a One Hundred Per Cent American," as a sort of Greek chorus. At ten o'clock sharp, *los mit Musik*, and serious beer drinking began. During Prohibition each member of the club was host in turn and supplied bottled home brew enough to half fill a bathtub. After repeal the members repaired to Schellhase's, Henry's favorite café or, as he preferred to call it, saloon.

How well I remember one Saturday night when Frank Hazlehurst was host. He was to remove

my tonsils next morning. As the evening advanced and the drinking continued, one member after another came up and spoke words of reassurance to me: "Don't worry about Frank, the more he drinks of this the steadier his hand will be in the morning." Henry, invoking the sympathy of the crowd for me, finally broke up the party. We went next morning to St. Agnes Hospital. And when a sister turned up soon after I had been put to bed to ask why a tonsillectomy had to be done on the Sabbath, I recall Henry's telling her in his sweetest and most disarming manner something that made it sound as if Sunday were the only day on which any operation could ever be performed on me. And then he advised me that if priests came to talk with me after the operation, as they undoubtedly would, I had only to point to my throat, nod my head from side to side, and say nothing.

MENCKEN's first visit to the Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, seems to have been made with Joseph Hergesheimer in 1923, for I find a letter which reads: "The Bach jaunt turned out to be very pleasant. We found excellent beer on draught at ten cents a glass. The choruses were superb, but the solo voices singed my kidneys. Hergy turned up in a golden orange kimono with a purple lining — the perfect Borzoi."

Later, and for many years, I went regularly to the festival with Mencken, staying wherever we could find accommodations: the local hotel, a semi-residential hotel in nearby Allentown, and one time at the Elks Club in Bethlehem. During the prohibition years he boasted that he could find beer within ten minutes of his arrival in any town. He usually did, but once in Bethlehem we were stumped, and only at the end of twenty-four hours did a taxicab driver overhear his complaint and drop us off at the right place. We rang a bell, and the door opened. Henry pointed to the scores of the B Minor Mass that we were carrying and asked politely, "Can you do anything for two poor, thirsty musicians?" The fellow looked us over with two glass eyes, decided we were all right, and told us to come in and turn left. At the end of the hall we found a bar about fifty feet long serving good beer and sandwiches at ridiculously modest prices. Henry was enchanted.

Henry adored the B Minor Mass and knew it well, but he suffered, as I did, from the fact that the pews in the Packer Memorial Church at Lehigh bear no relation to the anatomy of the human seat, and so sometimes we lay on the grass outside and listened to the performance.



For a long time Mencken and Nathan got almost everything they wanted out of editing the old *Smart Set*, but while George remained faithful to the theater and developed no great interest in anything else, Henry was ranging far afield, and the *Smart Set* began to cramp his style. By 1923 our publishing business was well established, Henry's friendship and mine indestructible, and I was convinced that a magazine could be just about as good as its editor and that as an editor Henry was out of the top drawer. So we began talking about what eventually became the *American Mercury*. I advised him to leave Nathan to carry on the *Smart Set*, but the marriage of the two seemed indissoluble at that time, and so when the magazine made its appearance it was under their joint editorship. As editors Mencken and Nathan each owned one sixth of the stock in the magazine but were to receive no salaries. They were to have an absolutely free hand, but the agreement called for me to arbitrate if any differences arose between them. A difference did very soon arise: the question of printing Eugene O'Neill's play, *All God's Chillun Got Wings*. Nathan was for it, Henry against; and I voted with Nathan.

The two drifted apart and soon began to quarrel. Nathan had no part in the editing of the magazine after February, 1925, though his name appeared on it for several months thereafter. Before too long Alfred A. Knopf Inc. bought Nathan's interest in the magazine, and Henry had it to himself until 1933, by which time he had lost interest in it. His old battles had been for the most part won, and a new era, which to him was to prove exceptionally unattractive, was opening up.

Someone — I suspect it was Ben Hecht — once played a mean trick on Maxwell Bodenheim, the Greenwich Village poet. He wrote Bodenheim saying that times were flush with him, as he knew they were not with Bodie, and so he was enclosing a twenty-dollar bill, which of course he didn't. Bodenheim tried to raise hell with the post office, claiming the envelope had been tampered with, and finally took the case to Mencken, who replied that his Uncle Moshe, the money smeller, assured him that no currency had ever been in that envelope. So one day in 1921, returning ten dollars I had borrowed from Henry, I wrote that I was "attaching herewith Moshe the money-smeller's certification of my having put it in the envelope." He protested that I didn't owe him the ten dollars and, when I explained, wrote: "Call me a liar if you will, but I had completely forgotten that ten dollars. Moral: I am a good man to borrow money from."

Reviews of Mencken's work in the early days were far more favorable abroad than at home, so

we once, at his request, sent the following release to the press:

In view of the extreme disfavor with which a large proportion of American critics regard Henry L. (Lyddite) Mencken the following quotations from recent foreign reviews of his books should be of some interest. They prove possibly, 1) that America is extremely provincial, 2) that a prophet is subject to being decorated by the academicians of almost any country but his own, and 3) that the beer served in other countries is probably better than in ours.

Early in 1921 Henry wrote me, "If you can get *Buddenbrooks* at a reasonable price, grab it. It is probably the solidest novel done in Germany for years. It is well worth having." We followed his advice, as we did on many another occasion. He was never on our payroll and would have been greatly offended, I am certain, had we ever even suggested offering him a fee for the considerable amount of reading he did for us — and it was considerable. His advice was always ours for the asking; he frequently suggested authors for us to approach and books to publish, but the idea that this was anything but a normal relationship between a writer and a friend who happened to be his publisher would have shocked him beyond words. He was not a unique example of this. Carl Van Vechten, Thomas Beer, and Joseph Hergesheimer acted toward us the same way.

Also in 1921, Mencken sent in the revised version of *In Defense of Women*. I suggested publishing it the following spring but said that I would try for the immediate fall if he so desired. His reply was characteristic: "You are the publisher; not I. I leave all such matters to your judgment." And as we had the second edition of *The American Language* in the works at that time, he added, "All I ask is that you make *The American Language* good and thick. It is my secret ambition to be the author of a book weighing at least five pounds."

The first edition had been a thinnish book running to fewer than four hundred pages. So we printed the second on cardboard and brought its bulk to a hideous two inches. A third edition, again revised and enlarged, appeared in 1923. My copy bears the inscription: "This is the last edition as God is my judge — H. L. Mencken." Henry kept his word for a dozen years, but in 1936 the fourth edition appeared, rewritten and, this time, enlarged to nearly eight hundred pages. By now Henry was, as he would put it, spitting on his hands with a vengeance, and in 1945 we published Supplement I, another octavo of eight hundred pages, followed finally, in 1948, by Supplement II, an equally large and impressive tome. It delights me that a volume of such vast

proportions should have sold more than 60,000 copies, in addition to the 150,000 copies sent out by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Mencken and I had often discussed the need for a good popular physiology. There were, of course, plenty of textbooks, but nothing first-rate for the general reader. Late in 1925, Henry reported one day that he had found the man to write the book: Logan Clendening, whose *Modern Methods of Treatment*, a medical textbook, he had just read. Here, he said, was a sound man who could really write. At my request he sent Clendening this letter, which illustrates perfectly his ability — rare among book editors, as every publisher knows — to reduce his ideas to the simplest and most concrete terms:

What I suggested to Mr. Knopf was not a book on physiology in the technical sense, but a general work on the human body and its operations for the intelligent layman. Strangely enough, there is no such book in print. Old time school texts are all stupid, and the later books for general reading are full of pious propaganda.

What I suggest is a volume describing the anatomy of the human body with constant reference to function and ending with a brief statement of pathological principles, say along the run of McCallum's well-known textbook. The layman reads about such things as blood counts, blood pressures, kidney functions, Wasserman reactions and fallen arches, and yet he finds it almost impossible to discover precisely what they mean. The book I have in mind ought to avoid useless physiological and anatomical minutiae; nevertheless, it should contain a few pages devoted to histology. I believe that such a book would have a large and permanent sale and that it would do a great deal of good. Its value as a counterblast to the grotesque quackeries now prevailing must be obvious.

Do you plan at any time in the near future to come to New York or Washington? If so, I'd like very much to see you and explain the plan in more detail. My home is in Baltimore and I maintain there a supply of old-fashioned refreshments. They are also obtainable in New York.

The book which resulted, *The Human Body*, found a steady demand and passed through many editions before going into a cheaper hard-cover reprint.

A Baltimore clergyman had sent us a manuscript with the suggestion that Mencken would write an introduction for it if we published it. I sent the manuscript to him, and he wrote me: "The — book is psychical crap, but it might sell. — is a High Church Episcopal Rector in a fashionable suburb. Most of his congregation are rich ex-Methodists, Presbyterians, Dunkards, Jews, Lutherans, etc. I shall certainly write no

introduction for it. More, — is well aware that I shall not. Never believe a clergyman."

In September, 1922, Mencken was in Berlin, where Blanche and I had been a year earlier. He ended a letter: "Tell Blanche that the Sohlers always refer to her as 'die schoene Frau Knopf.' On the question of your own beauty, they are polite but not enthusiastic. I told them that you and Harding were regarded as the handsomest living Americans."

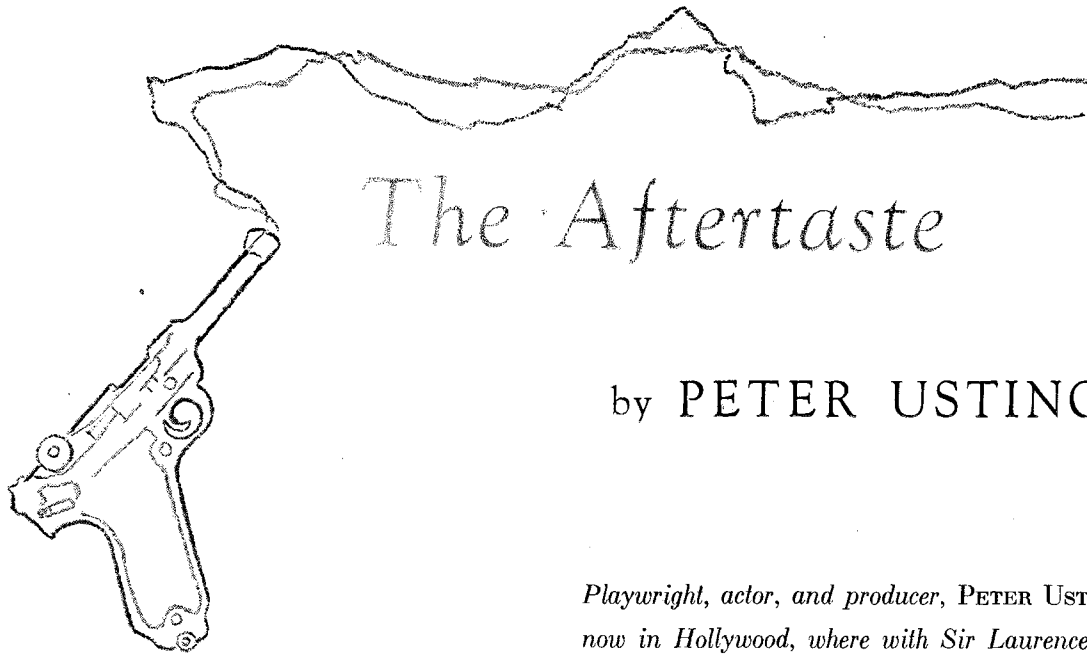
Later that year we must have drawn up an organization chart and shown it to him, for he ended another letter: "It cost you thirty or forty dollars to draw up that Stammbaum you showed me. Read Henry Ford on the subject of office diagrams and abscissae. His overhead is only one eighth of one percent. In sso. corde Jesu."

In 1928, I went with him to the Republican National Convention at Kansas City. He collected political conventions the way other men collect books or paintings. We met at lunch on the opening day. He asked where I was sitting, and I told him up in the gallery, nearest the roof. He acted with his usual briskness, and from then on I sat with the Baltimore *Sun* crowd and was the proud wearer of a photographer's badge. It was all great fun, but my fondest recollection is of Henry at his typewriter in the suite that Paul Patterson had engaged, a sailor straw hat on his head, a corn-cob pipe between his teeth, clad only in his B.V.D.'s.

We had the same birthday but never were together on it, because it came at the height of his hay-fever season. Anyway he disliked all such celebrations, and only two or three times did he take any notice of the passing of another year. But once he sent me a present with this note:

Your moustache has no greater admirer than I am; nevertheless, I am not unaware of the penalties that you must pay for cultivating it. It practically cuts you off from noodle soup, and makes you justifiably uneasy every time a salad dressed with mayonnaise is brought on the table. Above all, it deprives you of the great boon of having Schlagsahne on your coffee. In a day when vibrissae were more common on men such difficulties were thought of, and human ingenuity surmounted them. The moustache-cup was invented, and came into wide use. My father had one, and my grandfather had a whole set, some of them specially designed to take care of his chin whiskers. Now they have gone out, but in the antique shoppes of Baltimore specimens are still discoverable. At immense labor and expense Sara and I have assembled a battery of four, with saucers for the drip. They go to you to gladden your birthday. For the first time you are now free to wallow in Schlagsahne. Find out which cup fits you best, and keep it for private use. The rest are for moustachioed guests.





# The Aftertaste

by PETER USTINOV

*Playwright, actor, and producer, PETER USTINOV is now in Hollywood, where with Sir Laurence Olivier he is starring in the new film being made from Howard Fast's novel, SPARTACUS. Meanwhile, he continues to write for the ATLANTIC his original and unorthodox stories, each one of them probing into a new aspect of contemporary life.*

IN NORMAL times, there was snow as far as the eye could see, snow, smooth as a marshmallow. This winter, however, there were blemishes on the clear face of the landscape. It was as though a knife had cut through a gigantic apple, only to find a family of peaceful maggots hibernating there in yellowed trenches, untidily. They were horses, men, all dead. The wind howled, whistled, died, howled again. Snowflakes drifted by, leap-frogging, scurrying, rising mysteriously as well as falling. There was a hovel in the middle of nothing, a shabby hut which seemed to have fallen onto one knee in the snowdrifts, more like a moving thing which had become bogged down than a static edifice. No discernible road led to it. It was alone.

Inside, in the semidarkness, half hidden under blankets, were the 603rd Mountain Division, the 346th Nibelungen SS Regiment, the 425th Special Engineer Brigade, and the 78th Italian Brigade, each represented by its last surviving member, General Leopold Reims, General Egon Freiherr Von Augenstrahl, General Rudolf Kowalka, and General Baldessare Capognoni.

They had not eaten for two days, they had not slept for three, they had not fought for a week. If the battle was still going on, they had no evidence of it. There was no gunfire, only the wind.

"I give it another ten minutes," growled General Reims in a weak voice.

"And then what?" asked General Kowalka.

"And then I will take my life."

"Why wait ten minutes?"

Reims looked at Kowalka with disdain and tapped his breast pocket. He took out an empty packet of Overstolz cigarettes, searched it for the fiftieth time, and threw it on the floor.

General Capognoni had three cigarettes left, flat Italian ones. He had kept them for emergencies. Now he offered one to Reims from a golden etui.

"I don't smoke," said Reims, not looking at Capognoni.

"I will, with pleasure," said Kowalka.

Kowalka and Capognoni lit up. The Italian general studied the face of Reims, who was the senior of the four officers. The calculated refusal of the cigarette had stung him, but he had neither the inclination nor the energy to lose his temper. His hatred was too deep for that.

Reims had eyes like a bird of prey, set close together, and he seemed to have to turn his head in order to change the direction of their constant gaze, which was endlessly, dangerously forward. He blinked only rarely, but when he did his lids fell and rose again mechanically, like a time exposure on a camera. There was a deep fold on the bridge of his nose, as though heavy glasses had once become embedded there and it had entailed surgery to remove them. His lips were a perfect, high-precision fit, with little incisions running across them, a fading wound from which the stitches had not yet been removed. The nostrils were large and flared, and quivered with irrita-

tion as some small nerve under one eye beat an endless tattoo somewhere near his cheekbone.

The way his hair grew seemed essentially foreign to the Italian. It stood up sharply and whirled around a double crown, where a tuft of longer hair sprouted aimlessly, forever unkempt and strangely defenseless. The color was gray of the kind that must have been fair once, and the skin of the face, brown and leathery, changing to an obscene white on the lower neck, which looked not so much shaved as plucked, a dead chicken.

Deliberately, General Capognoni blew the scented smoke from his cigarette in the direction of Reims, saw it spiral around the aggravating head of the desiccated war lord, and noted with small pleasure the increase in the twitching as the odor of the Turkish tobacco was drawn into those huge, flared nostrils.

"Suicide is the ultimate form of cowardice," General Egon Freiherr Von Augenstrahl suddenly declared.

"It is the height, the acme of honor," General Reims shouted feebly.

"By killing yourself, you are doing the work of the enemy. You are wasting a bullet which should be used in battle."

"Our orders specifically forbid us to fall into enemy hands," Reims snapped.

"Our orders were given us by a crackpot Austrian corporal in Berlin. As a German officer, I no longer consider myself bound by orders which have allowed our tragic situation to develop."

Kowalka laughed. "Not a word against the Austrians," he said lightly. "Our friend in Berlin was a corporal in the German army. Had he stayed at home, he would have remained a private."

There was no argument.

Capognoni studied Von Augenstrahl. A good face, young but with an undercurrent of unpleasant and disconcerting hysteria. He was tall and thin, dark for a German. There was a chain around his neck. It may have been an identity disc, but he was probably a Catholic. His mouth was disfigured by a permanent scowl, which was too dramatic not to be the expression of a weak man in search of strength. His sudden outbursts, his categorical decisions, were those of one who is reckless in attack and stubborn in defense but who is unsure of any qualities which lie beneath the surface; a man whom generals believe has it in him to be a born leader because he learns the obvious lessons too well.

"D'you know the one about Count Bobby and the Jewish stockbroker?" said Kowalka.

"Spare us your jokes," Reims answered.

"I beg your pardon. I forgot that jokes were rationed too."

Capognoni glanced at Kowalka, who lifted what was left of his cigarette into the air as both a salute and a toast to the generous donor. Capognoni smiled slightly, because he was polite by nature. Kowalka was a professional Austrian, and as such annoyed the Italian. He took strength, and indeed joy, in all the most flagrant vices of his race, which was insupportable for an Italian who was working hard to do just the opposite. And yet, it was only a manner of speaking, this dogged facetiousness. In action, Kowalka had proved himself not only courageous but, what is even rarer, imaginative.

His small dark eyes darted hither and thither, thinking of something to say, something amusing, at least ironic. His mouth was full of gold teeth, gold and a little white, Austrian baroque. On his upper lip lay a small mustache, not the postage stamp cultivated by Hitler, but a delicate pagoda roof. His nose was amusingly long and pointed, but split at the end like a baby's bottom. A good husband, Capognoni thought, for a wife who likes laughter and is not too vigilant.

CAPOGNONI started thinking about women, the women of men such as these. He threw down his cigarette and stared at Reims. The Frau Gemahlin was probably one of those gaunt Teutonic creatures with a plummy, apologetic voice, too tall to be really feminine, too thin also. He imagined her pink skin, punctuated by long fair hair, like rushes, and he shuddered. When Reims had gone, she would fit admirably into black trappings, receive her condolences with the bleak affectations of suppressed heroism, and bend, a folding ruler, to place the sad flowers on the tomb. Von Augenstrahl, he guessed, had no wife. Nor, if he survived, would he ever have one. There was some obvious agony of the spirit behind the aristocratic façade, some great passion which had found no direction. He was of the stuff of martyrs, of monks, of proud, rigorous solitudes, but also of surrender to vice, to dissipation, to corruption and perversion. Temptation could never be far away with an eye so febrile and a scowl so desperate. His family was perhaps too old, the marriages had been too good for too long, the code of behavior too elevated to be practical in an age which had no patience with chivalry.

Capognoni glanced at his watch, which had a gold case. Instead of flicking it aside to tell the time, he looked at himself. Time had no meaning any more, but he had. He saw one hazel eye, distorted by the scratches on the gold; one eye, an eyebrow, a little of an aquiline nose.

"How different," he thought, "am I from these



uncertain northern savages." He was convinced that neuroses emanated from the north. His life had held no problems of the kind which would induce twitches or stammering. Mediterranean existence was as clear and as limpid as the southern sky. There were emotion, of course, and easy tears, but they were definite medicinal advantages. Sorrow did not linger inexpressibly, to fester into complexes. If there was grief, it was immediate and very loud. Others would help by weeping just because they saw tears flowing. It needed no precise, logical reason. It cleared the mind and was good for the appetite.

He was further from home than any of them, further from the cypresses and the olives, the smell of the herbs drenched by the sun, the languid sea; further from home and the children, the yelling streets, the screeching tires, the arguments conducted from pavement to pavement, the lizards on the sand that must have been old when the Romans were alive. He thought of his children more than of his wife. Aldo and Teresa, in their identical costumes, rear admirals in the Italian navy. He thought of Poppea, the white sheep dog, a blind rug hobbling about the patio in search of shade. Yes, he thought of his wife, Donna Marcella, with her resigned, patient face, her ample bosom, her smile of dull but touching understanding. He wanted to cry, but he couldn't because of the presence of those damned Germans. They would misunderstand, as they had always misunderstood. This was a time for militant thoughts.

He remembered his pleasures, the recklessness with which he drove his red Alfa-Romeo to impress his mistresses. Ninety miles an hour in a built-up area was nothing strange, and in any case, he had an amiable relationship with the police. Amalia Portanello had been his favorite, a tall, cool blonde who might have sat for Signorelli, even for Botticelli. The smell of her perfume had lingered around the car even when she was absent. They liked to bathe at night, naked, at Fregene.

Giovanna Petricoli had been more passionate, perhaps, but consequently more of a nuisance, since she had been impractical enough to yearn for a permanent liaison, a kind of second marriage on the side. Chiara Dossi was an actress. Most sophisticated, but she had made him jealous by her unwillingness to commit herself, by her side-long glances at door and window, by her mysterious telephone conversations with other people in his presence. Anna Maria Lisone was the wife of his best friend, which gave a subtle spice and melodrama to their acts of love. Ah, life had been full and voluptuous. What was he doing here, in the midst of a Russian winter, freezing to death? His connections could have kept him at home, at some desk job in the Ministry of War. Why was

he scarcely able to move his feet, he, who loved nothing better than a bed of pine needles to walk on, and hot sand leading to the sea?

He was convinced that Italy was a warlike nation and that the temptations of her landscape and her climate must be resisted at all costs. The Romans loved life, he used to argue, and they denied themselves none of the pleasures of the body, but when the time came they marched in disciplined ranks into the frozen north, to conquer and to rule.

He suddenly imagined Reims in a bearskin, staring not at his unpromising destiny but at a foul-smelling pot of gruel, the fruit of a day's primitive hunting. Himself he saw as a Roman, all gilt and glory, ministering to the shivering savage, explaining that there is no power on earth to stop the inexorable advance of the legions.

JUST then Kowalka broke the mood. "Hey, *Generale*," he said, "we fought the only civilized wars, didn't we? The Austrians and the Italians. At Caporetto you ran away, at Vittorio Veneto it was our turn. It was all done as gentlemen should do it. At the first sign of an advance, the other side retreated. There was none of this nonsense of both sides trying to advance at the same time."

Capognoni flushed under this insult. "I don't agree," he said stiffly. "Wars are to be won, and every effort should be made to win them."

Reims grunted.

"You may have complaints to register about our soldiers," Capognoni went on with quiet fury, "but they pale beside our complaints of German generalship."

Reims turned on him. "How do you allow yourself such impertinence?" he cried, the white of his eyes isolating his light blue irises from the eyelids. "It is well known that Italian strategy leads in only one direction, backwards!"

Before Capognoni could reply, Von Augenstrahl intervened. "What you say is unfair, Herr General, and beneath the dignity of a German officer."

"How dare you tell me about the dignity of a German officer. I am the senior general present!" His outburst finished hoarsely as his energy ran out.

"This is our war. We cannot expect Italians, Romanians, and Hungarians to fight our war as they would fight their own."

"Our war is their war. We are accomplishing our historic mission of saving Europe from the Mongolians, the Asiatics. It is Germany's destiny to accomplish this solemn duty of leadership. Look at the Russian prisoners, small, inferior men

with slanting eyes and yellow skin, and you will understand that this war is Europe's war."

"Were you referring to the Japanese, Herr General?" asked Kowalka.

"I was referring to the Russians, the Russian prisoners!"

"It's so long since I've seen a Russian prisoner," said Kowalka with a humorous sigh.

"Time is up." General Reims slowly drew his revolver and placed it on a packing case which was serving as a table. He looked at the two other German officers and said, "In my estimation, as senior officer present, the moment for a vital and tragic decision has arrived."

Even in despair the Germans find the most complicated, overblown phrases, thought Capognoni.

"I made up my mind that if no relief had arrived by twelve o'clock, midday, then it would be our duty to resign ourselves to the inevitable and to obey the directive given to all officers, which is not on any account to fall into enemy hands alive. To ensure this, I order you all, with the exception of General Capognoni, over whose fate I do not presume or wish to have any jurisdiction, to take your own lives in an honorable way. Are there any questions?"

There was a moment of silence. Von Augenstrahl blinked rapidly once or twice and then said, "Herr General, my point of view is already well known to you. I will not waste my breath reiterating. Quite apart from certain religious scruples, which I will not discuss with those who are unqualified in such matters, I regard suicide as cowardly, unsoldierly, and ungentlemanly."

"Am I to understand that you, a German officer, refuse to obey orders?" croaked Reims.

"I cannot obey orders which are against the dictates of my conscience and of common sense," Von Augenstrahl snapped, the perspiration running down his forehead in spite of the cold.

"You are under arrest!"

Capognoni wanted to laugh. Kowalka did. Was there no end to absurdity?

"I am leaving," said Kowalka suddenly.

"Where to?" asked Reims. There was almost a trace of hope in his voice, as though he believed Kowalka might have some secret information which he had been withholding.

"That is a good question," replied Kowalka. "I wish the answer were as good. I don't know. I am going to find the Russians if I can."

"What for?" Reims demanded.

"In order to surrender," said Kowalka simply.

Reims's face became purple as the blood rushed wildly beneath the skin. "Can't you leave the dirty work to our allies?" he cried.

Capognoni bit his lip. "Yes," he said with a composure which was surprising even to himself,

"leave the dirty work to your allies. It is in the great tradition of the German army. It worked well in Africa; why shouldn't it work well here?"

Reims brought his fist down on the packing case but could find no words, since the violence of his emotions was evidently causing him some physical distress.

"Are you coming with me?" Kowalka asked Von Augenstrahl.

"No. I have two bullets left. Neither of them will be for me. They will both be for Russians."

"One is madder than the other," observed Kowalka. "General Capognoni?"

"I am staying here," said Capognoni. "As a Roman, it amuses me to see how the barbarians prepare for the end."

"I had no idea that a Roman would wish to emulate the barbarians in these sordid matters. Rome's greatness was that she always knew when she was beaten. She knew how to compromise. Even today she is referred to as Eternal."

"It was always Rome's duty to set an example."

THE twitching on Reims's face increased perilously, like the end of a film beginning to run off a spool. Death was a solemn occasion, and these impertinences were desecrating it. A man only dies once. It should be done in style, with due regard for heroic self-pity and with silence for massive and lugubrious thoughts.

Kowalka dug into his tattered pocket and produced a small compass.

"East is in that direction," he said, pointing to the unpromising horizon. "I am going due east, toward Stalingrad. Perhaps, with the help of the Russians, I will succeed where the entire Sixth Army failed."

"Coward," said Reims, whose trembling hand was attempting to slip a bullet into the chamber of his revolver.

"Coward?" answered Kowalka pleasantly. "Perhaps."

He tore the decorations off his uniform and lobbed them over toward Reims. "There, does that make you feel better, Herr General?" he asked and added, "It makes me feel better. There goes half my guilt." He smiled disarmingly at Von Augenstrahl. "I trust you will go in the other direction. I have no wish to become a victim of your devotion to duty."

"I am going west," snapped Von Augenstrahl.

"I am delighted to hear it. General Capognoni, I hope to see you after this idiocy is over. The Hotel Imperiale at Cortina d'Ampezzo is one of my favorites. Do you ever go there?"

Capognoni did not answer.



Kowalka clicked his heels in the Prussian manner, brought his hand up in the Nazi salute, shouted, "Heil Mozart!" and staggered out into the snow.

Von Augenstrahl gazed at Reims. "Is there anything you wish me to . . . to tell anyone . . . if I should be lucky?"

Reims looked up gratefully, pathetically. "My wife can look after herself," he said gravely, "and my sons were brought up to be officers and gentlemen. I have no fear that they will disgrace our name. Tell them I died as they would have wished and that it had to be."

"Heil Wagner," murmured Capognoni, but neither of the Germans heard him.

"Tell them to destroy my dog."

Capognoni looked at Von Augenstrahl in sudden horror, but Von Augenstrahl just nodded stiffly, his eyes shut.

This was too much to tolerate. Such was Reims's taste for suicidal heroics that he even wished a poor, healthy dog to accompany him to the kennels of Valhalla.

"Why kill an innocent dog?" he cried in spite of himself.

Reims ignored him but gazed at Von Augenstrahl with baleful eyes. "Freiherr Von Augenstrahl, we have disagreed on many points," he said, "but we are both German officers. I should like to shake you by the hand before I do my duty."

Impulsively Von Augenstrahl extended his gloved hand, which Reims took in both of his, practically petrified in their tattered mittens. They looked deep into each other's eyes, like lovers, and Capognoni knew that he had never seen anything so ugly in his life. Tears suddenly spurted uncontrollably from Von Augenstrahl's dark eyes, and the whole of Reims's jaw was shuddering violently.

Almost fiercely Von Augenstrahl withdrew his hand from the moribund grasp of the older man, saluted in the traditional pre-Nazi manner, turned, and walked out of the hut.

Capognoni felt an expression on his face which he had never experienced before, an expression which was probably one of revulsion, the anguish of a man with humanism in his blood faced by inhumanity. He glanced at Reims.

Reims, with much groaning and grunting, began to struggle out of his greatcoat. Instinctively Capognoni wished to help him, but restrained himself. He did not want to be party to this odious rite about which he understood nothing, nor did he feel qualified to interfere with the exquisite pleasures of a man who tasted every whiff of absurdity as though it were a rare vintage of human experience.

The revolver was in readiness. Reims searched his satchel with fingers that could hardly obey him

any more, fingers as puzzled as those of a child when they find an unknown texture, as lost as those of a young monkey at grips with an unpeeled banana. At last he drew out a couple of medals and began to pin them to his tunic. He was in no condition to do this, and one after the other, they fell to the ground, but he did not notice. Then he shut his eyes and passed his hand over his breast with an almost feminine gesture. His eyes opened again when he realized that the medals were not there. He looked down and began to whimper. Like a baby whose toy has fallen out of its pen, he reached for the floor with no conviction of being able to reach them. Appealingly, he looked at Capognoni. The whimpering too was that of a baby, or of a dog locked out.

Capognoni returned the look steadily. "Bastard," he thought, "to condemn your dog to death."

Still the whimpering went on.

Capognoni felt like drawing his own pistol, putting a couple of bullets into Reims, and spoiling the whole elaborate ritual, but he did not move. It was crueler to wait.

Then Reims frowned, passed his hand over his heart again, let it loiter over the ribbons, and looked straight forward. He cleared his throat as though he were going to shout and then began signing the national anthem in the high, unsteady voice of an aged woman.

Suddenly Capognoni's taste was mortally offended and, without pausing to think, he sang *Vesti la giubba* in a penetrating tenor, filling the air with sarcastic sobs as the third-rate artists do in Neapolitan restaurants.

In the middle of a phrase, Capognoni stopped. Reims could no longer hear him. The veins on his temple were standing out like flexed muscles, and the blood was racing around on the last lap of the race. Reims seemed transparent, a mere network of arteries exposed by the dissolving flesh. There was a report, and he fell to the floor motionless, the bitter draft from the ill-fitting door agitating the little tuft of defenseless hair on top of his head as the wind will play with a tuft of grass.

FOR a moment Capognoni was stunned as the noise of the explosion seemed to inhabit the room, dying more slowly than Reims, and then he began to retch, but as his stomach was empty it produced no more than an agonizing pain and watering eyes. When he recovered his composure, he reflected how pleasant it was to be alone, to be unobserved. Surely a man could stand anything when there was no need to keep up appearances. He looked at the room as though he were seeing

it for the first time. The rough beams had a sort of beauty. It was like being ill and alone, when the eye, for want of the indiscriminate everyday excitements, began to find an elusive symmetry in damp patches on the ceiling or could study the patterns of raindrops on a window and find a rarified satisfaction in watching their antics. The silence had the sound of music. The air was cold, but he consciously took a deep breath and noticed how clean it was, sterile as alcohol, white and simple. He thought of nothing and took pleasure in the thought.

Such pleasures do not last forever. They come only as reactions to some desperate involvement, and soon he began to remember how cruel the cold really was. As he huddled in his corner, he tried to keep his eyes from straying toward Reims, but the very fact of this conscious avoidance seemed to swell the presence of that stupid corpse, so grotesquely sprawled in the slush.

He tried to think of pleasant things, as he had done before, when the others were still in the hut. It should be easier to think of Italy now. After all, he was alone. He thought of Capri, but all he saw in his mind's eye was a post card. The sea was too blue to be true, the houses too pink. In a silent, intimate panic, he realized that too much had happened for him to think pleasantly. It was like dropping off to sleep with the determination to have sweet dreams. No sooner does sleep come than they turn to nightmares. Better to have no thoughts. It was too cold not to think, and there was that mess on the floor. He listened for the sound of the explosion and could not be sure that it had died away yet.

Grimly he opened the door to the thoughts which were crowding in on him and from which there was evidently no escape, no relief. A wretched dog sentenced to death for no other reason than that the lachrymose vanity of a man demanded a funeral pyre large enough to emphasize his station. Perhaps Reims would never have indulged in all the nauseous pomposity if there had been no witnesses. If he had been alone, he probably would never even have killed himself. No actor can give of his best in an empty theater. No use dying if you don't haunt some memory or other, if you don't leave an aftertaste.

Capognoni thought of himself. His troops had not fought well, nor had he. His temperament was too volatile for battles of attrition, especially when reason declared them to be lost from the outset. How could he have demanded of his men to attack with the bayonet simply for the privilege of delaying an inevitable retreat, simply in order to drag out a preordained disaster? It was surely no proof of courage voluntarily to disobey your own intelligence. Driving a racing car at 150 miles an hour,

that is courage linked to intelligence. But there again, there is a public gallery to play to. An error of judgment at that speed, and you go to your death observed, applauded, regretted, heroic. Not as in all this snow, neglected, unidentified.

He had seen the Germans seize the ascendancy in motor racing, backed by huge government subsidies which had financed machinery of unparalleled brutality. The drivers sat at the wheels of those monstrous weapons and forced them around the tracks ferociously, insensitively. The Italians kept up by sheer artistry, by coaxing and cajoling their slower cars into prodigious performances, by talking to the engines, by whispering to the blistered tires, by humanizing the inanimate.

That was courage! Italian history was peppered with redoubtable *condottieri*, exquisite murderers, incredible heroes, and, more recently, daredevils by the dozen in the riskiest of sports. Any fool can be courageous in pitched battle if he is stupid enough and if his indoctrination has divorced him from all contact with the human race, but it takes real courage to be burned like Savonarola, with the clear realization of your sacrifice, and with your intelligence untrammelled to the end. But then, Savonarola too was burned in public. He died before witnesses. The aftertaste was there to take over from the flames.

How dismal to starve to death. What if the Russians never came? Capognoni began looking for something to write on, some message he could leave. Then he remembered that he had lost his pen and that his pen, even before he lost it, had had no ink in it. There was a complicated finality to this conspiracy to wipe him off the face of the globe anonymously. He began to be convinced that he would starve. He listened and heard nothing. He shouted and was surprised to hear his own voice.

If the Russians did come, what would he do? Surrender, of course. It was logical. There would be no witnesses except a few Russians, and it was all they would expect. Then he glanced at Reims and felt some of the old resentment welling up within him. He remembered the taunts from that paltry Lohengrin and the beady looks of complicity from Kowalka with his cynical nonsense about Caporetto and Vittorio Veneto, of war fought as a tinsel minuet between civilized nations. He had abrupt visions of Africa, of Italy's place in the sun, and of the cruel complex which had endlessly turned the most glorious dreams into embarrassing realities. He thought of the roads which had been built in Ethiopia, only, as it happened, to facilitate the British advance. What was wrong?

He was wrong. He had thought of surrender. Not only had he thought of surrender, but he had



thought of surrender as logical. He was wrong, and he was Italy. Long enough had he absorbed insults by pretending not to have heard them, long enough had he been polite, compliant, diplomatic. To win, it was not sufficient to wait for the enemy to move and then to react. To win, it was imperative to dare, to grasp the initiative. He should have seized Kowalka by the throat at the time of that affront instead of sitting back and relying on sarcasm. He should have shouted Reims down, shot him, anything. His natural politeness would always be taken for weakness by these caricatures of men. Now he wanted them all back, alive; he wished to play the scene over again. He was furious.

Two shots rang out. Von Augenstrahl? A decision, quickly. He used to hate going to the dentist, because he invariably reacted to the pain of the drill before the instrument had begun its work. One day he had relaxed completely and forced himself to believe that his visit to the dentist was a daily occurrence, of no particular note. Although the drill hurt abominably, the operation was over before he allowed himself to be impressed by it and he had emerged into the street a man of resolution. Danger was a thing to be drifted into, not a thing to make elaborate preparations for. Allow your thoughts to wander.

A voice called out in the distance. Two voices. Capognoni glanced at the beams and reflected on the complexity of wood. What a fuss to make. Singing the national anthem and pinning on those bits of tin, sent out by the thousands in order to boost morale. Quickly he studied the wood again and then lit a cigarette. His hand was shaking, but only slightly. He presumed it was the cold.

Slowly the door opened and a submachine gun edged shyly into the hut. It was followed by a young Russian soldier, padded against the cold so that he looked almost like a diver. Only his face showed, a pug-nosed, spotty, adolescent face with big blue terrified eyes. His mouth was open, and the breath flowed from it like a caption balloon in a cartoon.

"Raus," said the Russian nervously.

Capognoni smiled and answered in Italian that he was more comfortable where he was.

"Raus?" said the Russian once again, inflecting the word as though it were a question.

Capognoni answered again in Italian, and the

Russian, after a moment's hesitation, stumbled out and called for someone with more authority.

Capognoni inhaled his cigarette with relish and read the word *Nazionale* printed on it over and over again.

A lieutenant entered and said, "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*"

"*Lei parla Italiano?*" asked Capognoni.

"Raus," shouted the lieutenant, who seemed to be in a hurry.

"*Parlez-vous français?*" said Capognoni.

The lieutenant advanced toward him, stumbling over Reims. Capognoni held up a restraining hand.

Annoyed, the lieutenant snapped, "*Sie sind Kriegsgefangener. Raus.*"

There seemed to be nothing for it. The only means of communication was that damned language which had plagued him ever since he had come to Russia. "I refuse to surrender," said Capognoni in German, quite quietly. The lieutenant did not appear to understand.

"We are still at war," Capognoni added.

The lieutenant smiled quite pleasantly. "What do you want to do about it?" he asked.

Capognoni smiled in return. He was acting a scene which was worthy of him, and he knew the value of each nuance. Slowly he opened his holster and as slowly drew his pistol.

The lieutenant's amiable, cheeky smile faded from his face as he suddenly became conscious of an unbelievable peril. He reached for his own gun and fumbled with it. Capognoni aimed his pistol slowly and deliberately at the lieutenant, but did not fire. It was the lieutenant who eventually fired, and Capognoni sat quite still.

"You tell them . . ." he said with difficulty, "that the Italian army . . . was the last to cease resistance on this front."

The lieutenant was angry. "Who the hell cares," he cried, "so long as we're winning?"

Capognoni looked at his audience and knew from the troubled expression on the lieutenant's face that his gesture would live on ineradicably in at least one mind. The aftertaste.

In a fury, the lieutenant brought his fist crashing onto the packing case and howled, "What did you do that for?"

Capognoni opened his mouth to reply, but died instead.

"Crackpot," said the lieutenant, who was a conscript and engaged to be married.

*This concludes the first series of seven stories written at the editor's invitation by Mr. Ustinov.*

*A new series, to appear consecutively in the ATLANTIC, will begin in the early autumn.*

JOHN CIARDI

## A DIALOGUE IN THE STONeworks

Said the Curator of Easy Dying  
to the Auditor of Knuckle Bones,  
"There's a move afoot, I'm thinking.  
A Man can feel it coming."

"Um," said the Auditor, counting the Medes and Persians,  
"why not? With nothing to do and only  
his jug for a premise, why shouldn't a sot  
feel any damn thing he's a mind to?"

"Ah well," said the Curator,  
"and if it's my personal bad flavor  
at issue, why I may stink with the best,  
but I feel a truth, and all will."

"Truth?" said the Auditor, starting the middle Egyptians.  
"Is it a dry truth or a wet?  
Can a sober man feel it, I say,  
as well as a sot — who shall be nameless, I say?"

"Doubts," said the Curator of Easy Dying.  
"Doubts and dirty implications.  
Haven't I granted you all you could wish  
concerning my character? I feel a thing beyond me."

"Ha," said the Auditor, "barely five measly million:  
just as I always claimed." And began the Etruscans,  
who were finished almost at once.  
"Call that a breed now?" he said.

"It's nothing to do," said the Curator, swigging deep  
and wiping a sigh from his mouth wet,  
"with what an add-man can count to.  
We're coming to countless days, I tell you."

"So," said the Auditor, clicking the Greco-Sicilians,  
"technological unemployment! Someday when I've time  
you must let me explore for myself  
that jug of dream-juice."

"Scoff," said the Curator of Easy Dying.  
"There's big times coming.  
I tell you these vaults won't hold it  
once it gets started."

"And," said the Auditor, ticking Sardinia, "what if it is  
true, and the knuckles spill over the lawn  
and into the ditch. Swig on, you sot, and let it.  
Whatever it is, I'll know it when I count it."





## PAUL BROOKS

*A graduate of Harvard, class of 1931, PAUL BROOKS succeeded Ferris Greenslet as editor in chief of Houghton Mifflin Company. His interest in the out-of-doors is reflected in his holidays as well as in his publishing activities. He and his wife have camped, paddled, walked, fished, birded, and chased butterflies from Thoreau's Concord River at their doorstep to the Olympic Peninsula and the Oxford Canal. Now we follow them to the Great Smokies.*

## THE GREAT SMOKIES

SOME places are like some poems; return to them again and again, and each time they reveal new meanings and new delights. Such a place, for my wife and me, is the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, a unique remnant of primeval America, fifty-four miles long and twenty wide, lying along the spine of the Southern Appalachians that forms the border between North Carolina and Tennessee. The Smokies are not tall by Western standards, seldom rising much above six thousand feet, but they are among the most ancient mountains in the world and richest in natural life. From the air you see a sinuous, green-clad ridge, with smaller ridges going off in every direction, separated by deep valleys and tortuous streams. Their inaccessibility until recent times has been their salvation. Like a rock in midstream, they stood virtually untouched by the main current of westward migration. The course of empire took its way through easier channels, and thus a bit of the original forest survived — the finest woods, I believe, east of the Mississippi and the best hardwood stands you will find anywhere.

A park like this is a living museum, whose exhibits change with the altitude and the seasons. In a

day's climb one can travel through successive biological zones equivalent to a journey from Southern Tennessee to the Canadian border, from the great tulip trees in the valleys to the virgin spruce-fir forests of the summits, where the climate is equivalent to that of the coast of Maine. Our first visit seventeen years ago had been in early November — "out of season" in terms of the tourists though not of the trees. The flaming autumn foliage reaches its peak here several weeks later than in New England. On the high divide it was already winter. Icy fog swirled about the summits, and when the sun at last came out a million ice-covered twigs were turned to diamonds.

In later years we came to know these mountains in other moods. In late April, when the dogwood was in flower on the lower slopes and the high, hardwood forest was only faintly washed with green, when bright-yellow trout lilies and pale-pink spring beauties bloomed along the Appalachian Trail and pine siskins flocked in the spruce tops and played about our camp site. In May, when we had pitched our tent between showers near a tulip tree whose upright orange blossoms shone like candles in the mist, when the

*"Cool Forest," lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy Boston Public Library Print Department.*

silver-bell tree hung its white pendants in the ceiling of leaves, while the maroon of the wake-robin relieved the endless greens and browns of the forest floor. In September, for a lazy week at the lush end of summer, when the katydids were loud at dusk and I saw alight on a thistle my first gulf fritillary butterfly, burnt orange above and silvery below, a beautiful insect that seemed to embody all the hot glare of the tropics.

OUR most recent trip to the Smokies was in late June, the best time of year for the famous display of azaleas, rhododendrons, and mountain laurel. The main objective, however, was not simply to enjoy a spectacle but to immerse ourselves for a few days in the park's finest "wilderness area" — the official term for a tract of primeval forest which is kept in its natural state, un lumbered, unspoiled by roads, and accessible only by trail. Leaving our car at a park campground, we set off with a tolerably light load in our packs, including a five-pound tent, sleeping bags, air mattresses, a Hudson's Bay ax, a pair of binoculars, and food for three nights.

As every season has its own personality, so every trail has its own cadence. The one we followed began to mount in steady switchbacks straight up from the river valley, gaining two thousand feet in the first three miles. Through the dense stand of second growth "poplar" — as the local people call the tulip tree — we began to catch glimpses of distant mountains. An occasional mammoth red oak showed that we were approaching the wilderness area. Our backs and packs were dark with sweat when at length we reached the crest of the ridge and the trail leveled off to an easy walk. Through a grassy opening in the forest a less traveled path sloped gently downward to the spring where we would spend the night. The penciled *X* on our geological survey map became a flow of ice-cold water welling out of a sandy slope, set off by the delicate pink of mountain oxalis and the deep red of cardinal flowers. Great trees stood all about us: buckeyes and red maples, a yellow birch some four feet in diameter, red spruce rising spearlike through the gnarled hardwoods or stretched out on the ground at incredible length, moss-covered and moldering, seedbed of future generations.

Trees like this do not have lower branches. Before sleeping that night, we had to find a sturdy sapling from which to suspend our food bag out of reach of the bears. In bear country this should be a bedtime routine, like brushing your teeth or putting out the cat. One night at the campground we had suffered a lapse of memory which would

have been less amusing if we had already been on the trail. Asleep in our tent, we were awakened by a metallic crash that could mean but one thing: a bear in the food box. We bellowed and waved flashlights; the only response was crunching and stentorian breathing as our visitor consumed one pound of steak, two pounds of bacon, four chocolate bars, two loaves of bread, one pound of cheese, one pound of butter, and — with a particularly offensive slurp — two dozen eggs. The raw eggs, my wife pointed out charitably, would be good for his coat. As he lumbered away he stumbled over a tent rope and shook our roof in farewell.

This time, after dark there was only the sweet descending spiral of the veery's song and at dawn the busy *yank! yank!* of the red-breasted nuthatch. Morning was half over before we said good-by to our camp site by the spring and set out on what is known as a rough trail or manway, to distinguish it from a trail that a pack horse can negotiate. As we entered the wilderness area the switchbacks with their moderate slopes were left behind. Clambering up the hogback, with pauses to pant and rest from our packs, climbing down the crazy ladder of rhododendron roots, we began to sense why the Smokies are considered rugged mountains despite their moderate height, why the homesteader left this country to the hunter and the Indian. If we could not really get into our heads the complex geological history of the mountains, and its relation to the forest all about us, we could at least feel it in our legs.

The mountains as they stand today are the product of erosion rather than upheaval, an ancient plateau carved by the slow chisel of the streams. In spring, when there is as yet no concealing cover of leaves, one sees and hears the waters still at work, sparkling threads at the bottom of each V-shaped draw. In contrast to younger and higher ranges like the Rockies and the Sierra, there is little exposed rock even on the summits of the Smokies, for at this latitude six thousand feet is below timberline. The huge lichen-covered boulders in the stream beds, architects of deep pools and shimmering cascades, are said to have broken off from bare rock and rolled down the mountainside in the more violent climate of the last glacial age. But while other areas were actually covered by ice or submerged beneath the sea, this region remained a sanctuary for the hardier trees and flowers, with the result that it is today a botanist's paradise, containing more than one hundred and thirty species of trees.

And here most of our Eastern trees achieve their maximum size, thanks to the moist air and an annual rainfall second only to that of the Pacific Northwest. Canada hemlock grows up to nine-



teen feet in circumference, red spruce fourteen, cucumber tree (a magnolia) eighteen, yellow buckeye fifteen, and so on — greatest of all being a noble tulip tree with a recorded girth of twenty-four feet. Here, as in the Olympics, we have watched the valleys steaming after a downpour or stood beneath the dripping foliage as the sun came out and tendrils of mist spiraled upward through a thousand shafts of light. This smokelike mist, and perhaps the purple haze which even on fair days may lie along the mountaintops, has given the Smokies their name and much of their subtle beauty, so different, for instance, from the massive jagged outline of the Rockies. Subtle but not mild. In summer violent thunderstorms march along the ridges; we have seen great banks of cloud that appeared to rise almost vertically up one side of the main divide, like smoke from a forest fire, blanketing North Carolina in darkness while Tennessee still basked in the sun.

One such storm, followed by a cloudburst, hit us on a September evening years ago when we were camped on flat land near a river. As water flooded under the ground sheet (I had failed to dig proper ditches), the ropes shrank and the tent pegs began working loose in the mud. Barefoot, I stood in a couple of inches of water, hammering in the metal pegs with a camp ax. A flash nearby, and I saw a blue spark leap from my right to my left foot; I felt as if I had touched a Paul Bunyan electric fence. I decided by now to come in out of the rain. Happily the tent held, the storm subsided, we somehow managed to get a fire going to cook our steaks and by nightfall were gratefully settled for sleep. It was hot, and the tent flap was open. I was just dropping off when I felt something crawl up my arm and across my face. A pack rat, distinctly damp. I told him to go away. Again to sleep, again the scampering up my arm. At this point my wife, who doesn't like rats — even wild and uncorrupted pack rats — had had enough. Angrily she got out a heavy needle and thread and sewed our front door firmly shut. The rest was silence.

Now as we worked our way down off the ridge, the rumble of an approaching storm mingled with the distant murmur of a different stream far below us on whose bank we planned to camp. Two hours later, under an angry sky, we waded through the swift, icy current to pitch (and ditch!) our tent on a tiny bit of grassy level ground. The first drops fell as the last peg went in. With some old curved roots I fashioned a sort of dome to shelter our fire of driftwood gathered from the stream's edge; it hissed and sputtered but miraculously lived, and its updraft carried off the clouds of midges that had swarmed from the grass.

Above the soporific sound of the creek rose the

three liquid notes of the wood thrush, in place of the veery that had sung us to sleep at higher altitudes. A great horned owl hooted twice and was still.

Ducking in and out of the rain, I opened a tin of meat for supper and idly read the water-soaked label: "New beautiful *party bag* and *billfold* \$2.50 value for \$1.00. Get this fashionable new pearl white party clutch bag with matching billfold NOW!" Well, not just now.

THE toughest days in the wilderness are often those that mean most in retrospect. By our very modest standards, the next day qualified. In other summers we had paddled and portaged through a bit of the roadless area north of Minnesota; we had lived for a while with the gigantic rain forest of the Olympic Peninsula. But never had we come so close as we did that day to recapturing the experience that the early explorers described with such mingled delight and awe. From our camp site the rough trail led downstream through a mixed forest of virgin hardwoods and conifers, alternately following the stream bed or mounting steeply through the tangle of rhododendron. At one point the going got so rough that we had to take off our packs and pass them along by hand.

After a few hours of this, any place where you could put your foot down solidly twice in succession felt like a highway. But at least we had a map, and there was a trail of sorts. The mountain laurel was in full bloom, its shell-pink flowers massed along the banks of the creek and festooned over the house-high boulders in the torrent.

Someone is supposed to have asked Daniel Boone whether in all his wanderings he had ever been lost. No, he replied, but he had been bewildered (using the term in its root sense). We were bewildered now as we tried to pick out the trail marked on our map. A right-angle bend was clearly shown, and we found a few old blazes where it should have been, but they soon petered out in the trackless forest. Only slowly did we realize that a new trail had been blazed since the map was printed. We remembered a confusing day years ago in the Minnesota canoe country when we found ourselves paddling up a long narrow lake that obviously was not on the map; all came clear when we reached a beaver dam and realized that the beavers had created the lake since the last survey. More often it is the user, not the map, that is at fault. I have made boners that should put me at the back of the class. The trouble, I told myself as I tried to reconcile the trail with the map, generally begins with an *idée fixe*: you visualize a trail turning off at such-and-

such a point, a portage at a certain arm of the lake, and you miss it when it turns up unobtrusively somewhere else. A map, like a Ouija board, can be made to say what you subconsciously want it to say. Keep looking at it, even when you think you know it by heart. And don't forget to note the date in the corner: things may have changed.

As the day wore on and we got deeper into the valley, the forest became more and more impressive. The dense understory of rhododendron, virtually impenetrable till a trail has been hacked through it, gives these untouched woods a strangely parklike appearance. Few saplings grow above this deep green blanket; one's eye travels far among the bare straight trunks of the hardwoods and towering hemlocks. The lowest leaves were often so far above our heads that we needed binoculars to identify them. Accustomed to the cosy woodlands of New England, we felt as if we were in an enchanted country where shrubs are trees and everything grows larger than life size. "The spirit-haunted forest, fairy-enchanted, Stupendous and endless," as Vachel Lindsay called it, where kittens turned to tigers, pigs to wild boars, colts to gold-horned unicorns, where "The smallest, blindest puppies toddled west . . . And turned to ravening wolves Of the forest."

We saw no wolves, and my *Field Guide to Animal Tracks* omits the unicorn; the cloven triangle in the sand on the riverbank was more likely the print of a deer. There were other signs of hidden life. The deep claw marks on a spruce tree were obviously made by a bear. The "scats" here and there along the trail were harder to identify — either fox or wildcat; even the experts sometimes fail to tell which. Bits of evidence fitted together: those big oval holes we noticed in a dead snag, the loud tattooing that had echoed through the forest, and now the black-and-white feather at our feet. This was the pileated woodpecker, the red-crowned cock of the woods, king of his tribe now that the ivory bill is near extinction. Smaller birds were less elusive: a pair of blue-winged warblers scolded us for coming so close to their nest, as the juncos had along the higher trail; a winter wren, reminiscent of the Long Trail in Vermont, lit up the woods with song; a kingfisher shot downstream with his loud rattle. Yet compared to open and brushy country, with its variety of bird song, we found that a climax forest is a quiet place where life goes on unheard and unseen.

Was our trail also going quietly on forever? Packs were getting heavier, our morning freshness

was wilting, and our spirits were sinking with the sun. Would we ever get out of here to send for that party clutch bag? We reminded ourselves that we were not lost, only bewildered, and that we were bound to intersect the main trail if we kept on going downstream. This was, we reassured each other, the only possible answer. The map may have been out of date but the river valley was not. When at long last we emerged from our tortuous tunnel onto a clear-cut path running in the right direction, we were vastly relieved to find that our answer checked with the one at the back of the book. Near the meeting of the trails was a dark laurel-bordered pool with sheer rock walls but a pebbly beach large enough for a tent and open to the setting sun. Enough for today.

Two days later, having returned to civilization and replenished our packs, we set out on a final trip to see one of the park's rarest exhibits. The flame azalea, member of the rhododendron family, reaches its peak of flowering the third week in June on those grassy summits of mysterious origin locally known as "balds." Again the long climb — three thousand feet of it; again the feeling of a world apart, but this time an open, sun-drenched world, a high island surrounded by blue-green swells extending to the horizon.

Abruptly from the dark woods we had stepped into a meadow dotted with clumps of blueberry, dwarf willows, and low thickets of hawthorn; we heard brush-country birds: towhee, brown thrasher, chestnut-sided warbler. All about — though densest at the edge of this inverted green bowl — glowed the azalea, head high, ranging in color from deep red-orange through pink to almost white. "The clusters of blossoms," wrote its discoverer, William Bartram, "cover the shrub in such incredible profusion on the hillsides that suddenly opening to view from the dark shades we are alarmed with apprehension of the woods being set on fire. This is certainly the most gay and brilliant flowering shrub yet known."

When we had wandered about and looked our fill, we stripped and lay in the deep grass. We were a bit weary after the morning's climb, but from a distance we must have appeared a lot deader than we felt. A turkey vulture, soaring on the rising air along the ridge, circled us deliberately, tilted his scrawny red head, and fixed us with a hungry eye. He seemed to ponder for a while, turning this way and that to get a better look, then reluctantly sailed on. Not quite, not quite yet.



# RUSSIA IN TRANSITION

BY ERNEST J. SIMMONS

*Six times in the past thirty years, ERNEST J. SIMMONS has visited the U.S.S.R. He did research there before World War II, and his two big books, LEO TOLSTOY and RUSSIAN FICTION AND SOVIET IDEOLOGY, are the result of working on firsthand sources. Last summer he returned to Russia for his most recent survey.*

**I**N THE Soviet Union, at the end of World War II, there was widespread hope of relief from the excesses of Stalinism. That hope quickly died as Stalin, virtually deified by every instrument of propaganda, moved through a series of Draconian decrees, intensified all forms of intellectual controls, and ended his career in the final insanity of the "Doctors' Plot."

Stalin's death on March 6, 1953, opened the way for reform. The revolt of prisoners in the huge slave-labor camp at Vorkuta in July, 1953, violently dramatized the distress of millions in the Soviet Union. For in these coal mines, beyond the Arctic Circle, thousands of slave laborers, emboldened by the news of the leader's death, Beria's arrest, and the outbreak in East Germany, defied the prison authorities by declaring a strike. The strike was broken only when General Maslennikov, who had been sent from Moscow, ordered his MVD troops to machine-gun hundreds of workers. Reform in the operations of the political police greatly mitigated, if it did not entirely

eliminate, the universal sense of terror, and this in turn inspired a degree of freedom of expression and action which had not existed since the days of Lenin. In the rapid process of de-Stalinization, many other reforms were initiated: the liberation of masses of slave laborers from concentration camps, a new pension system, revisions in legal procedures and in the harsh Stalinist labor code, raises in the lower category of wages and salaries, successive price cuts in consumer goods, and a return to free higher education.

Malenkov's prompt emphasis, when he came to power, upon an increase in the production of consumer goods was not solely a bid for popularity; it was also a recognition of the fact that the sacrifices demanded of the people throughout Stalin's rule could not safely be prolonged. He correctly believed that the endless bright promises of a future economy of abundance had lost their magic. And although his policy was reversed by Khrushchev, he, too, quickly discovered that the masses could not live by heavy industry alone. Now Khrushchev is also insistent upon raising the standard of living. In this effort, however, the welfare of the people is not his only concern. Improved living conditions have also become a factor in a foreign policy designed to show the liberated colonial countries and underprivileged people in general that the Soviet way of life is a short cut to material prosperity. In the last few years measures have been taken to improve purchasing power and the quantity and quality of food, clothing, housing, and services.

Despite these gains, a traveler from the United States making his first trip to the Soviet Union would tend to agree with much of what he had read and heard back home about the drab ex-

istence and low standard of living. There is, in fact, a large differential in per capita income in favor of the West. The average income of the unskilled factory worker in the United States is about eight times greater than that of the unskilled laborer in the Soviet Union. And many vital consumer goods are still in short supply, scanty in choice, and the few quality products among them are beyond the purse of all but the highest-salaried individuals.

For the average Soviet citizen, however, such contrasts are not as important as comparisons of his standard of living today with what he has had to endure over the whole course of his working life. In these terms he cheerfully recognizes that his present situation represents a marked advance, and an American visitor would agree with him if he happened to have had more or less continuous contact with the Soviet Union over the last thirty years. Instead of arriving in a poky and rather dilapidated train, he now lands at Vnukovo Airport in Moscow in a streamlined jet, flying at 550 miles an hour. The busy airport is filled with tourists. There are thousands of tourists in Moscow now, whereas only a few years ago they were a rare sight.

The contrast in external appearance of the Moscow of thirty years ago and that of today is startling. The city has extended in all directions in vast building projects: office buildings, huge apartment house clusters, thirty-story hotels, a new skyscraper university, and various structures designed for exhibitions, entertainment, and culture. Many old buildings, including churches, have been restored or renovated; parks and boulevards have been laid out and streets widened and macadamized. The inefficient old transportation system has been replaced by sleek buses and electrified trains to the suburbs. Taxis are available, and Soviet-made trucks and automobiles are in sufficient abundance to cause minor traffic problems (two or three automobiles bumping over cobblestone streets were the most one would see in a day in the shabby, dirty, listless Moscow of 1928).

Living conditions for the teeming population of the city have improved enormously over the early years, when beggars showing the naked scarified stumps of mutilated limbs, homeless children, and drunks lying in the gutters were familiar sights, and when endless difficulties in obtaining even minimal housing, food, clothes, and fuel discouraged and wearied the average Muscovite. Now food, clothing, and housing are almost lavish compared with the early years. In the principal shopping centers relatively well-stocked stores are filled with eager buyers. Slot machines vending various commodities, cafeterias, and new devices

for staple food distribution help to cut down the waiting time. And the many places of entertainment and culture — movie houses, theaters, concert halls, the circus, the zoo, museums, the race track, parks, and sports stadiums — are never lacking in crowds eager for amusement and apparently with plenty of money to spend.

Moscow, to be sure, is the showpiece of the Soviet Union, intended to impress visitors from all over the country as well as foreign travelers. Villages and provincial towns, of course, lack the capital's metropolitan glitter and modernistic attractions. All the evidence indicates, however, that intensive economic activity goes on throughout the whole country and that advances in living conditions have been registered in other areas.

**I**T is these steady improvements in the material conditions of life that impress the hard-working, good-natured people. One detects in their conversation a new sense of well-being, a quiet satisfaction over their improved lot, and a confidence in the future if war does not come. Though they represent a real force in public opinion since Stalin's death, they have no more interest in politics than their ancestors did in the days of the czar. If left to their own devices, perhaps no greater percentage of them would vote in an election for the Supreme Soviet than their counterparts in the United States in a congressional election. Through incessant propaganda they are made aware of the achievements of their country in industry, science, education, culture, and international diplomacy. They know that under the Soviet regime Russia has been elevated to the position of one of the two greatest powers in the world. The backward Russia of the past which lagged a hundred years behind the industrially advanced countries of the West now finds itself competing with them on equal terms. There is no mass emotion greater than pride in supreme national achievement, even though it has been realized at the frightful cost of much human suffering and indignity. By and large the people of Russia are proud of their country and deeply patriotic.

Though several of the post-Stalin reforms may be interpreted as efforts to ameliorate inequities in the social structure which Stalin policy deliberately fostered, only another revolution, it would seem, could bridge the chasm that divides the two broad classes that have developed over the years in this so-called classless society. A huge income differential of 350 rubles to 15,000 rubles a month symbolizes the disparity between the majority of workers and what has come to be labeled as the



“privileged class.” This privileged class, made up of the ruling bureaucracy, the industrial managerial group, and the intelligentsia, has its own way of life and lives on a much higher level than the average citizens. If anything, it is more conservative, for it has a vested interest in perpetuating the regime which has given it so much status. In marriage, social intercourse, and career-making the people in this group rarely go outside their class. In an economy of scarcity in luxury goods and with an income tax system that favors accumulation, one of the problems of this class is to find satisfactory ways of spending large salaries. They are also concerned with how best to transmit the privileges they enjoy to their children. There is still, however, a high degree of class mobility in the Soviet Union, and this new privileged class is constantly being increased by additions of workers and peasants of ability who take advantage of the opportunities provided by the system to get ahead.

In contrast to a terrorized, driven public under Stalin, people today seem to have settled down to a stable existence, reasonably free from fear. The improvements and reforms of the post-Stalin regime, along with accrued advantages of years of widespread education, scientific achievements, and an amazingly rapid multiplication of contacts with the West, are contributing to a climate of well-being that results — if one can believe the Soviet press — in expectation of more and more benefits from the government.

As a matter of fact, the Western observer is surprised to find in the Soviet Union today vigorous signs of a reaching out for the amenities of life and for an intellectual and artistic freedom which are more generally associated with a non-Communist order of society.

The bulk of those who betray such desires and nonconformist tastes comes from the new privileged class. Though the young men and women have been singled out for special reprobation for their erring ways, their unconventional tastes and behavior have been inspired by their parents, often high-salaried bureaucrats and directors of industrial enterprises. These parents love fine clothes and rich food, have well-furnished country homes and automobiles for their private use. The husbands buy their wives expensive fur coats and on business trips abroad bring back foreign finery and glittering gadgets for the household. They have access to technical libraries, whose shelves strangely enough stock cheap foreign fiction, motion-picture magazines, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vogue*, and the British periodicals *Housewife* and *Modern Women*. “Bourgeois vulgarity and plain shamelessness” warns the press exposé protesting this squandering of state funds. But the director of

the library of the Ministry of Foreign Trade, one of a number of offending institutions, cynically explains: “literature of this kind is bought for language practice.” Indeed, the Soviet press is a main source of information on the misuse of power by bureaucrats, the diversion of state property to improve or beautify the homes of managers of plants or to reward friends who have done them favors, the padding of expense accounts, and the frequent practice of well-placed fathers and mothers in using their influence to obtain special privileges for their children.

The sons of this Stalinist generation of leading citizens, in revolting against their fathers, reveal simple truths not accounted for in Marxism: man is not infinitely malleable, and human nature tends to escape from history. The relatively sheltered existence of these youths, the absence of personal hardships, adversity, and struggle have played an important part in their development, even though they have been indoctrinated by a national youth movement which aims at the prevention of such anti-Soviet behavior. Nostalgia for the freethinking, revolutionary pre-Stalin period besets these young men and women. Surfeited by the lifeless stereotypes of socialist realism in art, they revert to the artistic ebullience of the early revolutionary period of experimentation, or they seek inspiration in the honest realism of the great Russian writers of the nineteenth century or in the art and literature of the West, which they are eager to visit. In the lecture halls of institutions of higher learning, these youths have boldly questioned their professors' Marxian explanations of the Poznan and Budapest revolts.

The regime's counterattack has cleverly stigmatized these tendencies as the bourgeois aberrations of a few *stilyagi*: Soviet dandies. However, the actions of the *stilyagi* — their aping extreme Western fashions in dress and hairdo, black-market operations with foreign tourists to obtain luxury items, passion for foreign jazz music and dances, and thefts and moral offenses — are but an overt manifestation of a revolt against anti-individualism, Communist ideology, and Soviet Victorian morality. A writer in *Izvestia*, in commenting on the theoreticians “who see in the jazz mania the spirit of the times,” unwittingly reveals the existence of a prevalent attitude which Soviet authorities would like to think was exceptional.

POST-WAR reforms and improvements in living standards have also contributed to the creation of a climate of both dissatisfaction and expectation among talented members of the Soviet intelligentsia. In the long night of Stalinism such men

and women, in order to exist at all, were compelled to surrender their individualism and violate their creative imagination by a regime unwilling to accept the elementary truth that it is impossible to deceive in art. Now they are trying to regain their artistic self-respect and in the process often look longingly toward artistic innovation and freedom in the West.

The muffled opposition that had been building up among the Soviet intelligentsia over the years of Stalinism exploded after his death in what has come to be designated as the "period of the thaw." The continuity of the libertarian spirit of the nineteenth-century intelligentsia as well as the release of pent-up forces brought about by improved standards of living may be discovered here. However, the explosion was in no sense a political revolt or even a rejection of the Party's right to be concerned with things of the mind and spirit. Rather it was the plea of intellectuals and artists to be permitted to show their loyalty to the regime in the free expression of thought and creative activity unencumbered by the constant interference of Party controls. It was also a protest against the condemnation of genius because it was or threatened to be heretical.

From 1953 to 1957 a group of distinguished older writers, joined by a number of younger ones, published a substantial amount of fiction, poetry, and drama, of which Ehrenburg's *The Thaw* and Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone* were the examples publicized in the West. These works exposed some of the ugliness of Soviet life which had been concealed for years. In the spirit of post-Stalin reforms the printing of such works had become possible and perhaps, for a time, seemed desirable to the new leaders if confined to exposures of Stalinism. Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* was written in this spirit and in the expectation of publication in the Soviet Union.

Composers, painters, and sculptors joined the writers in insisting upon freedom of expression and the artist's right to experiment in form and content. In *The Thaw*, Ehrenburg contrasts two painters, one who achieves success by submitting to the official demand for canvases idealizing Soviet life and the other whose artistic integrity is maintained at the price of neglect and poverty.

The Party has employed every means to drench the people in an atmosphere of culture. Artists are among the most favored and highly remunerated citizens, and in the performing arts they have won world renown. The art of the past has been carefully preserved; ancient art objects and fine buildings, especially those destroyed or damaged by the Nazis, are expertly restored; museums and their collections are well maintained and are visited each year by millions of people. Yet the

leaders of this society of the future compel their own painters and sculptors to eschew all individualism, abstractionism, and formalism and return to the bourgeois art of the nineteenth century for their models and ideas. This position has been challenged in the post-Stalin period, especially by young artists who could recall with fervor that just at the time the Bolsheviks came to power the Russian avant-garde painters, such as Kandinsky, Chagall, Malevich, and Larionov, had begun an aesthetic revolution that astonished the whole art world. These Soviet nonconformists protested the backward naturalism of painters who have produced endless canvases depicting, with photographic detail, celebrated events and heroes of the Soviet Union, though always heightened by the idealizing touch demanded by socialist realism. In the quest for beauty the nonconformists realized that the artist must often rebel against reality or even reject it altogether. The exhibition of French art in the Leningrad Hermitage Museum in 1956, showing many canvases of the contemporaries of Cézanne, and the exhibition of the 1957 Youth Festival, which was made up largely of foreign abstract paintings, aroused great enthusiasm. In what seemed like a belated effort to catch up with time, the officials of the Hermitage dug out of their storerooms forbidden Cézannes, Gauguins, Van Goghs, and even a few Matises and Picassos. This small but brilliant collection was still on view to admiring throngs at the Hermitage as late as the summer of 1958. And now it is rumored that a few Soviet artists are doing abstract paintings in secret, either for their own pleasure or for sale to private patrons with progressive tastes among the new Soviet privileged class.

By 1957 the protests of the intellectuals and artists had spread and taken on the proportions almost of an organized movement. In certain literary works the relevance of some of the criticism of life under Stalin to life under Khrushchev seemed obvious. Prominent authors publicly denounced the insincerity and distortions of truth in their earlier writings, and in meetings of the Writers Union bold assertions were made about the artist's right to creative freedom. The cause was widely taken up by university students, who debated the issues of integrity and experimentation in art. Leading literary, art, and philosophical journals published articles on various aspects of the larger subject of the artist's rights and responsibilities in Soviet society. Socialist realism was attacked as an inadequate and distorting artistic formula. But the overriding con-



cern of most of these articles, though rarely explicitly stated, was that Soviet art would never flourish under Party dictation. To what extent, if any, the Polish and Hungarian revolts, which numbered many intellectuals and artists among their principal activists, gave encouragement to this Soviet struggle will probably never be known. Nevertheless, these portentous events in the two satellite countries could not fail to have had a somber meaning for the men and women in the Soviet Union who sought to emancipate intellectual and artistic endeavors from the control of the Communist Party.

Khrushchev soon realized that a little freedom, like a little knowledge, could be a dangerous thing. He was also aware that the disaffected grown sons and daughters of privileged families were more likely to become focal points of opposition to the regime than hard-working youths on farms and in factories. And like any student of his country's history, he knew that freedom-loving intellectuals have been the leaders in Russian revolutionary movements. If he had forgotten it, the events of Poznan and Budapest would have reminded him. He concluded that the post-Stalin spirit of reform, in certain respects, had gone too far.

The Communist Party regards literature and the arts as important instruments in controlling the minds of Soviet citizens. Khrushchev now personally directed the move to reassert those controls in an emphatic and sweeping manner. In a series of speeches to gatherings of writers and artists, which were summed up in an article in *Kommunist* (August, 1957), Khrushchev laid down the law: there could be no substitute for Party controls in literature and the arts, and he would not hesitate to apply pressure to any creative artist who got out of line; in depicting Soviet society, creative artists must balance the dark aspects with the bright ones, but the bright ones must predominate; and editors who allowed works to be published which were false to the spirit of socialist realism would face dismissal. The seriousness with which Khrushchev regarded the whole dissenting movement is suggested by the analogy he drew to "the lesson of the Hungarian events, in which the counterrevolution used certain writers for its dirty ends."

The Party's cultural politicians, who by favoring the least talented perpetuate mediocrity in the arts as a measure of self-protection, had long been unsuccessfully opposing dissenters. Now, with Khrushchev's uncompromising support, they immediately swung into action. Meetings of the Writers Union were held all over the country to acclaim the leader's position on the arts. It was decided that the unions in the arts would be

organized on a republic basis in order to end the influence of the opposition in the powerful Moscow and Leningrad organizations. Public recantations were forced from several dissenters who were members of the Communist Party, and prominent editors of leading journals in literature and the arts, who had supported the protest, were removed. Although the Party has re-established its controls, the "conspiracy of silence" among well-known writers and creative artists and the widespread press campaign at present to persuade them not to be afraid to deal with themes of contemporary Soviet life suggest that a strong undercurrent of discontent still persists.

THAT the intelligentsia should even question the Party's right to dominate any aspect of the lives of the people appears to have become a matter of vital consequence to Khrushchev. One reason for the incredible vehemence of the attack on Pasternak is that, in an apotheosis of individualism, he allowed characters in *Doctor Zhivago* to ridicule the pretensions of the Communist Party to dictate the thoughts and actions of men. There has been much evidence lately that Khrushchev has declared war on all protesting members of the intelligentsia among the well-to-do privileged families, professors and students in the universities, and writers and artists. Rarely does he lose an opportunity in his speeches for domestic consumption to contrast industrious and patriotic workers and peasants with querulous intellectuals. Perhaps prejudiced against intellectuals by virtue of his own rise from the working class, he is not only at his best in talking to workers and peasants, but he obviously sees in them the real basis for the future stability and progress of the country. He has set himself up as the protector of the common people against the abuses of their superiors. The recent enactment into law of increased trade union powers which he advocated gives the factory trade union committees of workers the legal right to take a direct part in drafting production plans and to hear reports from managers on the fulfillment of them; to submit proposals to government and economic bodies for improving the working conditions, amenities, and cultural services for workers; to participate in all wage regulations; to be consulted by the management before any worker is dismissed; to raise with appropriate bodies the question of dismissing or penalizing managers who do not carry out the obligations of collective agreements; and to be consulted by the management before any appointments to executive posts are made.

Further, though Khrushchev's proposal for reorganizing the school system may well have been dictated by a need for increased labor forces to implement the new Seven Year Plan, the requirement that all students work on farms and in factories before embarking on higher education, and also during their period of advanced study, quite possibly reflects his distrust of the educated person, who is likely to question authority and to drift into nonconformism. The memory of revolting Hungarian students and the rebellious mood of many Soviet students at that time may have influenced Khrushchev's thinking. In his report to the Presidium of the Party Central Committee on the subject, he observes that only thirty to forty per cent of those enrolled in Moscow institutions of higher learning are children of workers and collective farmers. "The rest of the students," he acrimoniously adds, "are children of office employees and of the intelligentsia." Despite what he describes as "the haughty and contemptuous attitude toward physical work" among both students and their families, he insists that all students should learn to respect manual labor. "I repeat that there must be no exception in this matter, regardless of the status of the parents in society or the posts they hold."

WITH reason, the Party has regarded dissenting elements among the youth and the intelligentsia over the last few years with the utmost seriousness. For it no doubt perceives that a connection exists between better living standards and increasing contacts with the Western world and the need of intellectuals to express their ideas freely and of members of the new privileged class to satisfy changing tastes and material demands.

With this situation in mind, one naturally wonders what will happen in 1970, five years after completion of the new Seven Year Plan, when, according to Khrushchev's enthusiastic prognostication, the Soviet Union will have the highest standard of living in the world. Even if the results fall below this figure, the advance is likely to be most substantial. And future Soviet intentions appear to call for greatly expanded contacts of all kinds with the Western world and a vastly increased two-way tourist business. Will the high degree of material well-being and enlarged knowledge of the world outside sap the discipline under which the people have labored

for so many years? Can a passion for world Communism contend successfully with ruble worship, with the desire for a second car in the garage, and with an urge to keep up with the Ivan Ivanoviches? And will Party control in the arts fade before an irresistible demand for the 1970 equivalent of abstractionist painting, twelve-tone symphonies, and fictional *Lolitas*?

The problems of increased national prosperity seem to have entered the consciousness of the Soviet leaders. For one thing, in a period of de-Stalinization and enlightened reforms, Khrushchev has felt compelled to return to a form of Stalinist regimentation in quelling the demands of a segment of the intelligentsia for freedom of expression. The justification he used was the necessity of the Party to control and guide all expression. And it is through devotion to the Party by both Communists and non-Communists that the leaders hope to maintain discipline among the people in every eventuality. It is significant that on the eve of the all-out drive to achieve Khrushchev's seven-year economic goals the Party should announce, in the November issue of the Central Committee's official journal, *Party Life*, a nationwide campaign to promote loyalty, dedication, and discipline in Soviet society. And it is clearly indicated that the success of this campaign will depend upon the efforts of Communists and workers.

However, the Soviet Union cannot stand still, nor is the Communist Party immutable. Nations, like people, grow strong in adversity. Will the sense of struggle, of permanent insecurity, which over the years has enabled Soviet leaders to frighten their people, vanish with an economy of abundance? Khrushchev has already rejected the old notion of capitalist encirclement, because the balance of forces in the political, economic, and military spheres has shifted in favor of the Communist bloc. Will he soon be announcing a policy of containment against the capitalist world in order to prevent his economically secure and softened populace from succumbing wholesale to the ideological, cultural, and material blandishments of the enemy? However that may be, the Soviet leaders have now embarked on a full-scale competition with the United States for the highest standard of living. In this respect, as well as in the struggle to achieve world Communism, they firmly believe that time is on their side. But time, in the sense of advancing prosperity, may also be their enemy.



# FIRE WALKING IN CEYLON

BY LEONARD FEINBERG

*A veteran of World War II, LEONARD FEINBERG took his Ph.D. at the University of Illinois and is now professor of English at Iowa State College. He spent last year as Fulbright Professor of American Literature at the University of Ceylon, and there he had an opportunity to observe the phenomenon which he describes.*

ALTHOUGH we had seen men walking barefoot on burning embers twice before, we were not prepared for the mass fire walk at Kataragama. The first time, on a pleasant summer afternoon, surrounded by playing children and laughing family groups, we watched four men walk quickly through a twelve-foot fire pit. The occasion was a Hindu festival, and the atmosphere was similar to that of a state fair in the United States. The second time we had been among the guests of a Ceylonese planter who included in the evening's entertainment a fire-walking exhibition by six men.

But at the temple of Kataragama everything was different. There, on the night of the full moon in August, fire walking climaxes a week's ceremonies in honor of the Hindu god Kataragama. From all over the island, worshipers and spectators (Buddhist as well as Hindu, although theoretically Buddhists do not believe in gods) had been converging on the little settlement in the jungle of southeastern Ceylon. During the early part of the week, devotees had paid tribute to Kataragama by hanging colored papers on trees near the temple or by breaking sacrificial coconuts on a rock provided for that purpose. Toward the week's end, the nature of the sacrifices was intensified, and zealous worshipers perforated their cheeks with pins, or walked on nails, or imbedded into their naked shoulders meathooks with which they pulled heavy carts along a pitted dirt road.

By midnight the crowd was feverishly tense. Since the logs in the twenty-by-six-foot pit had been burning for four hours, the fire walking would presumably take place about 4 A.M. But the tradition against making any sort of prediction about the immediate future is so strong at Kataragama that the local priest, asked by an American tourist when the fire walking would begin, replied that there probably would not be any walking at all. The crowd surged away from the pit slowly and steadily—slowly because every inch of the temple grounds had been packed for hours, and steadily because the heat from the pit was becoming unbearable. The men and women nearest the pit had held their places for days, eating and sleeping in one spot. The Ceylonese are ordinarily very clean, but the activity at Kataragama is more important than sanitation, and as the hours passed everything intensified: the heat, the tension, the odors of sweat and urine and incense. A wave of malevolent expectation permeated the air, a powerful undercurrent of suppressed sadism that made intruders like ourselves feel dilettantish, uncomfortable, and slightly ashamed. Fire walking is far more than just a spectacle to most of these people; it is a concrete symbol of intimate identification with a supernatural power. From time to time men would shout “Hora Hora,” an Oriental form of “Amen” in honor of the god whose power transcends the science of the West.

About 2 A.M. people near us suddenly scurried to make room for a young woman carrying in her bare hands a clay pot full of burning coconut husks. She did not seem to be feeling any pain, but she was abnormally excited as she staggered to the outer sanctum of the temple. There she threw the pot down, exultantly showed the crowd her hands — they were gray, but not burned — and began knocking on the temple door. She apparently wanted to demonstrate to the priest, or the god, what she had accomplished, but no one was being admitted that night, and she was still pounding frantically at the massive door when the attention of the crowd shifted to another woman. This one too had a red-hot pot full of burning husks, but she carried it in the conventional Ceylonese fashion — on top of her head. And when she removed the pot, neither her hair nor her hands showed any sign of scorching.

Shortly before four o'clock an ominous grumbling swept through the crowd. Then angry shouts, threatening arms, protests. By climbing a stone wall I was able to see what the trouble was. A row of chairs had been reserved for several wealthy Ceylonese from Colombo and their European guests. But when they arrived they found that a group of Buddhist monks had occupied the seats and refused to move. (For more than a year, as a calculated technique of growing nationalism, monks had been usurping reserved seats at public gatherings.) The police officer tried to persuade the monks to give up the seats, but the yellow-robed figures leaned placidly on their umbrellas and pretended that he did not exist. There was no question where the sympathy of the mob lay, and when their protests became loud the police officer shrugged his shoulders and motioned to the legal holders of the seats. They dispersed to the edges of the standing mob, far away from the pit.

At four in the morning wailing flutes and pounding drums announced the arrival of the walkers. The long procession was led by white-robed priests, their faces streaked with red and yellow and white ash. By this time the flames had stopped spurting and the pit consisted of a red-hot mass of burning wood, which attendants were leveling with long branches. The heat of the fire was still intense; within ten feet of the pit it was difficult to breathe. Then the priests muttered incantations, the drums built up to a crescendo, and the fire walking began.

Among the eighty persons who walked the fire that night there were ten women. But in the mad excitement of the crowd's cheers, the drumbeats, the odors, the tension, it was difficult to identify individuals. Some men skipped lightly through the fire, as if doing a restrained version of the hop, skip, and jump in three or four steps. Some raced

through, determined, somber. Some ran through exultantly, waving spears. One man danced gaily into the center of the pit, turned, did a kind of wild jig for a few moments, then turned again and danced on through. Another man stumbled suddenly and the crowd gasped; he fell forward, hung for a ghastly moment on the coals, then straightened and stumbled on. The crowd sighed. Two women ran through, close together, holding hands, taking five or six steps. In the phantasmagoric blur of roars, screams, and incantations, the fire walkers looked less like human beings than grotesque puppets in a macabre shadow play. For a long moment one person stood out in the hectic cavalcade of charging, gyrating figures: a short, slim man in a white sarong strolled slowly and serenely through the fire, stepping on the solid earth at the end of the pit as gently as he had stepped on the embers.

After going through the fire, the walkers, some shuffling, some running, a few helped or led by attendants, proceeded to a spot beside the temple where the head priest placed a smear of saffron ash on the forehead of each participant. The ash had been taken from the pit and blessed, and the fire walkers strode off proudly.

THERE are two types of fire walking, on stones (usually of volcanic origin) in Polynesia, and on embers in Asia and Africa. Theories which try to explain the secret of fire walking fall into three categories: physical, psychological, and religious. The most publicized attempts of scientists to find the solution took place in 1935 and 1936, when the London Council for Psychical Investigation arranged two series of fire walks at Surrey, England. The council took charge of building the pit and burning the logs, it provided a number of physicians, chemists, physicists, and Oxford professors to examine every stage of the proceedings, and it published an official report of its conclusions. Some of the scientists published individual reports, in general agreeing that fire walking can be explained in terms of certain physical facts, but they did not agree on precisely what those physical facts were.

At the first series of Surrey tests, an Indian named Kuda Bux walked uninjured through a fire pit the surface temperature of which was 430° C., the interior temperature 1400° C. In the 1936 test, for Ahmed Hussain, the surface temperature was over 500° C. Both Bux and Hussain insisted that the secret was "faith," and Hussain claimed that he could convey immunity to anyone who would walk the fire with him. A half-dozen English amateurs, who had answered the council's



advertisement for volunteers, did walk the fire behind Hussain and were "slightly burned." One of these amateurs managed, a few days later, to walk through the fire pit alone, in three steps, without suffering the slightest injury.

In brief, the official report of the council stated that fire walking is a gymnastic feat operating on this principle: a limited number of quick and even steps on a poor conductor of heat does not result in burning of the flesh. "The secret of fire-walking," the report said, "lies in the low thermal conductivity of the burning wood. . . . The quantity of heat transferred may remain small if . . . the time of contact is very short. . . . The time of contact is not above half a second in normal quick walking." To put it another way, it is safe to take three even steps, limiting each contact to half a second, on wood embers ("The thermal conductivity of copper . . . is about 1,000 times greater than that of wood"). The report conceded that "successive contacts . . . cause an accumulation of heat sufficient to cause injury, and . . . with fires whose temperature is 500° Centigrade or more, only two contacts can be made with each foot without erythema or blistering."

The weight of the walker makes a difference, the report suggested, each of the Indians weighing less than 126 pounds and sinking into the embers to a lesser degree, and for a shorter time, than the heavier English amateurs. An expert also has the advantage of walking steadily and distributing his weight evenly, whereas the inexperience and undue haste of the beginner make it difficult for him to avoid resting a part of his foot more heavily than he should. When the amateur walker took an uneven number of steps, the foot which had taken more steps suffered more burns.

Other observers of fire walking have offered various explanations, the most popular being that Orientals have very tough soles. They walk bare-foot all their lives, often on hot surfaces. Sometimes they put out cigarette butts with their toes and, when marching in parades, step on burning husks which have fallen out of torchbearers' fires. This is true. But the English physicians who examined Bux and Hussain described their feet as very soft, not at all callused.

Another familiar conjecture is that fire walkers use chemical preparations to protect their feet. An American magician believes that a paste of alum and salt is applied, and other experts have speculated that soda, or soap, or juice of mysterious plants, or an anesthetic of some sort is used. But the physician and the chemist who examined Bux and Hussain at Surrey were positive that nothing had been applied to the feet; for control purposes, they washed one of Bux's feet and dried it carefully before he walked.

The "water-vapor protection" theory has a number of supporters. An American chemist recently wrote, in a popular magazine, that he could walk comfortably on burning coals and apply his tongue painlessly to a red-hot iron bar by utilizing this principle: at a certain range of high temperature, a thin film of water acts as absolute protection against heat. The trouble with this theory, as the Surrey tests showed, is 1) the fire walkers' feet were dry, 2) it would be difficult, under any conditions, to supply a uniform amount of water to the soles during a fire walk, and 3) moisture is not advisable, because embers are likely to stick to wet soles and cause blisters.

Still another explanation was offered by Joseph Dunninger. He asserts that the trick used by fire-walking Shinto priests in Japan consisted of making the fuel in the trench shallow in the center and deep on the sides, and starting the fire in the center. By the time the walking begins, the fire has burned out in the center, is still blazing at the edges, and the priests step on the cool ashes of the center. That may be the secret of the Shinto priests, but the pit at Surrey was filled evenly under the supervision of scientists. And an English planter in the Marquesas Islands, who was once teased by a local chief into fire walking, reported that the fire was hottest in the center.

These are the physical explanations. The psychological theories are more difficult to test. Having watched fire walking in Japan some years ago, Percival Lowell of Harvard concluded that the feat was made possible by the less sensitive nervous organism of the Oriental and the ecstasy of the walker (as well as the extremely tough calluses on his soles). A variation on the "ecstasy" theory is the suggestion of one psychologist that hypnosis is the secret. The fire walker, he says, has been hypnotized and provided with the same immunity to pain that can be observed even in a classroom demonstration of hypnosis. The fire walker may not know that he is hypnotized, but hypnosis is what the priest is actually practicing when he gives the walker his last-minute instructions. After the performance, while ostensibly putting a mark of holy ash on the fire walker's forehead, the priest breaks the hypnosis. Most psychologists, however, reject this explanation on the grounds that hypnosis may lessen the subjective feeling of pain but cannot prevent skin from burning.

It is well known in the East that yogi and fakirs can attain so profound a state of concentration on a single object that nothing else distracts them. In this state, the practitioner may lie on a bed of nails, keep a hand outstretched for days, remain motionless for a week, or perform other feats whose practical value is limited but which do demonstrate a control over the body that most human

beings are unable to achieve. According to some yogi, he who masters concentration can separate the soul from the body, so that the vacant shell does not feel pain. But since even a dead body will burn, this explanation is not satisfactory.

As far as the devout Ceylonese believer is concerned, the secret is simple: complete faith in Kataragama. Kataragama is a very powerful god. If, in desperation — at a time of serious illness, near-bankruptcy, dangerous competition from a hated rival — a man or woman vows to walk the fire in exchange for Kataragama's help, Kataragama may give that help. The amateur walker, then, is either a petitioner for supernatural assistance or a grateful recipient of it. His preparation may begin as early as May, when he arrives at Kataragama and puts himself under the direction of the chief priest. For three months he lives ascetically, abstaining from all sensual pleasures, eating only vegetables, drinking only water, bathing in the holy river near the temple, and going through religious rituals conducted by the priest. If he does all this, and if he has *absolute, unquestioning, complete* faith in Kataragama's power, he walks the fire unafraid and unharmed.

On the night we watched the fire walking at Kataragama, twelve people were burned badly enough to go to the hospital, and one of them died. These people, the devout believer will tell you, lacked either faith or preparation. Another man who lacked at least one of these ingredients was a young English clergyman who visited Ceylon a few years ago. This Protestant minister reasoned that the faith of a Christian was at least as strong as that of a Hindu, and he volunteered to walk the fire with the others. He did, and spent the next six months in a hospital, where doctors barely managed to save his life.

It is believed by the Ceylonese that Kataragama exercises absolute and somewhat whimsical control of the area within a fourteen-mile radius of his temple. His portrait, presumably life-size, shows a handsome, seven-foot-tall, six-headed and twelve-armed god, with two women and a blue peacock for companionship and transportation. Although he is technically a Hindu god, many Buddhists also worship him, or at least ask for his help when they are in trouble. Officially the god of war and revenge, he is probably more fervently worshiped and more genuinely feared than any other god in Ceylon. He has an A-1 reputation for protecting his congregation and, according to numerous legends, exhibits a genial playfulness in devising disconcerting mishaps for those who violate his minor taboos.

Most Ceylonese try to make at least one visit a year to his temple, not necessarily during the August ceremonies, but at some other time of the year when the settlement in the jungle is sparse, quiet, and suitable for meditation. Everyone manages to get to Kataragama sooner or later, it seems. My Hindu friend in the police department went one week, my wife's Muslim jeweler another, my Buddhist tailor a third. It is considered especially commendable to walk all the way to Kataragama, and many Ceylonese do walk there, sometimes carrying a large, colorful, paper-and-wood contraption in the form of an arch, which indicates that they are fulfilling a vow.

Our driver on the trip to Kataragama was a young Singhalese who told us that his name was Elvis. (He told Englishmen that his name was Winston.) His driving got a little erratic as the day wore on, and he finally admitted that, though a Buddhist, he was taking no chances with Kataragama and had been fasting all day. While we were eating, he warned our friends and us about certain taboos that visitors to the Kataragama territory were supposed to observe. One local rule forbade announcing an expected arrival time; that, said Elvis, was an infallible way of being delayed. Another dangerous thing to do was to speak disrespectfully of Kataragama. A Buddhist in a Renault immediately remarked that, the weather being ideal, we ought to arrive at Kataragama by six o'clock. And a Christian woman in a Vauxhall said that all this fear of Kataragama was nonsense; she had been there the previous year and had ridiculed the entire procedure, but nothing had happened.

When we finished eating we got into our Volkswagen and followed the other two cars. Suddenly it began to rain. It rained only for five minutes and, we learned later, only within a few hundred yards. As we carefully rounded a curve on the slick road we saw that the two other cars were now facing us. The Renault's hood was stuck halfway into a rock fence, and the Vauxhall was resting its side on the same fence. It turned out that the Renault had skidded and started turning in the road, and to avoid hitting it the driver of the Vauxhall put on her brakes. By the time the cars stopped skidding they had smashed into the fence. No one was injured except the scoffing woman, who had a painful but not serious bruise on the spot where an irritated parent might have been expected to spank his child. It took a long time to improvise pulling cables, disengage the cars, and tow them to a garage. We eventually reached the temple, just before midnight, and although all of these coincidences and superstitions can be logically accounted for, no one in our party made any more jeering remarks about Kataragama.





## A Story

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

*"More than a decade ago," says ROBERT FONTAINE, "I discovered I could write and that writing was the ideal occupation for a man who liked to get up at noon and go to bed at sunrise. I have been at it ever since." Theatergoers will remember Mr. Fontaine's play, THE HAPPY TIME, which was a success on Broadway.*

WHEN I was a kid, which is some time ago indeed, my father was very fond of baseball. I liked to play baseball. I was a fair pitcher and a very poor hitter. "Good pitch: no hit," as they say. But I was not too fond of watching other people play.

My father, however, found that baseball gave him an outlet, as, I imagine, it does many other men of his character. In my youth my father was an accomplished musician and spent his life with vaudeville actors and temperamental burlesque comedians. He was quiet, gentle, self-effacing, and, as I judged him then, just plain scared of other people. Sitting in the grandstand at a baseball game, though, he gave vent to all bottled-up irritations. His knowledge of baseball was fairly good, but not as good as one would judge, to hear his opinions on various matters on the field.

His voice was neither deep nor resonant. It was shrill, high, and piercing. When he called for the

death of the umpire he could be heard. He could be heard above the roaring crowd because he was on a completely different wave length, so that his fierce squeak penetrated into every corner of the playing field.

Often, when I was a child, I was afraid of what might happen to my father. Now and then a player or an umpire would look in his direction as if prepared to do battle. My father would lower his voice then and talk casually of other matters. After a while I got used to the whole thing. We went to ball games every Saturday and frequently to double-headers on Sunday, against my mother's wishes. She did not think Sunday a day for baseball.

Our procedure, my father's and mine, was always the same. We would walk a way and then stop for ice cream and proceed from there, on foot again, to the ball park, a mile or two from home. My father liked to walk. He sat down all day before a music stand, so it was good to stretch his legs.

When we got to the ball park, always forty minutes before the game started, my father would take a good cigar from his pocket, remove the band carefully, clip off the end with a pair of scissors attached to his vest, light the cigar, and puff happily.

"I like to watch them warm up," he would say in a half-apologizing tone.

On the way home, when it was almost dark, we would walk a way and then stop, and I would have thick chicken soup and orangeade while my father had an egg sandwich and coffee. We never changed the menu. I loved chicken soup and orangeade, and my father, whose teeth were quite bad, found that egg sandwiches were about the toughest thing he was able to chew comfortably.

This went on for years, and then I left home and there were no more baseball games. Decades later I would come home for a few days, and we would go through the same procedure.

One time, when my father was about sixty and had been forced to retire simply because of lack of jobs, we went to see a ball game. As usual, we walked. My father, who had an early dislike of public conveyances, was now bitterly opposed to

them. He claimed, possibly justly, that buses always took him past his destination and that when he wanted to board one it was never around. Walking was something on which he could depend.

When we got to the park, my father took out a cigar, a much cheaper one this time because he and my mother were living, and have lived since, on a much smaller income than they had had in his heyday. Just the same, the cigar was there and the little scissors to clip the end. We were very early, of course, and he said, as if it had been yesterday that I was a kid accompanying him, "I like to watch them warm up."

He had not altered his tactics. He cursed the umpire, or at least condemned him as much as possible without resorting to profanity. My father very rarely swore, nor does he today, his heartiest expletive being, "Gor ram it!" He also explained to me that the manager should never have signaled for a hit-and-run in the third inning and the third-base coach who sent that fellow in had no business being in baseball.

"They never learn," he said. "Baseball is full of boneheads."

I could not deny that. I have always been amused by the gravity with which sports writers credit managers and players with all sorts of sagacity when, in actual practice, a reasonably trained dog could do as well. And I have been a sports writer and covered baseball myself.

During the second game, after someone had hit a home run into the left-field bleachers, my father said, rather wistfully, "You know, in all my years in baseball — and I go back to Ty Cobb and all those fellows — I have never caught a ball in the stands."

"Well, neither have I," I said.

"Yes," my father agreed. "But you're still young. You've got years ahead of you."

After the game we walked home, and my father stopped and had an egg sandwich. I said, "It's time you had some good teeth. Why don't you get some good teeth so you can eat something besides egg sandwiches?"

"I eat beans," he said solemnly.

"Wonderful," I replied dully.

"I eat hash on soft toast. Your mother makes wonderful hash."

"You ought to get new teeth."

"I'd rather have hair," my father replied, after some thought. "But I can't afford either of them."

**Y**EARS went by again, after that. I got married and went to New York and to Hollywood and back to my home town at last with a wife and two fine daughters. My father and mother were still

living in the same small apartment, listening to the same radio, playing a little cards. They did not look very different, although my father was close to eighty and my mother in her middle seventies.

"We take vitamins," my father explained once, soon after I had settled in my home town again. "We read where they increase muscle tone in the aged about 32 per cent. They also practically eliminate headaches."

"Good," I said.

He smiled at me. "See?" he said.

I was very pleased. He had gone to the dentist and gotten a new smile. "Wonderful."

"I eat everything," he said. "I've only had them two weeks, and I eat everything."

My mother said, "The dentist said his ridges wouldn't hold teeth."

My father snorted. "My ridges are fine. I eat everything. Even corn on the cob."

"That money you sent him for Christmas," my mother explained.

"I really wanted hair," my father admitted, "but the teeth are fine. I'm glad I got them. I eat peanuts all the time."

I guess my wife and I and the children had been settled down a year or two when, one day, I began to think about how much my father liked baseball. I said to my wife, "I think I'll take Papa to Boston to a ball game. I bet he hasn't been in years."

"Fine," my wife said. "It's only about ninety miles. You can leave in the morning on the train and get back after the game."

"That's right," I said.

My father thought the baseball game idea was wonderful. The following Sunday there was a double-header between the Boston Braves and the St. Louis Cardinals. We took the train to Boston and we arrived at the station and went out into the street. "Shall we take a cab?" I asked.

My father was reasonably familiar with the city, but I was not. He had played there in the old days for shows like *The Dollar Princess*. He said, "Why don't we walk?"

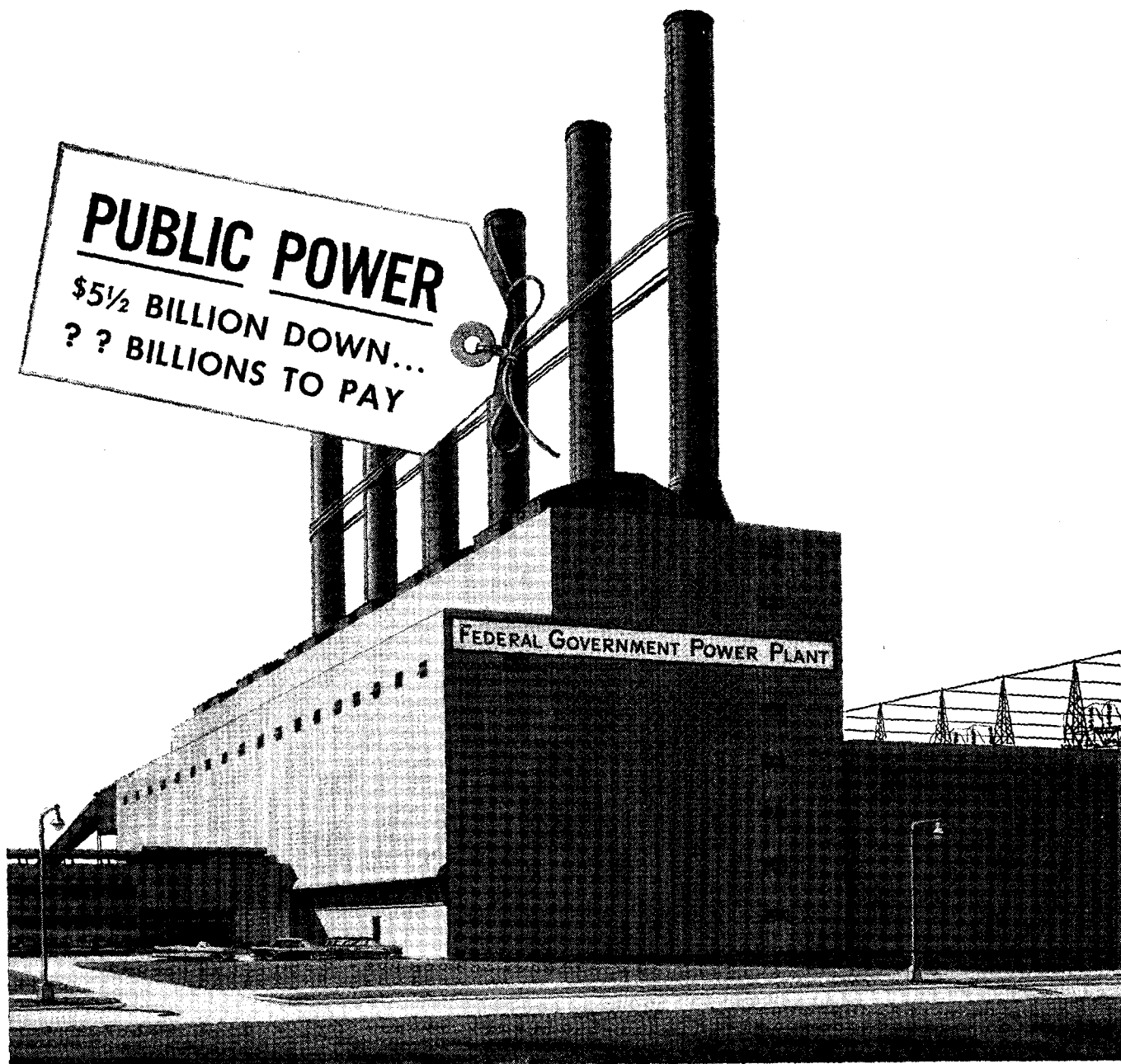
I shrugged. If an eighty-year-old man could walk to Braves Field from around Back Bay, so could I. We walked. We did. We walked all the way. I was exhausted, and I don't imagine my father was any too peppy. He didn't show it, though. He smiled with his new teeth and said, "Nothing has changed in Boston."

"Nothing ever does," I said.

We had good seats. My father took out a cheap cigar and went through his ritual. The game got under way after about a half hour, before which my father announced as casually as ever, "I like to watch them warm up."

"I know you do," I said, a little tartly. Then I shut my eyes and dozed off. I awakened in the





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fourth inning as my father's voice, now still higher, pierced through the crowd calling down the heavens on the Boston manager for failing to take out a pitcher.

I stayed awake during the rest of that game and into the second inning of the next. The score then was 7-0, and my father yawned and said, "I'm getting too old to take on a whole double-header. You mind if we go?"

I was delighted. I had been exhausted just from walking to the field. I got up. The batter struck at a ball, deflected it, and it came sailing right at my father. He lowered his head and stuck up one hand.

The ball hit his hand and fell on the floor of the stands. There was a wild scramble, with four little boys, a determined woman, and my father. In time my father came up smiling, the ball clutched in his hand. "First time," he said joyfully, "in seventy-five years!"

We went back toward the railroad station. My father insisted on walking, but finally we stopped and entered a café. It was quite an elegant restaurant, and I determined to have a good meal. My father, however, ordered an egg sandwich.

"Did you forget you had teeth?" I asked. "They have Cape scallops. They have filet mignon. They have everything."

"I like egg sandwiches," my father insisted, examining the baseball he had captured. "Too bad it wasn't a home run. I mean it was just a foul ball."

"You got it, didn't you?"

"Yep. First time in seventy-five years."

His energy replenished, my father insisted on walking the rest of the way. I said, "I thought you were so tired you couldn't last a double-header."

"I'm tired of *baseball*. That's all. After seventy-five years, I've had it."

We walked to the depot. My father seemed quite alert. At the end I had to lean against lamp-posts and stop and sit on stone steps on Commonwealth Avenue. My father said sympathetically, "You're soft, boy."

I was in the habit of visiting my parents for an hour or so every day. When I called the following day, my father greeted me warmly and told me what a good time he had had. He took the baseball out of his chest of drawers and looked at it, smiling. "You can see where the bat nicked the cover."

"You ought to give it to some little boy," my mother said. "Some poor boy would be happy to get a regular big-league baseball."

My father was stunned. "Give it to somebody?"

My mother said, "Yes, what good is it? Are you going to stuff it?"

"You see?" my father said to me. "Fifty years of this I've been through!"

I laughed, and we went on to other things. After I left, I occasionally thought of the baseball and I decided that my mother would eventually persuade him to give it to some boy in the neighborhood. I was wrong, though. When I came to see my parents the next day, the ball was waxed and sitting on a little pedestal on the dining-room table where the paper roses used to be. On the pedestal a little card had been tacked. On the card was printed in my father's precise hand:

FOUL BALL.

## MOVING LIGHTS

BY JAMES L. ROSENBERG

Boywise once on a rickety pier,  
I saw, as night drained down the bay,  
Two moving lights that floated on  
The burning edge of the dying day —  
Two moving lights: a phantom ship  
Sliding silent as a cat;  
The sucking water round the piles  
Was whispering with a wet flat slap.  
Those moving lights like floating thoughts  
Rode lightly through the whispering dark,  
As enigmatic as God's smile;  
The night bloomed black, with looming stars —  
These stars that here above my head  
Trace their ancient patterns tonight:  
Still moving lights, traversing still  
The wavering dark of my dim sight.



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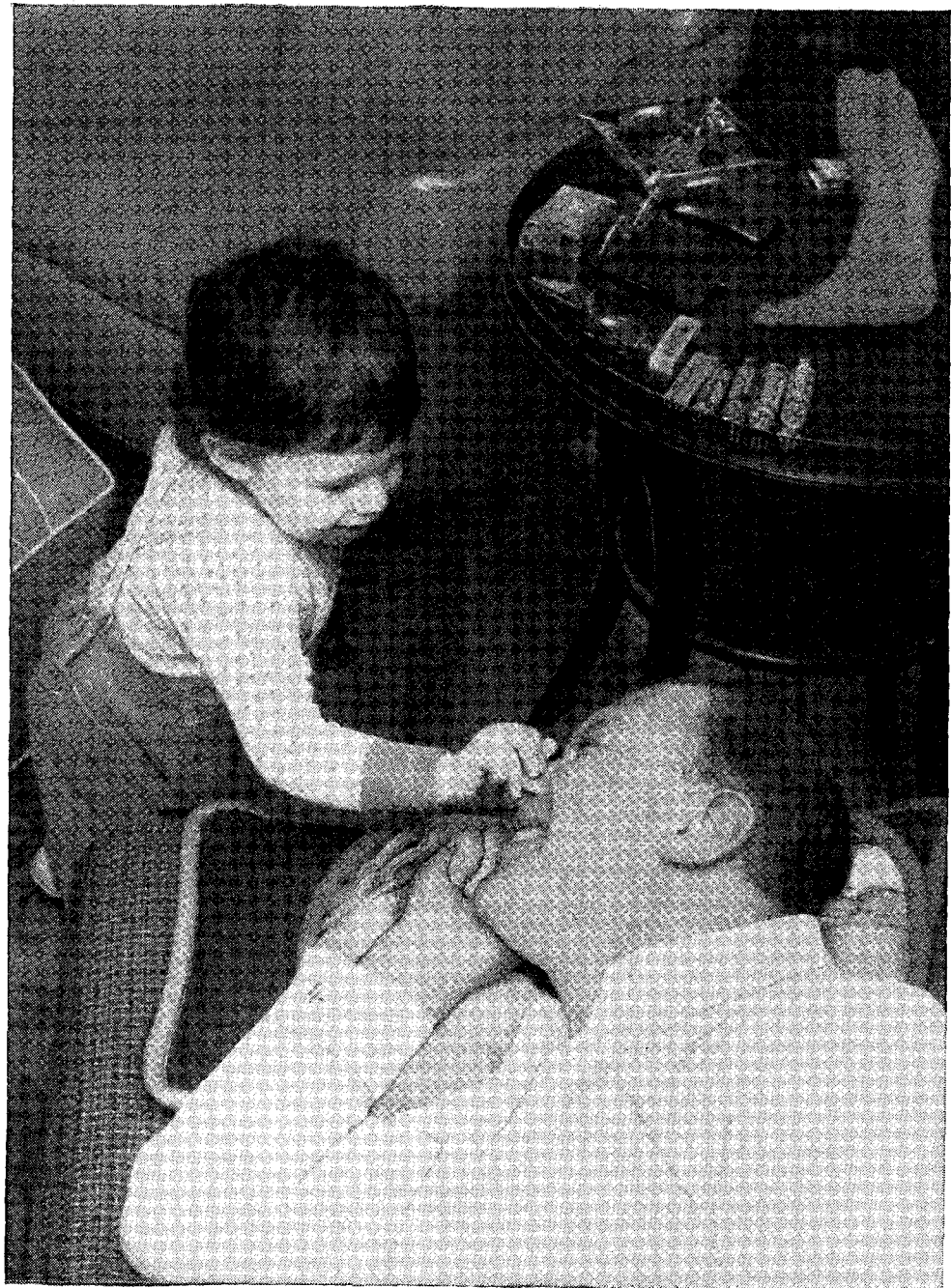
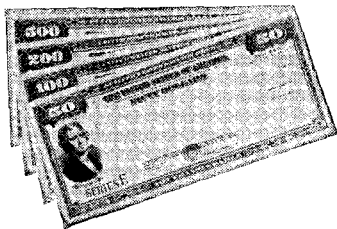
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# A HINDU AT OXFORD

BY VED MEHTA

*A Hindu who was born in the Vale of Kashmir twenty-five years ago and blinded by meningitis at the age of three, VED MEHTA came alone to the United States when he was fifteen to attend the Arkansas School for the Blind. From there he went on to Pomona College, and the maturity and self-assurance which he learned while there he described in his book, FACE TO FACE.*

WHEN I was a boy, one of my father's clerks who had served both English and Indian officers told me that the only way an Indian could "escape the black skin" was by getting an Oxford education. He went on to say that the British colonial servants were not typical Englishmen, and that the only way one could ever hope to know the real Englishman was by seeing him on his own soil. To him the best place on English soil was Oxford. He instilled in me the desire to see England, and Oxford in particular, which was not fulfilled until the autumn of 1956 when, after I had finished my first degree in America, an Oxford education was put within my reach by a scholarship at Balliol College.

My first real taste of Oxford came at the Balliol freshmen's dinner; "Balliol has a thirteenth-century foundation," our master enlightened us, "and is the oldest college at Oxford." We were to disregard similar claims by Merton and University Colleges, which were obviously spurious. After we had drunk a toast to the Queen, the undergraduate on my left explained that he had come to Balliol because within the last hundred years it had been the college of great men. Did I know, for instance, that Matthew Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Sir Lewis Namier, Professor Arnold Toynbee (and heaven knows who else) were all Balliol men? While I was still pondering the galaxy of men to whose com-

pany I was to be elevated by mere attendance at their college, my friend on the left continued: "This college is famous for its variety. It is a hot-bed of socialists, Communists, capitalists, reactionaries, and anarchists."

After dinner, we adjourned for coffee to the rooms of another newly acquired friend. As our host placed the coffeepot on a gas ring, he painted a picture of Oxford life. I need never leave my bed until noon; at least, one genius that he knew had got a first-class Oxford degree by staying in bed almost all the time with an abundant supply of cheese and biscuits and by having his books brought to him by his friends. A good student need never attend lectures, because most of the lecturers had written books and lectures were only a substitute for reading for oneself. One would, of course, have to turn up for individual tutorials, which usually took no more than an hour or two a week. For each tutorial one would naturally have to prepare an essay and read it aloud to the tutor, but he would only attack it mildly and, if one was not shy, defense would be easy. I was advised that if my tutor was in bed when I arrived for a tute, I should not begrudge him his sleep. I should knock gently and if he awakened withdraw into the junior common room (a lounge for undergraduates) where I was certain to be fetched by the tutor when he was ready for me. The wait, he assured me, would not be very long because tutors



were quite practiced in getting into their trousers quickly.

The pressure of work, my host assured me, would be very slight, as there is only one big examination which comes for every student at the end of his third year. The examination is, of course, important, as the mark on it determines the class of the degree one receives or, indeed, whether one fails or passes. But, if one works hard in the last year of one's Oxford career, one should be able to do decently in the examination.

As I was still in reverie, the host yawned slightly and, since I was beginning to feel the effect of the dinner wine, I excused myself and started toward my room and bed. My next-door neighbor walked out with me. "You know," he said thoughtfully but with authority, "you've got to beware of these chaps. It's a famous habit here to pretend that life is easy and genteel and that no one works, but don't you, for a moment, believe it."

I HAD my rude awakening when, a week later, I read my first essay on the Saxon invasions to a medievalist. The essay involved consulting, if not actually reading, from half a dozen to a dozen books. I worked hard throughout the week, and even then I had to stay up half the night before the tute. The experience of hearing my own words and sentences read aloud in the presence of a tutor was an excruciating ordeal. As I finished my week's labor, my tutor, who had sat still in his chair all through the essay, simply said, "Yes" and, clearing his throat, he asked me how many Saxons, I imagined, had come over to England; my paper had assumed at least half a million to a million. He pressed me as to how many ships, I thought, such a host of invaders would need for transportation; where did I suppose they could get the lumber to build the ships; how long would it take for the Saxons to build each ship; how long was the stretch of sea they had to cross; how much of a margin was I willing to allow for the multiplication of Saxons once they reached England? When he finished with me, I was left with no thesis — indeed, with hardly an essay! Reading, he told me, need not be exhibited in your essay. It should simply be used as a springboard for "fresh insights" and exercise of critical faculties.

I was made to understand that at the end of my Oxford career there would be thirty hours of written examinations crammed into one week, with a viva to follow. These examinations would be marked not by my tutors or anyone who was even remotely interested in my welfare, but by outside examiners. There was no way of forecasting the types of questions they might ask. In a

way, the examination would evaluate both the tutors and their pupils, because it was the tutor's responsibility to steer his students to the best and the latest material in the field and to raise the kind of questions in a tute which would prepare the student to think and be ready to cope with the uncertainties of an impersonal examination.

My first tutorial had created in my mind real doubts about the so-called leisurely life at Oxford. So, I looked up the host who had served us coffee after the freshmen's dinner. "What about it?" I asked him. "If I am to have tutes like the one this morning, there won't be any leisure or sleep for me." He laughed condescendingly. "What are vacs. for?" The question was rhetorical. He explained that at Oxford half of the year is given over to long vacations in which most of the undergraduates are supposed to do their best work. Term time was playtime. One attended clubs, societies, debates in the union, worked on the university literary magazines and, certainly, played darts at one's favorite pub. To compensate for this playtime, one literally slaved in the vac. and stored up as much reading material in one's head and notebooks as possible, so that one could dash off tutorial essays speedily. "After all," he told me, "one's tutorial work is simply a form of exercise for one's own benefit — and one gets the knack of it after a while." This explanation, though legitimate, seemed to be somewhat far-fetched. I was quite prepared to sacrifice my holidays on the altar of Oxford education. But, if my tutorial on Saxon invasions was an example, I would need a good part of a long vac. simply preparing for one essay.

As my first days at the university stretched into weeks, however, I discovered that what really lay at the heart of the Oxford system was the aristocratic structure of English society and education. Students who arrived at the university were so thoroughly prepared academically that they could cope with both the tutorial system and the final examinations (called here the Schools), and still devote time and unflagging energy to other activities. Every boy and girl had, as it were, been getting ready for an Oxford education of arts and manners from the time they graduated from their rompers. Their education was highly specialized; it was not at all unusual, I learned, for a headmaster to walk up to, say, a boy of thirteen and ask: "Boy, would you like to be in the scientific or the classical stream?" If he gave a promising answer, he would be placed in one of the streams and so by the time he reached the stage of the university entrance examination, he would

have acquired either all the linguistic tools (Greek, Latin, or whatever) for an education in the arts or a fund of data for a scientific education. This early specialization, coupled with a battery of examinations given from the age of eleven, determined whether one ever reached the university. The process of natural selection was so rigorous that, to prepare a nucleus for the university, an expensive boarding school or a highly selective grammar school education was indispensable. Underlying this education, there was an influential class structure of which the aristocratic education was only a part.

How the class society worked in education was made clear by simply observing the snobbery which went with certain types of students up at Oxford. Roughly speaking, in Oxford colleges there are patricians and plebs. The patricians are students coming from the professional or moneyed families, or from families with historic names or titles; these students are educated in public schools (public schools in England are private) and have their particular ancient boarding school stamp. Plebs are products of grammar schools, and their families have not been able to afford a boarding school education for their children. The grammar school men are not so much considered outsiders as invaders of this ancient university, because at one time education here was as much inherited as property or the name of the family. The public school men (although in a minority because of the post-war increase in university attendance) still form the "smart set" at Oxford colleges, who eat together, belong to select dining clubs, and shrink from the horror of admitting to their society a man who, while a brilliant conversationalist, might turn up at one of their meetings without a dinner jacket. Addresses in particular areas, a certain accent, the labels on clothes, all help to put the chaps in a special class with a near-monopoly in particular jobs — as, for example, in the British Foreign Office. The converse is true also; for example, traces of provincial pronunciation will automatically bar many a door for a man.

But the plebs of Oxford are, for all their disadvantages, patricians in the outside English society. Graduates of other universities (the English word is "redbrick" or "tramway" universities) invariably seem to lose when they are competing for a job against Oxford or Cambridge graduates, sometimes even when a redbrick man has a better degree than an Oxonian or Cantabridgian. This is not altogether unfair, as the educational system in England ensures that by and large the best minds end up at Oxford or Cambridge. While it is natural for an Oxford or Cambridge man to favor a graduate of his own university over other graduates, it does lead to the perpetuation of aristoc-

racy, and putting emphasis on the dictum, "Manners maketh the man," as a qualification for becoming a member of the ruling class.

The chaps, the grammar school gentlemen, and the redbrick men are but a part of the social order which still values gradations and lives on nuances of distinctions, titles, and offices. The important thing about this aristocracy, and about the attachment of the British people to honors, from the view of the experiment of the welfare state, is that the aristocracy which remains is, in large part, an aristocracy of talents and honors that are valued and are hard-earned in post-war England by those who receive them. Besides, for all the remnants of the old aristocratic England, there are strong leveling influences at work. For instance, the "invaders" are coming to the older universities in larger and larger numbers (70 per cent of the student population at Oxford and Cambridge receive some sort of state aid or grants), and the more enterprising of them are gradually working their way into places hitherto ticketed for the smart set.

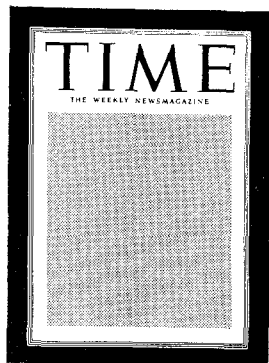
These influences may be of little consolation to the levelers who want to throw all the remnants of class structure, including Oxford and Cambridge with their gray flannel snobs, to the winds. More thoughtful men, however, are hard at work trying to reform aristocratic England by a compromise between Right and Left. The proposals to reform the House of Lords by using life peers as a counterweight to hereditary Lords, the plans to make the monarchy less removed from the people by closer contact between the Queen and her subjects, the numerous suggestions to open half the places in all public schools to state-supported scholars — all of these are products of a sober-spirited generation. But this new outlook has brought on daily outbursts of nationalism in the cheap press and broadside attacks on "establishment" — all peerage and monarchy. It has also made people tense about the too rapid change in values which is going on; one can find no better symptom of this tension than the Angry Young Men.

Having passed through stages of reactions toward Oxford — reactions varying from my first days in a trance, when I expected Oxford education to consist of simply drinking tea and wine beside the candlelight; to the discovery that the twin pillars which propped the educational system here were the tutes and the examination; to an understanding that, if the color of one's own skin did not determine whether one were a master or a subject, the name of the university did — I can say this: there is as much chance of overthrowing the prestige and weight of Oxford and Cambridge aristocracy as there is of dethroning Queen Elizabeth II in favor of a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell.



# To KNOW is to be modest

The man who insists he knows all about this or that often knows very little about *knowing* itself. ¶ To know is to be modest. To know even one field deeply is to know that you are only on an endless stairway toward knowing more. ¶ Perhaps that is why the Galileos, the Einsteins, the Edisons and the Tellers never thumped the desk and said, "There's one thing I *do* know." They always said, "There's so much we don't know." ¶ In knowing the news, the same thing holds. There are the glancers, who think headlines and highlights tell them all. But then there are the readers who really care about the news, about all of it, about yesterday's and today's and tomorrow's. ¶ They care about missiles and near-missiles, about Castro and Callas, about show business and all business, about everything little or big in the continuing story of mankind. ¶ It was for people like these that the first newsmagazine was invented. ¶ And it is to people like these that TIME has become a lifelong weekly habit, just as their favorite morning newspaper is a lifelong daily habit. ¶ To such people in millions of families throughout the free world, that weekly habit of TIME gets stronger with each year that passes.



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# BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

## *The Peripatetic Reviewer* BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE *Atlantic* has always taken an eager interest in young writers, for their sake and for our own; since we do not have the spending power of some of our larger competitors, we must of necessity find fresh talent and give it the best possible display in our showcase. This is one reason why I — and Bliss Perry before me — travel and lecture intensively: it is the most encouraging way of meeting on college campuses and off the beaten track those shy and dedicated men and women who are struggling to write.

Three years ago we received a short story from an unknown named Jesse Hill Ford. It drew a most vivid picture of a Southern heel and the girl he was betraying, but the ending did not seem quite right. We could not bring ourselves to accept the story — neither could we forget it. Mr. Ford wrote from Chicago, and with my note of rejection, which kept the door open for revision, I made a mental note to look him up.

We had our first breakfast together last fall in Memphis, Tennessee. Mr. Ford, who is thirty, had driven seventy miles to hear me the night before and had arisen at 5:30 that morning to catch me before I flew off to my next stop. We talked about writing, and to explain why he had moved back to the South he gave me a copy of an article he had prepared for his home-town paper, the *Nashville Tennessean*. These were the paragraphs that sank in:

"I left the concrete canyons of Chicago a year ago to come to Humboldt, center of West Tennessee's strawberry industry.

"But I didn't come here to pick strawberries. I came to write my novel.

"I am already famous. I have the biggest dog, the smallest car, the oldest house and the most scandalous children in town.

"And I'm *still* writing my novel.

"I left a good job with the American Medical Association's public relations staff to strike out

on my own. When I decided to begin writing full time, my wife suggested we move to Humboldt. After all, it's her home town, and she could teach school while I worked on my novel. Meanwhile our children would be free to rove and roam as never they were in the Windy City.

"Having been raised in Nashville, I was more than eager to return to Tennessee. We packed up our Volkswagen, and with our little girl, who is three, and our boys, who are four and six, we headed south. On the way down we stopped at Omaha, Illinois, and ordered a Saint Bernard puppy at a kennel there.

"Six months later I had made five dollars, averaging a little less than a dollar a month. The five dollars came from a sportsmen's magazine for a tip to fishermen on how to tape a fold-down fingernail snipper to a casting rod for clipping line. But the novel was going tolerably well and the Saint Bernard had arrived, with a small but insatiable appetite.

"I must explain that I am not an independently wealthy coupon clipper with oil wells in Texas. Would that I were! And unfortunately, no foundation has taken me to its bosom to nurture as I write. I am here and writing because my wife was willing to leave her household duties and begin teaching in the sixth grade after seven years of marriage. I am here because we were able to save a little during the years I spent in public relations, and I am here because my parents and her parents believe in me enough to bridge the gap between our income and our outgo.

"Naturally, we cannot afford my role as dollar-a-month writer indefinitely. Either I begin earning before the wolf breaks down the door or back I go into the salaried world of nine to five."

On January 21 I wrote, accepting Mr. Ford's new story, "The Surest Thing in Show Business," and telling him we should print it as an Atlantic "First" in the April issue. Back came this reply:



"There is jubilation here, and it is spreading like pond ripples after a stone; I am not going to say that I pinched myself, but I will say that I got a little giddy and almost waxed sentimental. I didn't open the letter until I was back outside the Post Office and on the way back up the sidewalk towards home. I'm always fearful when I open letters nowadays, especially those from Boston. So I held it a while and wondered. My dog, Captain, who is almost well after being hit by a car, was along with me, and his pal, the Labrador from next door, was along too. So finally I opened it and there your letter was, with the check.

"I'm sorry now I just didn't go ahead and yell. It's all right in Humboldt to yell. They haven't quite forgotten David Crockett, a former resident of this country, and on occasions, and this would be one, you can just holler and nobody cares. In fact they are sympathetic. But I just kept on walking until I got home where the kids were shut in with chicken pox and their grandmother was reading to them. We kissed all around and they yelled and did an Indian dance and then I took off up to the schoolhouse and showed my wife, Sally, and she called several of the other teachers out in the hall and they read the letter and came very close to tears.

"I came back home and the Cumberland Presbyterian preacher was there waiting for me. My father-in-law had told him down at the clinic and he was right there to shake my hand and read the letter. We talked about duck hunting a minute and he left and then the dogs had caught the excitement so they jumped the city trash collectors and I had to go out and separate them. Now I'm at the office writing you, and I want to say here and now that your letter couldn't have come at a better time.

"I suppose the way to repay something like that is to write the very best I can, and you can be sure, Sir, that I will bend every energy in that direction."

I think it we" that readers be occasionally reminded of the g... the dismay and sacrifice which young writers (and their families) make to be writers. There is a happy postscript to this: the story we originally rejected — in a letter which the author says "raised me literally out of the dust" — has been revised and accepted and will appear this summer.

#### THE THIRTEENTH JUROR

"A bank," said Bob Hope, "is a place that will lend you money if you can prove that you don't need it." That witticism came to mind when I

read the first news stories about Dr. John Bodkin Adams of Eastbourne. Here was a prosperous general practitioner who led the local Boy Scouts and taught Sunday school and who for decades had made a comfortable living taking care of the wealthy, aging widows in that English seaside resort. What possible motive could he have had in killing off these posh invalids, when they were worth so much more to him alive? True, the doctor had a lively expectation of favors to come in the wills — a chest of old silver or an aging Rolls-Royce which would be exempt from the high English taxes — but such anticipation could hardly have prompted murder.

When the Crown accused Dr. Adams of deliberately drugging a Mrs. Morell to her death, it precipitated the longest murder trial ever to be held in the Old Bailey and in several respects the most fascinating. It attracted to that famous courtroom the pick of the English bar, journalists from the Continent, and, among the crowding spectators, a novelist, **SYBILLE BEDFORD**, who sat in the press box throughout the seventeen days and whose penetrating, personal account of the proceedings, **THE TRIAL OF DR. ADAMS** (Simon and Schuster, \$3.75), is absorbing reading. She was, if you like, the thirteenth juror. Her purpose was to re-create the mounting tension of the trial, to show the judge's power of clarification, the credulity and persuasiveness of the witnesses, and the adroit and implacable questioning of the contending counsel. Ceaselessly she watches the doctor, who sits high up in the dock "like a contained explosive." She sees him bow to the judge when the court rises; she sees him actually "bounce in his chair in anger" when the specialists testify against his treatment of the patient or "swinging his head in mournful negation" at the inference of the prosecution.

Having served recently on a jury, I was struck by two differences in the English practice: the jurors are not locked up for the night as ours are, and the key witnesses — the three nurses — are overheard discussing the case as they come to the court and deciding what details it would be wiser not to mention. They are taken to task for this by the Queen's counsel for the defense, young Geoffrey Lawrence. With his compelling voice and clear profile, he makes an ever-deepening impression on the court, and the skill with which he demolishes the testimony of the nurses is the first of the surprises which he administers to the prosecution. Miss Bedford is soon under the spell of Mr. Lawrence, and she reproduces his probing in a deft, delightful way: "There is something in his fine and compact bearing that suggests the matador holding up the bull's ear." One can almost hear the jury listening.

The final shot is triple-barreled, and the result is not quite what the prosecutor may reasonably have expected: "Mrs. Morell told me," said Nurse Randall, "that the doctor had promised her he would not let her suffer at the end." With that admission a light flooded into the courtroom which the prosecution could never put out; the jury required only forty-four minutes to reach its verdict. This is a swift, intimate, and exciting exposition of British justice.

#### ELIZABETH THE REAL

"The aim of this book," writes ELIZABETH JENKINS in her preface to *ELIZABETH THE GREAT* (Coward-McCann, \$5.00), "was to collect interesting personal information about Queen Elizabeth I. As I have tried to focus attention all the time upon the queen, the shape of the book is very irregular; sometimes events of great importance are briefly mentioned or omitted while minor ones are dwelt on in detail." I doubt if there has ever been a more personal book about the Virgin Queen or one with so persuasive an explanation as to why she remained a virgin to her dying day.

The chapters on her girlhood are searing and pathetic. Her mother, Ann Boleyn, was executed before Elizabeth was three, but not before the child had witnessed the King's anger and Ann's passionate entreaty. Her stepmother, Jane Seymour, was gentle, and Elizabeth was never to forget the midnight christening of her brother, Edward VI, the delicate boy who was so devoted to her while he lived. Elizabeth was seven when Catherine Howard was dragged away shrieking from Henry's presence in Hampton Court, and the scene reopened a wound which was already neurotic and numbing. The Earl of Leicester, who came nearer to marrying Elizabeth and closer to rousing her love than any other man, told the French ambassador that "he had known Elizabeth since she was a child of eight, and from that very time she had always said: 'I will never marry.'"

Those charged with Elizabeth's education, as Miss Jenkins shows, were to supply the loving care which the princess needed. There were five of them, and they were her partisans for life. Katherine Champenowne ("Kat," for short), her governess, who recognized the child's remarkable abilities; the Welsh attendant, Blanche Parry, who afterwards became Keeper of the Royal Books and who of course urged her to speak Welsh; William Grindal, the young Cambridge scholar, who taught her the classics (in addition she learned four modern languages: French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish); and the master of her mature studies, the celebrated Roger Ascham. When Kat married John Ashley he added his quiet stability to the

little group. Such loyalties were needed: at twelve Elizabeth offended the King and was banished from court for an entire year; on Henry's death she was separated from her beloved brother; at fourteen she was being teased and nastily fondled by Admiral Seymour; and in her fifteenth year she was committed to the Tower by the jealous, suspicious Mary.

From such a crucible of experience there emerged a young Queen whom Miss Jenkins delights to write about, "a pale young woman of twenty-two, with a weird brightness like sea fire, and hands of miraculous delicacy," intelligent, unerring in her choice of words under stress, sure in her hold on the people, determined to avoid war and keep out of debt, fond of dancing, jewels, and spirited horses, loving flattery and the thought of marriage but not the act. She attracted the ablest men in the realm, foremost in his diligence, William Cecil, and they guided her in her long rivalry with Mary Queen of Scots. They pressed her, as did Parliament, to marry, and cannily she resisted. The high points in this book are Elizabeth's annual processions, when she saved money by living off her wealthy nobles; her fencing with the French and Spanish ambassadors; and her boisterous, long-dallying courtship with Leicester. In her age, when the Armada threatens and when the hawks, Raleigh and Essex, swoop down, the fun and the red hair are gone, but she is still the greatest ruler in Christendom, majestic, courageous, intricate, and eloquent to the end.

#### THE FOUNDER OF ISRAEL

An Erasmus with the light touch, wise and a wonderful talker, SIR ISAIAH BERLIN, professor of social and political theory at Oxford, has long been studying the origins of the Russian Revolution. His concise and brilliant essay, CHAIM WEIZMANN (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$2.25), is an evaluation of the man who founded our most vulnerable democracy; it is a definition of greatness, a study of the motives which led to Jewish nationalism and of the leading part which the Russian Jews played in that movement, and a delineation of leadership such as Carlyle would have rejoiced in. Sir Isaiah's judgments are the result of a long, close friendship, and they are expressed in a prose which is sensitive and forceful. I give one brief example: "They trusted him because he seemed to them an exceptionally powerful, self-confident, solid champion of their deepest interests. Moreover he was both fearless and understanding. He understood their past and their present, but above all was not frightened of the future." This is a little book to throw such a bright light.





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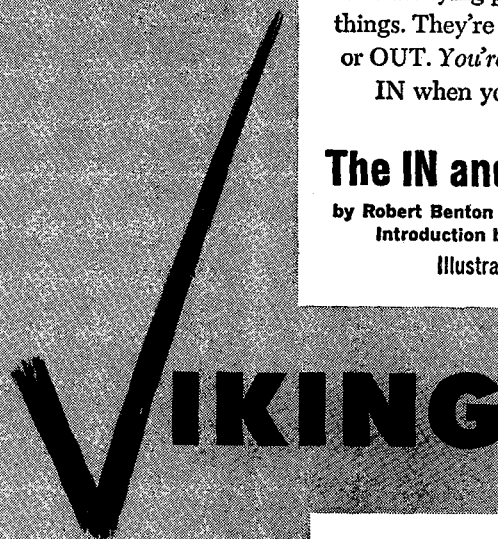
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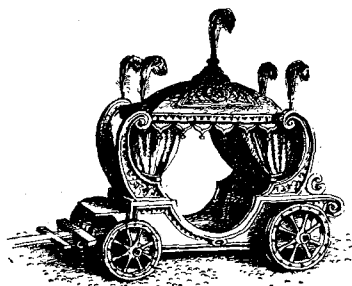
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## BOOKSHELF

### THE ATLANTIC

## Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO



The second volume of *THE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE: UNITY 1942-1944* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.00), which will be published in mid-May, is the chronicle of a triumph of faith and will which has few parallels in history. "France is only herself when in the front rank," De Gaulle wrote in *The Call to Honour*. "Vast enterprises alone are capable of offsetting the ferments of dispersion which her people bear within them." From this quasi-mystical belief De Gaulle derived, with perfect logic, the propositions which governed his wartime conduct and which are his justification for its Olympian inflexibility: the Vichyites were simply the "ferments of dispersion"; the real France was Fighting France, and as its leader De Gaulle became the repository of French sovereignty; but only by asserting that this sovereignty remained undivided and undiminished, by forming a government to exercise it, and by playing a role worthy of "the soul" of France could Frenchmen hope to restore the destiny of their lacerated country. Thus, when Churchill was urging De Gaulle to be more pliant toward Roosevelt, De Gaulle found it natural to reply: "I am too poor to bow." And when Eden, after a friendly meeting, said, "Do you know that you have caused us more difficulties than all our other allies combined?" De Gaulle answered, "I don't doubt it. France is a great power."

It is understandable that Roosevelt, for whom sovereignty resided in the polling booth, should have been suspicious of De Gaulle's mystique and dubious about his claim to speak for France. But it is hard to justify the persistence of Roosevelt's im-

placable hostility to De Gaulle long after it had become overwhelmingly obvious that French unity was crystallizing around him, that the attempt to cast Giraud in the leading role was a dismal failure, and that the Darlan deal (as Churchill has testified) had caused dismay and dissension throughout the Allied camp. Churchill's memoirs support De Gaulle's view that the Prime Minister, with whom most of his battles were fought, kept in step with Roosevelt's French policy only because he felt he had to. Demolishing persuasively the argument of expediency, De Gaulle attributes this policy to a messianic urge: "Roosevelt meant the peace to be an American peace. . . . France in particular [must] recognize him as its savior and its arbiter. Therefore the fact that France was reviving in the heat of battle . . . as a sovereign and independent nation thwarted his intentions." De Gaulle's opinion of Roosevelt is compressed into a barbed compliment — "This artist, this seducer."

The second major theme of *Unity* is the military contribution of the Fighting French and the appalling losses incurred by the Resistance — a contribution which the supporters of Roosevelt's flirtation with Vichy have churlishly slighted. The third theme is De Gaulle's struggle to draw together the various French factions and achieve agreement on plans for the administration of France and its empire. De Gaulle warned against a constitution which would once again make governmental paralysis the first principle of French politics; he called for democratic reforms in Algeria and held in check the maneuvers of the Communists. His fridity, his hauteur, his grandiloquence have, I think, obscured the fact that by and large his wartime grasp of realities was remarkably acute and far-sighted, that behind his exalted patriotism there was also statesmanship of an exceedingly high order.

From the literary standpoint, De Gaulle's memoirs — granted that they inevitably lose some of their luster in translation — are the most distinguished of any by the war leaders with the exception of Churchill's. De Gaulle's style — and there are critics in France who place him among the best French stylists of his era — is neither brightened by anecdote nor stained by pettiness. With



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its commanding lucidity and logic, its classic periods, its patriotic eloquence and stately dignity, it is the style of a man who dwells on the remoter heights, who speaks with the voice of "an instrument of destiny."

## CLASS AND STATUS

**THE STATUS SEEKERS** (David McKay, \$4.50) by VANCE PACKARD, author of *The Hidden Persuaders*, challenges the widespread belief that the prosperity of the nineteen fifties is causing the United States to become what official myth proclaims it: a classless society. It is Mr. Packard's thesis that the truth is quite the reverse, that "class lines in many areas of our national life appear to be hardening. And status straining has intensified."

American society, according to Packard, is beginning to resemble the pattern which prevails in the armed services, a college diploma being the equivalent of a commission. Packard rejects the conventional labels, Upper-Middle and Lower-Middle Class, because they suggest an association between two groups which seem to him as decisively separated as officers and other ranks: he refers to them as the Semi-Upper and the Limited-Success Class. Packard's chart of the social structure divides it into the Diploma Elite, which comprises the Real Upper and the Semi-Upper Class, and the Supporting Classes, which are the Limited-Success Class, the Working Class, and the Real Lower Class. Superimposed on this five-class system, Packard goes on to emphasize, is an ethnic class system, in which the rankings are based on national background, religion, and pigmentation. The main body of *The Status Seekers* is a study of class behavior and of the marks of status. Among the spheres it explores are jobs, real estate, the social conventions of the organization world, dress, taste, and manners, clubs, the churches, politics, and education.

Unfortunately, Mr. Packard has handled a subject that calls for subtlety and sophistication in the manner of an Innocent who has just discovered the prevalence of sin: though praiseworthy for its honesty, *The Status Seekers* is a pedestrian job. A number of Packard's findings, to be sure, are genuinely interesting; and some (pertaining to current snobberies and the zanier manifestations of



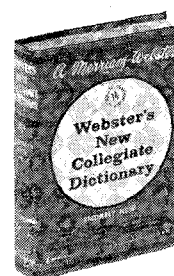
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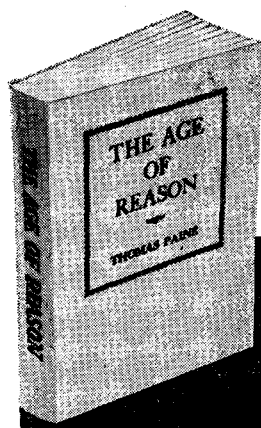
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status consciousness) have an element of grotesque comedy. But much of Packard's material is familiar and even crashingly obvious. He has succumbed to an occupational failing of writers on sociology, which consists in announcing, with the testimony of surveys and an air of discovery, something that everybody knows. We are solemnly informed, for instance, that cocktail lounges (according to Social Research, Inc.) are tonier than taverns and that caviar is relished by the classes rather than the masses. The writing does not help matters; it is drab and soiled with the jargon of sociology — the loathsome use of "typically" for "usually" or "generally" ("You can typically tell") is an incessant torture. And it does not take an American Nancy Mitford to detect boners in the passages that deal with what is U and non-U.

The analytic chapters do register a certain number of provocative points about the way unions "are developing a system of fixed 'estates' in life reminiscent of medieval guilds" and about the other factors which are causing American society to become more rigidly stratified. But, all in all, the book's analytic content does not reach far or dig deep — a crucial area in which no serious excavations are made is human psychology. The whole inquiry is flawed by a failure to recognize and explore the radical difference between class, which is (usually) specific and immutable, and status, which is elusive and changeable. In a rigid class system, everyone "knows his place," and status-seeking is at a minimum. It would therefore seem that the frantic pursuit of status charted by Packard — and, significantly, something quite similar is taking place in Russia — is a result of the withering of the class system rather than, as Packard concludes, a symptom of its recrudescence. I suspect that Packard is right in asserting that social stratification is becoming more rigid, but what is taking shape is hardly a class system in the conventional sense but rather a hierarchy of prestige with a great many gradations of status.

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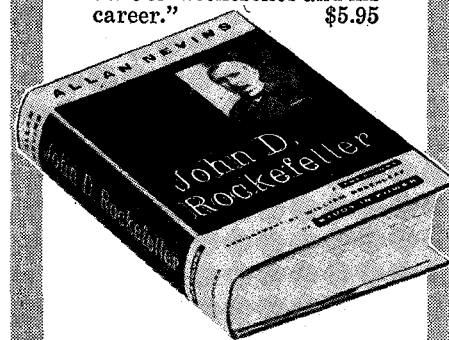
Pole. Shackleton never even reached land: his ship, the *Endurance*, became icebound in the Weddell Sea and was eventually crushed to pieces by the pressure of the ice pack, and after incredible adventures Shackleton led his party back to an outpost of civilization. Four decades later, an expedition led by Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary achieved the first crossing of Antarctica, which may well be the last great exploratory adventure on this planet. A book about each of these expeditions has recently been published, *ENDURANCE* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00) by **ALFRED LANSING** and *THE CROSSING OF ANTARCTICA* (Little, Brown, \$7.50) by **SIR VIVIAN FUCHS** and **SIR EDMUND HILLARY**.

The Fuchs-Hillary volume suffers from the restraints and obligations that must be heeded in the writing of an official account; its tone is comparable to that of Sir John Hunt's sober chronicle of the conquest of Everest. The most dramatic part is the thirty-two pages of magnificent color photographs (there are many more in black and white), which bring us a majestic panorama of the Antarctic landscape. The group led by Fuchs had to contend with terrifying hazards (among them, treacherous crevasses of vast dimensions), and it endured great hardships. It is no slur on the courage and prowess of these men to say that, from the standpoint of the armchair observer, contemporary science and technology have robbed exploration of some of its grandeur and romance. When you begin to think of just a few of the resources which contributed to the success of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition — radio and radar, airplanes, Sno-cats and other motorized vehicles, a great diversity of canned foods, an American base at the South Pole — you are awed by the thought that Shackleton and the other early polar explorers challenged the most formidable weapons in the arsenal of nature with not much more than human flesh and spirit.

In *Endurance* (a Book-of-the-Month Club selection), Alfred Lansing, an American reporter, has reconstructed Shackleton's voyage from diaries, interviews with the surviving participants, and other sources. The enthralling story he unfolds is a superb feat of re-creative chronicling, as precise and vivid and charged with feeling as though it were an eye-

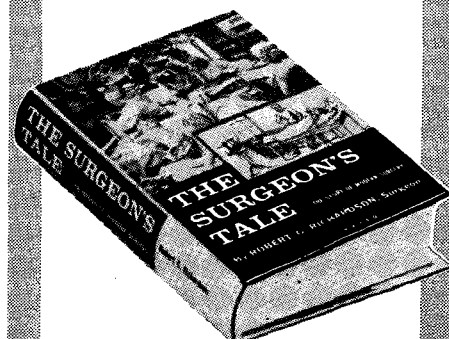
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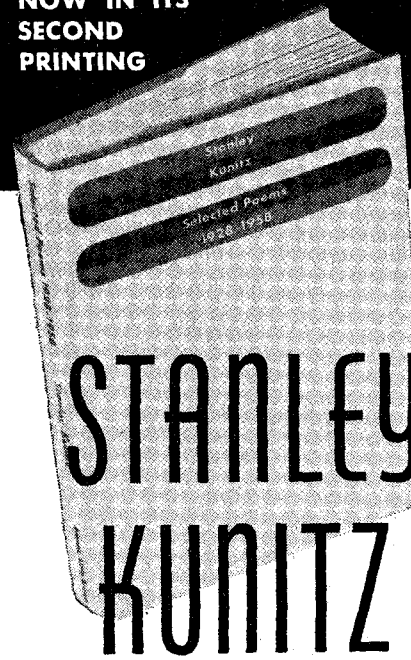
witness account. When Shackleton abandoned ship on October 27, 1915, he and his party, after spending nine months in the frozen Weddell Sea, found themselves marooned with flimsy tents and three small open boats on an ice pack of nearly a million square miles. Their first plan was to try to march to the nearest outpost of humanity, twelve hundred miles away, but patches of water halted them. They had no choice but to camp on a drifting ice floe and hope it would carry them northward into waters open enough for them to launch the boats. They depended for their food on killing seals and penguins, and there were periods when they suffered terribly from hunger. They were perpetually soaked and frozen and frequently tortured by fearsome gales. The ice floe which was their refuge kept breaking up until it was less than a hundred yards wide.

In April, they took to the boats and fought their way through tempestuous seas to a desolate, forbidding island. From here a rescue party under Shackleton made a still more nightmarish voyage to South Georgia — sixteen days in a twenty-two-foot boat across the Drake Passage, the most dreaded stretch of ocean on the globe. And after landing in South Georgia, Shackleton was faced with yet another ordeal: to reach the whaling station on the opposite side of the island he had to climb across an unmapped and ferocious range of mountains. It is difficult to comprehend how any human being could have survived the appalling and prolonged hardships which Mr. Lansing has so graphically described. But the amazing truth is that no member of Shackleton's party lost his life. The story of Shackleton's expedition is unquestionably one of the epics of human endurance.

#### MAUGHAM'S FAREWELL

SOMERSET MAUGHAM has announced that **POINTS OF VIEW** (Doubleday, \$4.50), a collection of essays, is the last work he will publish. Its subjects are the novels of Goethe; the life of a twentieth-century Indian saint, the Bhagavan Maharshi, whose hermitage Maugham visited in 1936; the prose of Archbishop Tillotson, which, by its influence on Dryden and Addison, was a primary source of the great change in English writ-

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ing from the ornate style to the plain; reflections on the short story; and the journals of the Goncourt brothers and of two of their contemporaries.

The piece on the short story is largely a restatement of earlier dissertations, and none of the other items represent Maugham at his best. But all of them, with their skillful use of compressed biography to complement and humanize the lucid discourse, show that Maugham is still in full possession of his uncanny knack for capturing the reader's interest with any subject to which he turns his hand. This is a considerable gift, and in Maugham's case it is allied to a rich and varied experience of the world and an erudition which, though he has worn it lightly, is larger than that of many certified heavyweights. But in spite of all these resources, Maugham has expressed, in his nonfiction as well as his fiction, a curiously limited vision. In his neatly ordered, well-lit world, the complexity of human behavior is for the most part reduced to tidy paradoxes that illustrate Maugham's favorite platitude, "human beings are not all of one piece"; and life seems to take its cue from one of a handful of cut-and-dried themes, inspired by a psychology whose pillars are the pat insights of urbane cynicism.

This psychology and the emotional aridity that underlies it are apt to cause Maugham to simplify or to diminish in some way whatever he touches. In *Points of View*, the invincible matter-of-factness with which he draws the portrait of the Maharshi, whom he speaks of as "a saint," is better suited to encourage skepticism than to suggest spiritual nobility. And granted that Goethe's greatness is not to be found in his novels but in his poetry, I cannot help feeling that the figure in Maugham's essay is a Goethe from whom something has been subtly subtracted. Whatever his limitations, Maugham is a writer whose best fiction will probably outlive that of a number of novelists currently esteemed by serious criticism. Even in the essays on Goethe and the Maharshi, one is always pleasurably aware that the hand at work is that of a magisterial storyteller.

#### THE AMBITIOUS AMERICAN

Of the American novelists now in their thirties, one of the best is

**HERBERT GOLD**, who has just published his fourth novel, *THE OPTIMIST* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50). It is written in a style that is vigorously charged with both passion and humor; and it brings subtlety and individuality to the treatment of a classic American theme, the price of ambition, which has demonstrated a sinister capacity to make novelists resort to overemphatic strokes and obvious colors.

The story focuses on episodes in three phases of the life of Burr Fuller: college, the Army, and his entry into politics at thirty-five, when he is a lawyer in Detroit. Fuller bears no resemblance to the conventional ruthless careerist who consciously subordinates everything to the pursuit of success. At seventeen, he "dreamed of nothing less than perfection — intellect, body, achievement . . . friendship . . . and the love of some faceless beauty who . . . would be a profound palper of souls and a swell dancer. He saw no reason why he shouldn't get everything he wanted if he rinsed out his own socks and obeyed his own dreams." As a man, Fuller still wants the whole of his life — work, love, family — to be of one piece. He does not recognize — despite the reproaches of his idealistic friend, Mike, a stereotyped characterization — how decisively he has let ambition take precedence over human responsibilities and convictions.

When he is invited to run for Congress, Fuller has been married for ten years to Laura, who, when he fell in love with her at college, was an all-American dream girl. Though he still loves her, Laura feels neglected and deprived; she has changed into a jittery, dissatisfied young woman who worries about her skin and her neuroses. The political campaign increases their separation, and Fuller gets involved in an affair with a sexy beauty who is working on his team. Mr. Gold's climax leaves unresolved the dilemma of the American optimist; Fuller recognizes that somewhere, somehow he has gone wrong, that his desires have not brought him satisfaction. But an inner voice continues to say to him: more, more, more!

The structure of *The Optimist* is not as tight and coherent as it might be; one feels that Gold has struggled with his subject without achieving full command of it. But the main characterizations are persuasive and

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interesting; one of the minor ones is first-rate—the portrait of a fraternity big shot, a slimy, demagogic conformist—and the language and feeling are those of a real writer.

MISS ANNA

SPINSTER (Simon and Schuster, \$3.75) by SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER, the first novel of a retired New Zealand schoolteacher now in her forties, is one of those rare books that create a world of their own. The narrator, Anna Vorontsov, is an "infant mistress" in an outpost school in New Zealand, and her story is in effect a portrait—and a wildly original one—of the artist as a teacher.

In the distant past, Anna has loved a man who did not offer her marriage, and now, no longer young, she dreams of men but is allergic to philanderers. Lonely, impulsive, hypersensitive—in fact, more than a trifle dotty—she is burdened with guilt about her inefficiencies, braces herself for the day with half a tumbler of brandy, comforts herself with luxurious weepings, and is hounded by titanic headaches. For all her hysteria, she is vibrantly alive and brave and dedicated to her "Little Ones"—Maori, white, and half-caste. An inspired teacher, she seeks, by love and understanding, to prize off the lids that weigh on infant hearts and minds. She knows that her crusade against orthodoxy and tradition is ruining her professional status, but when the time comes to leave her job, she can look back on it with a deep sense of fulfillment.

Some readers may well find that Anna's overintensity grows monotonous and cloying. For my part, I felt that the novel would have gained from some compression but that it has considerable enchantment. The sentences have the precision, sensuousness, and *élan* of the movements of a beautiful dancer, the feeling is tender and often wryly amusing, everything is fresh and spontaneous. And throughout the story, the voices of the "Little Ones"—Matawhereo, Patchy, Ronga, Bleeding Heart—are raised in a beguiling chorus: "Miss Wottot! Miss Poppoff! Miss Vorontokok! . . . Seven he punch my stomat for notheen, Seven. . . . Miss Vorontsov, how old do you weigh? . . . Somebodies, they taked my paper. . . . Somebodies, they tread my sore leg for notheen. Somebodies."

## BEETHOVEN FOR THREE



Here is some unusual music—a concerto, a large one, with not one soloist but three. Listening to it is a little like hearing a Beethoven trio and one of his symphonies at the same time—a musical banquet in terms of sheer sound! Bruno Walter conducts this fine performance.

**BEETHOVEN: Concerto in C ("Triple");** Leonard Rose, Cellist; Walter Hend, Pianist; Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic ML 5368

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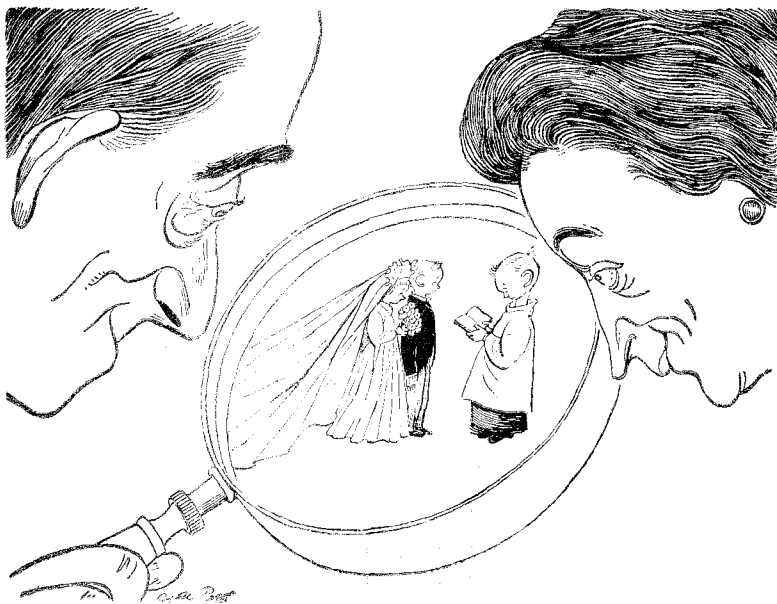
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# Accent on

A READER in Florida was kind enough to send us recently the front page of a section in the *Miami Herald* captioned "For and About Women." Dominating the page, upper right, is a five-column photograph of two children in wedding attire and a third who bears a small cushion, all grinning earnestly. Those who had thought that the Florida schools were falling down on the job will be reassured by the description accompanying the picture:

O promise me that one day you and I can spend a honeymoon on Mars, live on Saturn and retire on the Moon. Until then bride and groom Donna Schwartz and Blair Moore and their ring bearer Paul Eckman will have to content themselves with being fourth graders at South Hialeah Elementary School. Friday they'll be principals in their class's formal Tom Thumb wedding and reception whose cast of 35 includes soloists, train bearer and flower girl. The bride's costume is imported alencon lace over slipper satin. The ceremony takes place at 8 p.m. in the school cafetorium. Parents will be among the guests.

Lilliputianism has long charmed a certain segment of the adult population, and its achievement of curricular status need surprise no one. It is what draws crowds to a Queen's Dollhouse and fills the catalogues

of scale model railroad equipment. The charm bracelet is a good example of Lilliputianism; a frying pan or a chamber pot, executed in gold and sufficiently tiny, becomes a "conversation piece" and as amusing as all getout. The citadel of Lilliput is of course Disneyland, where adults and tots alike can gape their fill at an industrial empire founded on littleness, with overtones of sorcery, the Epic of America, and talking mice.

Probably none of the miniatures can fire the imagination like the old-time flea circus, with its flea driver in his flea-drawn cart, the flea bride and groom, firemen, policemen, and other performers. Whoever would have thought that a *flea* had the intelligence . . . All of which raises the question: Is not Lilliputianism closely akin to, or perhaps a form of, anthropomorphism? And might it not be called anthropomorphic to deck out young children in the guise of adults and put them, in flea-circus style, through their paces in a marriage ceremony?

Incongruity is another ingredient in these preoccupations. Almost any Sunday supplement will provide the standard examples. One cycle of them will begin with just a cat, then the same cat in a bonnet with the ribbons tied under its chin, the cat wearing spectacles and looking

grandmotherly, bride and groom cats, mother and father cats, and ditto in dogs.

Children are shown not in their own play and fantasy, but in elaborate incongruities devised by adults: children, on the occasion of their "graduation" from kindergarten, costumed in white academic gowns and white mortarboards, tassels and all; the richly caparisoned baby, whose plumed and preposterous hat calls to mind the Holbein portrait of Edward VI as Prince of Wales at age four (any weird enough outfit on a baby will draw ooh's and ah's from female passers-by); the homunculus dressed "just like Dad," with the effect of Pope's line, "Each sire impress, and glaring in his son"; small boys, organized and drilled by adults in "little leagues" in imitation of professional athletes. The grownups who esteem the picture of an English bulldog smoking a pipe or a poodle in a rhinestone choker and pillbox hat should turn out eagerly for the Tom Thumb wedding. (It would be good to know, incidentally, what the textbooks have laid down about teaching the Tom Thumb wedding, how to set one up and make it a success and the do's and don't's for all concerned.) And if a Tom Thumb wedding comes, can the Tom Thumb divorce be far behind?

CHARLES W. MORTON

## THE WAIST LINE

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

*Negli occhi era ciascuna oscura e cava,  
pallida nella faccia, e tanto scema  
che dall' ossa la pelle s' informava.*

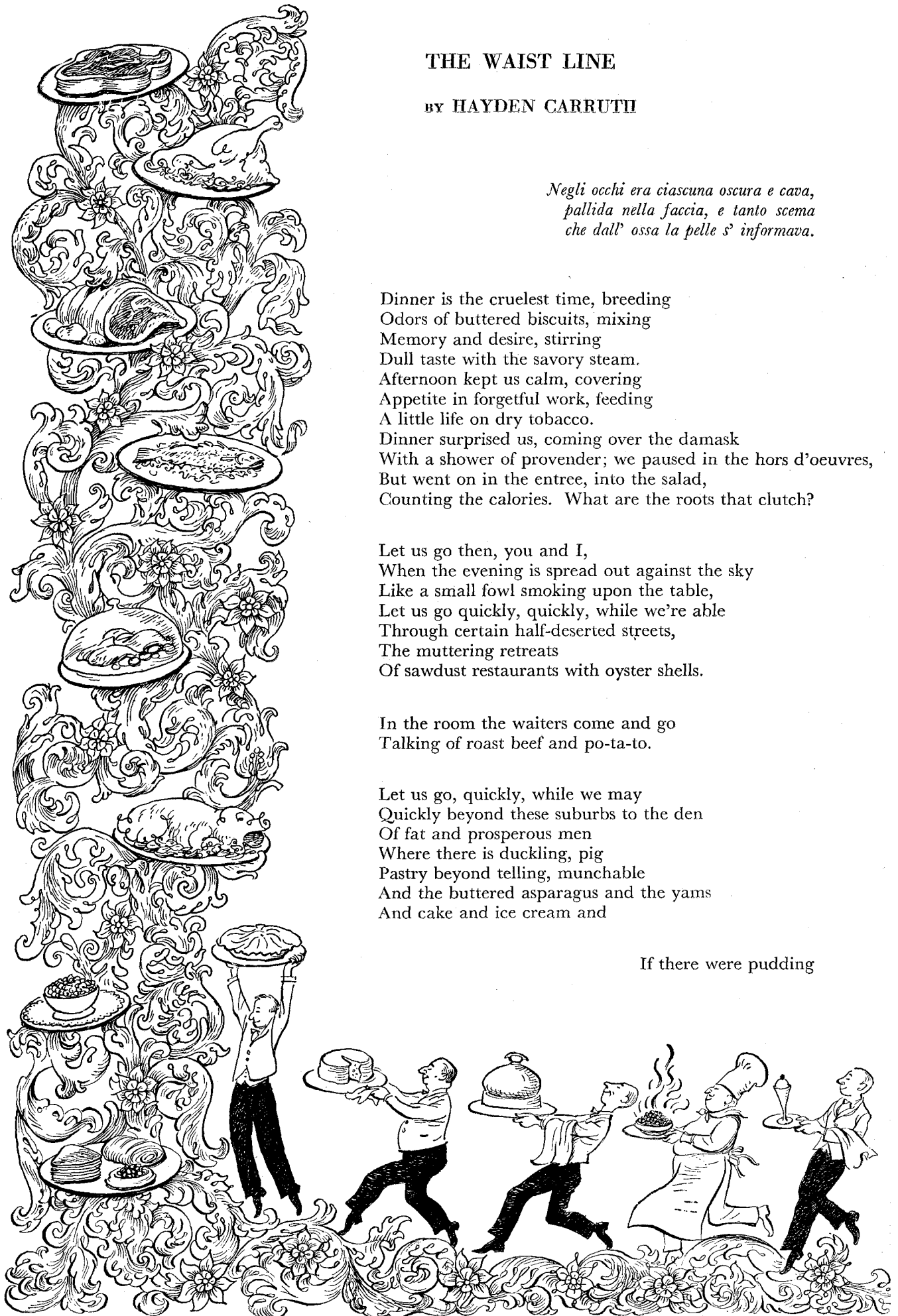
Dinner is the cruelest time, breeding  
Odors of buttered biscuits, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull taste with the savory steam.  
Afternoon kept us calm, covering  
Appetite in forgetful work, feeding  
A little life on dry tobacco.  
Dinner surprised us, coming over the damask  
With a shower of provender; we paused in the hors d'oeuvres,  
But went on in the entree, into the salad,  
Counting the calories. What are the roots that clutch?

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a small fowl smoking upon the table,  
Let us go quickly, quickly, while we're able  
Through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats  
Of sawdust restaurants with oyster shells.

In the room the waiters come and go  
Talking of roast beef and po-ta-to.

Let us go, quickly, while we may  
Quickly beyond these suburbs to the den  
Of fat and prosperous men  
Where there is duckling, pig  
Pastry beyond telling, munchable  
And the buttered asparagus and the yams  
And cake and ice cream and

If there were pudding





And no pie  
 If there were pie  
 And also pudding  
 And pudding  
 A kitchen  
 A bakery among the suburbs  
 If there were the smell of pudding only  
 Not the halibut  
 And the dry chard burning  
 But smell of pudding in the house  
 Hiss bubble hiss bubble bubble  
 But there is no pudding

Thou art not, Luchow's, built to envious show . . .

That was a way of saying it, not very satisfactory.  
 The truth is that one has certain resources, not  
 Very satisfactory either, but one's best. They stay  
 One usually through the long campaigns, the courses,  
 The dire gravy, the fierce hollandaise, the stuffing.  
 Yes, but the sudden sweetmeat, the precipitate pâté . . .  
 Lord I am not worthy  
 The desert in the garden the garden in the desert  
 Of drouth, spitting from the mouth the withered apple seed.

Between the appetite  
 And the surfeit  
 Falls the calorie chart

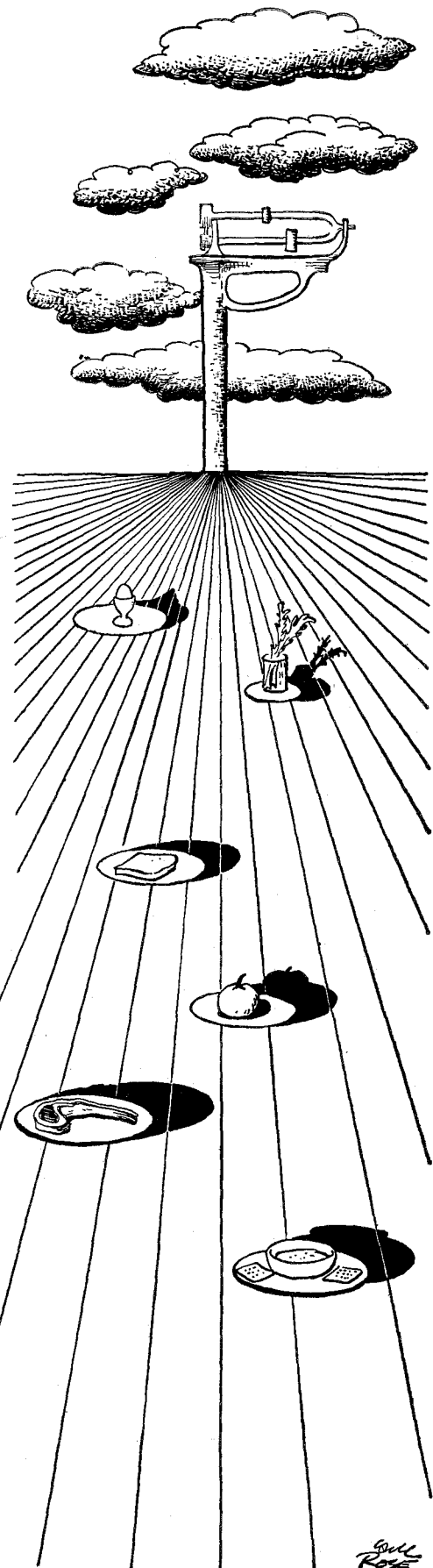
*We are the hollow men*

Between the foretaste  
 And the aftertaste  
 Between the expectancy  
 And the succulency  
 Falls the calorie chart

*We are NOT the stuffed men*

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye,  
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds *baked in a pie* —

This is the way the dinner ends  
 Not with dessert but a whimper.



**COLUMBIA** 

 $\infty$



odd convention, it was virtually obligatory for any clerk blessed with more than one suit. Obviously all these time-encrusted conventions are bound to go: the somber costume, the ecclesiastical hush, the rubber heels, the whispered financial confidences between confessor and confessed, the furtive passing of folded slips of paper, the service so leisurely as to seem at times stationary. The whole system had one purpose only, to frighten undesirables away and to impress the inner few with the breathless sacrosanctity of £.s.d.

But what now? The £.s.d. is being shoveled over the counters like popcorn, and all pretense is over. The façade must crack and crumble. A hard white collar and tight black coat were clearly *de rigueur* for the manager dedicated to a stony "No, no, no." When it's "Yes, yes, yes, why not take double?" nothing will do but a sharpish Glen Urquhart check and a companionable billow of cigar smoke. The voice need no longer, must no longer be kept low. "Let Mr. Crouchthorne have another thousand!" bawls the manager, buttock-deep in bullion, and his tones ring down the street and catch the ear of four or five loafers who were intending to oblige the bank next door, but now turn into his.

Somehow, too, the traditional hush must be dispelled. I have read that there are American banks where organ music plays, muffling the coarse rustle of currency. I suppose, in Britain too, that this must come. For the time being, however, the new, openhanded, drive-in banker will have to make do with the music of the sports car's exhaust; and the old, noting the mounting incidence of armed holdups by masked gunmen who can't break the now needless habit, can at least hope that one of them will shoot him while he still has his self-respect.



## "I Don't Like The Catholic Church BECAUSE..."

Ask many non-Catholics to finish this sentence in 25 words or less, and their answers might surprise you.

Some of them, no doubt, would attribute their opposition to doctrinal differences. They might be critical of some or all of the Seven Sacraments accepted by Catholics. Others might not like the Church's ritual and devotions, or even the Catholic attitude on social questions.

But none of these is the dominant reason for the opposition of some people...and the unwillingness of others to inquire into the truths of Catholicism.

The great stumbling-block is the unwillingness of many people to believe that Priests and Bishops and a Pope...all men like themselves...are vested with divine authority to speak for God.

They refuse to believe that another human being has the authority to forgive sin, even though Christ told the Apostles: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." They reject the idea that God delegated any of His powers to mere men, even though Christ gave Peter the power "to bind or loose on earth," and promised the disciples: "He that heareth you, heareth me."

Those who reject the discipline of the Church will contend, at times, that God would not have delegated His powers to any but the spiritually perfect...and there are no such people. In contradiction of this, Christ clearly *did* appoint deputies to teach His gospel and...though He did not make them personally immune to temptation and sin...He

guaranteed them against error in the teaching of His gospel.

It is quite possible that a perfectly sincere person...after fully investigating the Catholic religion...might not in good conscience be convinced that he should become a Catholic. But if it is true...as claimed since the time of Peter...that the Catholic Church is Christ's true church, those seeking religious truth should not be deterred by personal objections to some aspect of Catholicism which may become acceptable to them upon investigation.

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# THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

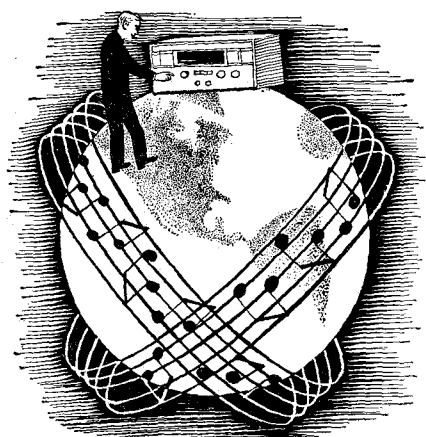
JOHN M. CONLY

THE MILLION-DOLLAR AVOCATION

WHEN, in the course of Siamese events, it became desirable for young King Phumiphon to take to himself a bride, the international brotherhood of heads of state was thrown into a perplexity. For what does one give as a wedding present to a man who already has everything (including *real* white elephants)?

Not among the perplexed, however, were President and Mrs. Harry S. Truman. King Phumiphon was known to be a music lover, and Mr. Truman was the only American President ever to be seen in public following a performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony with a score. These circumstances simplified matters. The Trumans called promptly on the man likeliest to solve their gift problem: Avery Fisher.

Within weeks, from Mr. Fisher's New York factory there went out



bound for Bangkok a most magnificent high-fidelity custom phonograph. Set into its hand-rubbed woodwork was a large silver plate, inscribed with the good wishes of the donors. "As if," says Fisher now, with a hint of a grin, "the King was likely to forget who gave it to him."

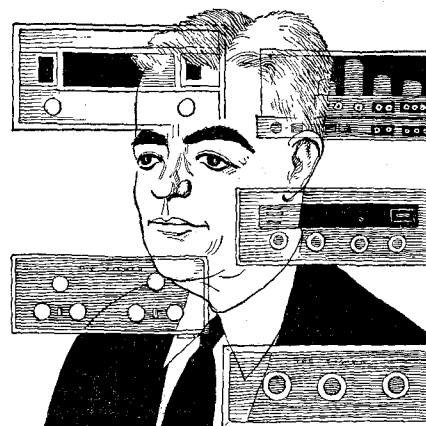
The order for the King of Thai-

land did not disturb the Fisher establishment a bit. In the last twenty-one years, Avery Fisher has become, beyond much question, the leading purveyor of phonographic high fidelity to the world's Very Important People. If you visit the Maharajah of Indore, you will find in his palace a Fisher phonograph. And one of the most elaborate of all Fisher custom installations adorns the living quarters of the Shah of Iran, Mohammed Riza Pahlavi. "Quite a hi-fi man," Fisher comments, "as well as a good sports-car driver; the two things seem to go together."

The list of Fisher's notable clients resounds so nicely and reflects so much hard work, taste, and attention that a small sampling of its membership seems warranted: Max Ascoli, Irving Berlin, Dr. Arthur F. Burns, Lee J. Cobb, S. B. Colgate, Bing Crosby, Thomas E. Dewey, four of the Mesdames Du Pont, Mrs. Marshall Field, Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, Ira Gershwin, Huntington Hartford, III, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Lillian Hellman, Henry J. Kaiser, Elia Kazan, Joshua Logan, Claire Boothe Luce, Fredric March, Gian-Carlo Menotti, Mitch Miller, Henry Morgan, Newbold Morris, Malcolm Muir, Mrs. J. C. Penney, M. N. Rand, Roy Rogers, Baron Maurice de Rothschild, Andr s Segovia, Edward Steichen, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Jennie Tourel, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, and Sergeant Friday.

The only trouble with this list is that Avery Fisher would consider it incomplete, because it does not include Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold is the operator of a neighborhood hand laundry in New York, and he came calling upon Fisher one day last year. (Fisher, incidentally, owns or leases nearly a block of buildings in Long Island City, and it takes a

good ten minutes, from a standing start, to find his office.) Gold had put together a high-fidelity music system which incorporated several Fisher components and which did not seem to be working as it should. He was distressed. Fisher received him (he receives everybody) and



astounded him further by suggesting that they go to Gold's home.

They did, and Fisher reports on the venture: "I went in and I saw a record collection second to none I know of, at least in quality, not even to WQXR's, let alone my own. Not only LPs but 78s. Everything was there that ought to be there, the choicest and most essential things. He went to work on the music system and quite easily made it sound right. But he will not forget Mr. Gold in a hurry. Mr. Gold is the man whose name, Fisher hopes, is (or will be) legion. "This is our intellectual nobility," he says, "make no mistake about it. And it is a very encouraging thing."

Everything seems to encourage Fisher; there has been a kind of serendipity in the course of his life. He is now in the beginning of his fifth decade, a sturdily built man with an orderly thatch of gray hair

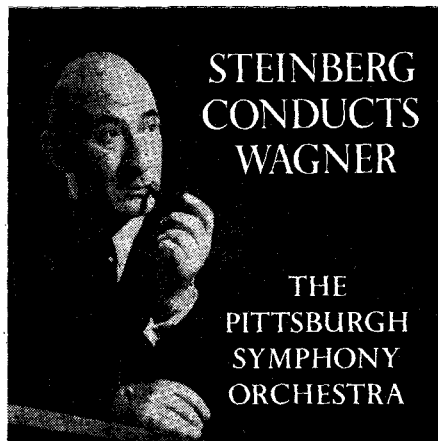


# WILLIAM STEINBERG

## AND

# SOME OTHER GIANTS

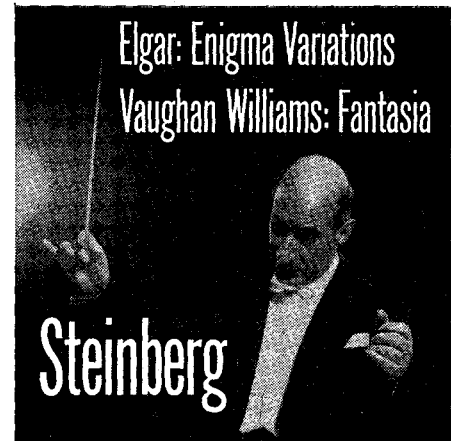
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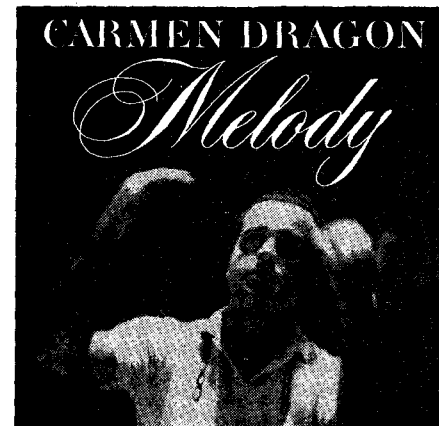
MOZART: *Symphony No. 40 in G Minor; Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*.....(S)P 8432

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7*... (S)P 8398 • BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 1*.....(S)P 8340

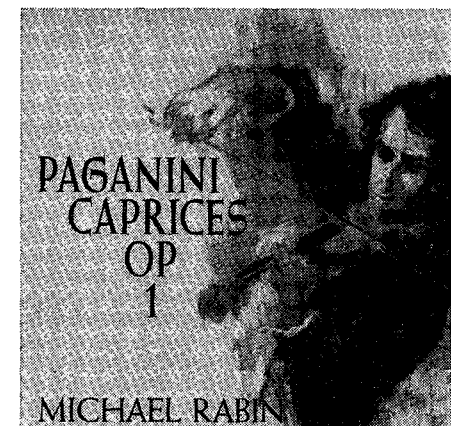
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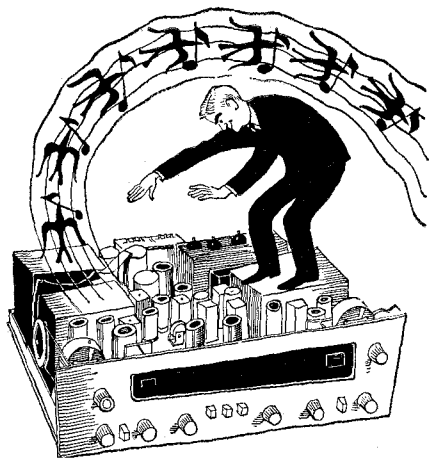
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hair, dark eyes, and a ready and rather gentle smile. He was born in the Yorkville section of Manhattan into a family to whom music and phonographs both were an important part of recreational life. His father, Charles Fisher, a real estate specialist, owned one of the nation's biggest collections of acoustic horn gramophones. The boy Avery was allowed to study the violin as early as he wanted to, which was pretty early.



He is still a proficient violinist. At the Fisher home on New York's East Side there are regular chamber music concerts in which Fisher plays first or second fiddle, depending on the music and performing company.

Despite this musicianly bent, when he went to NYU he majored in biology, taking a B.S. He didn't use it. He went instead to Dodd, Mead and Company, book publishers, where he learned book and typographical design. He became very good at this, as is attested by his success with it since as a lucrative hobby. The latest set of books he has designed is Sir Winston Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. Fisher loves to be accosted at parties by people who ask him: "Did you know there's another Avery Fisher, who designs books?"

Profession (book designing) and avocation (high fidelity) exchanged places in 1937. Like sundry others in his present calling, Fisher began his high fidelity experimenting so that he himself might enjoy reproduced music at its best. Broadcasting and recording had far outpaced the home radio and phonograph. So pleased was he with the results of his labors that he was anxious to share them, and he also saw that they might be marketable. In 1937, therefore, he quit the book business and founded the Philharmonic Radio

Corporation. His first chief product was a chassis which incorporated a TRF (tuned radio frequency) receiver and a twenty-five-watt beam-powered audio amplifier. He would not tolerate it now, but in its time it was probably the best in the world. He built radio-phonographs as fast as he could, but never quite fast enough to answer the demand. Our latter-day yearning for music, unparalleled in the world's history, had caught up with him.

The war interrupted the joy ride. Fisher sold his company to a big corporation and directed it, through the duration of hostilities, in the production of electronic mechanisms for war.

Once the war was over, he cut loose again and got back to music. In 1945 he established the Fisher Radio Corporation. It is a dual operation, as all his manufacturing has been from the beginning. For prosperous folk, short of time or indolent, he makes assembled phonographs (designed as furniture by Avery Fisher). For venturesome music lovers, who feel themselves partners to Casals or Klemperer, he makes high-fidelity components — amplifiers, preamplifiers, FM-AM radio tuners, remote-control switches (including a stereo balance control that may prevent many a nervous breakdown), and the like. These also are styled tastefully, but with a difference. A Fisher amplifier is, perhaps, a little heavier than it needs to be, by virtue of its oversized components. There is a built-in challenge: if you can lift it you will love it. On Fisher preamplifiers there are always a couple of knife switches, which are completely unnecessary except that they denote a kind of raw, masculine efficiency. Flip one of these and you feel as if you are governing the *S. S. Constitution*, or at least a sizable yacht. A button to push or a knob to turn is not the same thing. Designers have to be psychologists, and Avery Fisher is a very good designer.

His designs upon his customers, however, are entirely benign. He thoroughly enjoys his work, and one gets the impression that this is mainly why he performs it. He thinks profit comes after the job well done and must wait upon it. Accordingly, his procedure in business is a little strange, especially to the people that work for him. One rule, for instance, is that any customer who calls Fisher through the office switchboard gets

to talk to him direct; even Fisher's secretary cannot prevent this.

Fisher has the gift of making right decisions in split seconds and of picking people to surround him who can think nearly as he does. This allows him the liberty of being a business artist, a considerable liberty which he takes seriously. He admits pride in a few things. One of them is the Fisher FM tuner 90, which he thinks helped convert Continental Europe to FM (it outsells all other tuners there) and thus brought better music home to some thousands of Europeans. In other artistic matters he is almost fiercely modest.

His fiddle bow is a Hill, of some renown, but his violin is not of famous make. "If I were to sequester a Strad or a Guadagnini," he explains with fervor, "for amateur use it would be almost a sin. These instruments should be put at the disposal of professional artists, for the public, not kept in private homes. Anyway," he continues "this is an age of reproduction, of reproduction that can almost be called perfect."

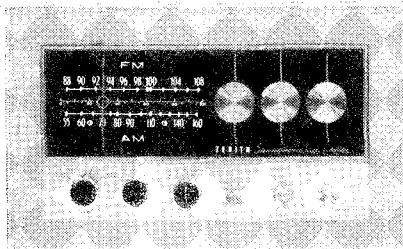
Patently, this is where the reporter must come to the aid of the man scanned, for never in his life would Avery Fisher audibly presume that he has been of assistance to the endeavors of Johann Sebastian Bach or Ludwig van Beethoven. Yet he and his colleagues and competitor



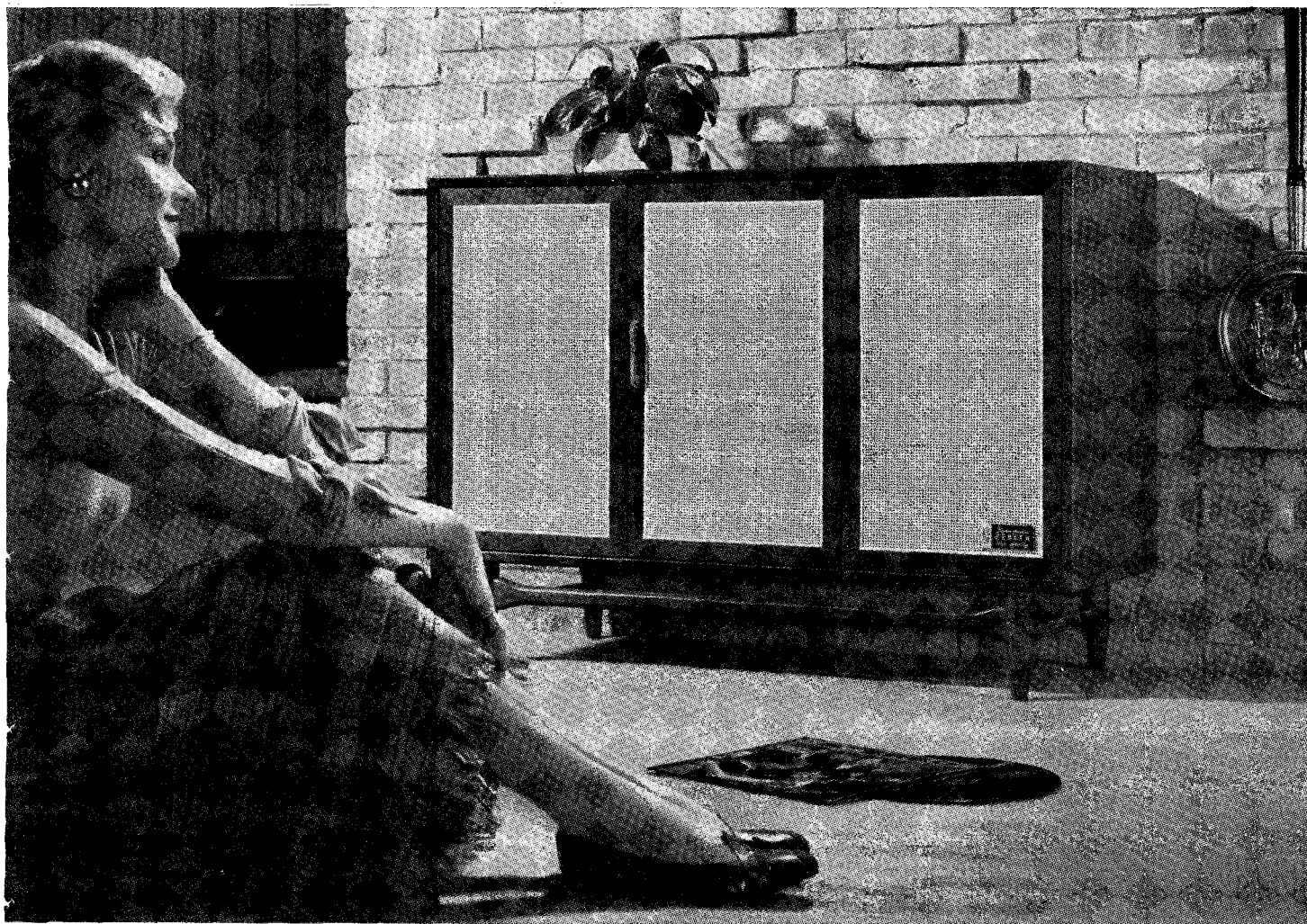
in the reproduction of sound have so served, beyond any doubt. Never before in the world have so many people listened so earnestly and with such reward to so much good music as now. And most of it happens in living rooms.

Charged with a proposition like this, Mr. Fisher becomes at once gruff (which is uncharacteristic), charitable, and institutional. What he says is, and you are bound to believe him, "It's a very honest business." He ought to know.





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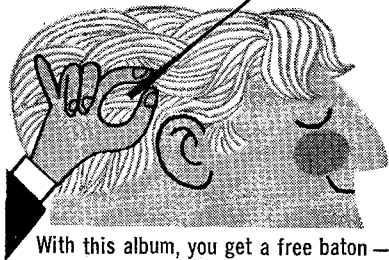
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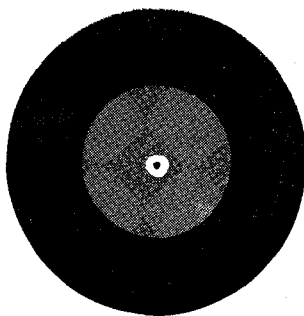
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## Record Reviews

**Beethoven: Symphony No. 9; Overtures Egmont and Leonore No. 3**

Ferenc Fricsay conducting soloists, Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir; Decca DXB-7157 (stereo) and DXB-157: two records

A Beethoven Ninth is perhaps the biggest endeavor a conductor can undertake before a microphone, and the result can never, in propriety, be dismissed shortly. Fricsay is the young (44) conductor who matched — or even overmatched — the veterans Toscanini and de Sabata in the Verdi *Requiem*. He has here good forces, including as soloists Irmgard Seefried, Maureen Forrester, Ernst Häfliger, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. He does well with them. Beethoven made the finale almost foolproof; it plays itself. Fricsay has no trouble with the scherzo, and he possesses a fine, delicate lyrical sense, so his adagio is highly acceptable, too. Now the catch: I do not think I ever have heard the first movement played right, with all its surge and smash, except by old men: Toscanini, Weingartner, Walter, Koussevitzky. I have heard good men of the younger generation essay it: Karajan, Leinsdorf, Fricsay. None has read wrong, I am sure, and there has been nothing detectable as a fault, but somehow part of the force and sense of the music has fallen away. Fricsay seems as good as any of his contemporary competitors, and Decca has given him respectable stereo high-fidelity sound. He plays the two overtures with both taste and verve.

**Dvořák: Symphony No. 4**

George Szell conducting Cleveland Orchestra; Epic BC-1015 (stereo) and LC-3532

The older Szell recording of the Dvořák Fourth, or Eighth, Symphony

(depending on which musicologist's count you use) for Columbia was for some time the standard best buy. Talich and Walter may have got more Slovak flavor into their ancient discs, but the sound was indisputably antique. More lately, for Angel, Wolfgang Sawallisch produced a very fine performance which held first place for a while. Now Szell takes top spot again by virtue of a performance more Brahmsian than folkish but exquisite in its sound.

**Elgar: Pomp and Circumstance, Marches No. 1 to No. 5**

Bliss: *Welcome to the Queen; Suite from "Things to Come"*

Sir Arthur Bliss conducting London Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2257 (stereo) and LM-2257

Elgar planned six and wrote five marches of a series he called *Pomp and Circumstance*. All five are played here with just the right pompousness, and the stereophonic circumstances seem to have been auspicious too. Number One (which is also known as the Coronation Ode, *Land of Hope and Glory*) remains the most stirring, but to me Number Five stands up best. It has a sort of military-pastoral feeling about it that only English composers can concoct. The sound is rich and vivid. The Bliss works supplement the Elgar marches very well. The "Welcome" is obviously designed to accompany someone's disembarkation from a yacht, and it accomplishes its purpose admirably. The suite from the H. G. Wells movie may surprise you with its logic, continuity, and cogency. It is a good deal better than either the photoplay or the novel which were its cause. Sir Arthur swings a good baton, too.

**D'Indy: Symphony on a French Mountain Air**

Ravel: *Concerto in G*

Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano; Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2271 (stereo) and LM-2271

A happy pairing have we here. Mme. Henriot-Schweitzer may not have quite the floating grace Fabienne Jacquinot brought to the old MGM recording of the d'Indy, but her playing is still highly adequate, and she does have to help her the old master at this sort of repertoire, Mr. Munch, and the miraculous sound of the BSO. One gathers that the Ravel





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Concerto is a specialty of hers. She seems to take it a little more seriously than Ravel did, but this does no harm: when repeating a master's wit, one does not add one's own. The piece emerges very brisk and clear. The sound by RCA Victor is appropriate to the music.

**Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4, "Italian"**

**Haydn: Symphony No. 104, "London"**

*Leonard Bernstein conducting New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia MS-6050 (stereo) and ML-5349*

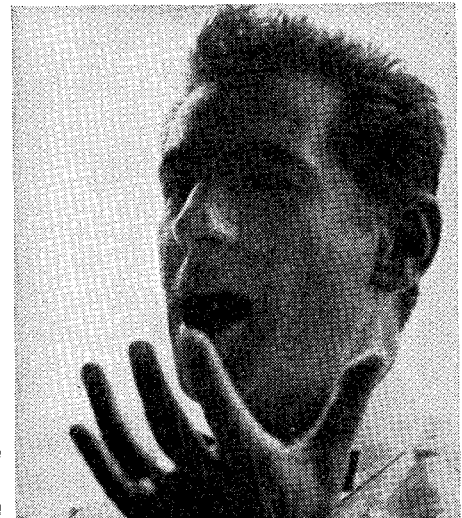
There are many good versions of the "Italian" Symphony on the shelves, but Bernstein's may be the brightest (in the sense of most youthful) among them. However, it is not as rich in sound as the Munch-Boston, and it has another competitive liability. Munch couples his with the Fifth ("Reformation") Symphony, equally well played, whereas Bernstein on the overside gives us a Haydn "London" which is not equally well played. You can get this symphony in performances by Wölkke and Scherchen (and, any day now, by Beecham), and Bernstein affords no convincing reason why you should not.

**Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2**

*Kjell Baekkelund, piano; Oivin Fjeldstad conducting Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra; RCA Camden CAS-475 (stereo)*

RCA issued in the same week two stereo versions of the Rachmaninoff Second: on Victor a Rubinstein-Reiner, on Camden this Norwegian treasure involving names nobody can spell right more than twice in one paragraph. Rubinstein and Reiner gave a flawless performance. The Norwegians give one that may not be flawless but that you had better buy just the same. Not since the inspired collaboration of Rachmaninoff and Leopold Stokowski, I think, have I heard such a ravishing, melting playing of this sweet lovely thing. Everyone, including the orchestra members, seems to have been inspired (the first horn player should get a medal). Here is real beauty, made by a hundred men who surely knew, after the first few minutes, that they were making it. So did the gentlemen in the control room, for the microphones were made to share the spirit. The product is pure magic. It costs \$2.98. Whether there is to be a monophonic counterpart, RCA has not indicated.

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The New York Philharmonic is currently having the finest season it has had in years. The Carnegie Hall box office has dusted off its SRO sign. Critics are digging for their most commendatory adjectives. And life is great for the nation's oldest symphony orchestra. Credit for this goes to Leonard Bernstein, the supremely gifted young conductor who became permanent musical director of the Philharmonic this season.

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Leonard Bernstein at the piano and conducting the  
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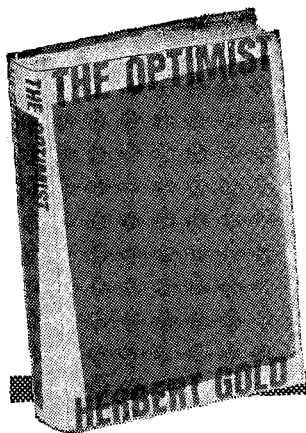
Among Mr. Bernstein's most impressive performances are those in which he doubles as piano soloist and conductor. Two such performances are found in this new Columbia Masterworks recording—the delightful and very appealing Shostakovich Concerto No. 2 and the brilliant, exacting Concerto in G of Ravel.

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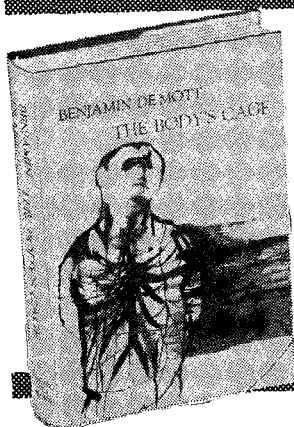
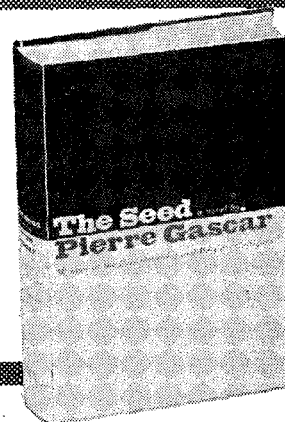
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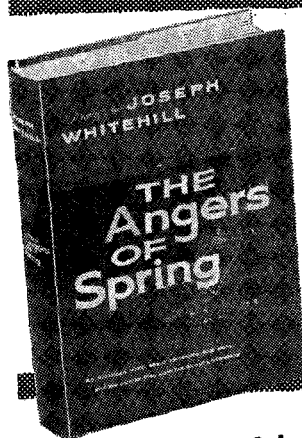
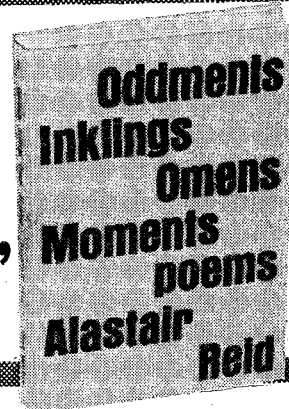
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